

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XII.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

No. 5.

PRINCESS ILSE.

A TALE OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.



ILSE'S GUARDIAN ANGEL.

At the Deluge, when all the waters of the earth met together, and their wild waves climbed up the mountains and overflowed the highest peaks, there was great confusion among the different streams, and when the Lord at last took compassion upon the poor earth, pierced the dark cloud-curtains with the clear light of Heaven, and bade the waters separate and seek their way homeward to the valleys, neither brook nor stream would ever have found its old bed again, if a troop of kind angels had not descended upon the earth and guided them carefully in the right paths.

So when the outlines of the mountains emerged from the Flood, the angels came

and went down from all sides into the valleys, driving the waters slowly before them.

As they came down farther and farther, they arranged the course of the streams and brooks, fixed the limits of the ocean, and shut in the lakes with sharp chains of rocks, or with green meadows and forests. Making use of both wind and sunbeams, they bustled about on the wet earth, brushing the mud from the grass, and drying the heavy foliage of the trees; and they were so active about it that the many water-mists, which they stirred up, hung like thick veils above the cliffs in the mountains. The work had lasted already several days, when a tired angel sat resting on one of the highest peaks of the Alps. From thence he had an extensive view toward the north, south, east and west, and thoughtfully he looked down upon the green earth which had come out of the great bath of expiation so pure and fresh. How lovely it is, thought he, how dazzling in its purity!—but will it keep itself thus pure? Will all the misery of sin and all the soil of sin which have just been washed away with so much water, never spring up again? Will sin never again touch the blooming face of the purified earth with its black fingers?

A gentle foreboding sigh heaved the breast of the good angel, and he turned his eyes upward toward the morning sun, which, burning, blood red, stood high up in the horizon. He looked long toward the side whence the German streams started. He saw them gliding in the distance,—the large main streams, the smaller ones flowing into them, and a whole army of satellites, tiny rivers and brooks hastening joyfully along. He was pleased to see that all confusion was lost on the way, and that every little stream, no matter how small or insignificant, was accompanied by an angel to lead it back to the right path if it strayed aside, and to guard it carefully, lest awkwardly or heedlessly it should fall over the cliff.

He watched the clear Rhine, a vine garland on his head, hastening restlessly along, and thought he could hear in the distance the jubilee with which he greeted his beloved, the Mosel, as, her locks also entwined with vines, she blushing stepped forward to meet him. Further and further the waters receded, the splashing and murmuring died away in the distance, and the solitary angel on the Alpine peak found his ear suddenly assailed by another sound.

It was a low, sorrowful cry, close at hand, and rising, he stepped behind the rock from whence the noise came. There, wrapped in a white veil, he found a little stream lying upon the ground and weeping bitterly. He stooped over it compassionately, and lifted it up and, pushing aside the veil, he recognized the little Ilse, for whom a green bed stood prepared down in the Hartz valley.

"Poor child," said the kind angel, "hast thou been obliged to stay here all alone on this bleak mountain? have all the others gone, and has no one thought to take thee with him?"

The little Ilse tossed up her head, and answered pertly,

"Forgotten? Indeed I'm not! The old Weser waited long enough, and beckoned and called me to come with him, and Ecker and Ocker wanted to take me; but I was by no means obliged to go if I chose to linger here. Why should I descend into the valley, and, like a common brook, run through the plain, and give drink to cows and sheep, and wash their clumsy feet,—I, the Princess Ilse? Only see if I am not of noble birth. The ray of light is my father, and the soft breeze my mother; my brother is the diamond, and the dew-drops in the little rose-leaf beds are my dear little sisters. The waves of the Flood have carried me up high. I have ventured to run round the snow-clad top of the Argebrige, and the first sunbeam that pierced the clouds has covered my dress with spangles. I am a princess of the purest water, and certainly shall not go down into the valley. I had much rather hide myself and pretend to be asleep, and the old Weser, with the stupid streams that know no better than to run into his arms, has at last been obliged to go scolding away."

The angel sadly shook his head at the long speech of little Ilse, and as he gazed earnestly and searchingly at the smiling face, into the open, childish blue eyes, he perceived, behind the angry sparks which

beamed from them then, dark spots in their clear depth, and knew that a naughty spirit had entered Ilse's head.

The imp Pride had forced himself in there, and had driven out all the good thoughts, and looked out nodding to the kind angel from the eyes of poor Ilse. But the little imp Pride has filled the head of many a silly child besides this little princess of the purest water, and the sorrowful angel, who knew the danger of the poor stream, wished to save her at any price.

In his far-seeing eyes, the Princess Ilse was nothing more than a naughty child, and therefore he did not say to her, "Your Highness," or "Your Grace." He began quite differently,—*"Dear Ilse."*

"Dear Ilse," said the angel, "if thou remainest here from thine own choice, and holdest it beneath thy dignity to run with the other waters through the plain, thou shouldst be quite contented up here, and I do not understand why thou weapest and lamentest so."

"Ah!" said the Ilse child, "when the water had gone away, dear angel, then came the Wind to dry up the mountain, and when he found me here he became quite furious; he scolded and raged at me, fought and pushed me, and wanted to throw me down from the crag into a deep, black abyss, where never a ray of daylight enters. I begged and wept, and held on trembling to the rock, till at last I succeeded in escaping from his powerful arms, and concealed myself in this hollow."

"And thou wouldst not always succeed," said the angel, "for the Wind has great power up here; so thou art convinced, dear Ilse, that it was foolish in thee to have stayed here alone, and will gladly follow the good old Weser and thy young companions if I call them back."

"Not on any account," cried Ilse. "I wish to remain up here. I am the princess."

"Ilse," said the angel, with his sweet, mild voice, "dear little Ilse, I am kind to thee, and thou must love me a little too, and be a good child. Dost thou see that white morning cloud sailing overhead in the blue sky? I will bid it land here, and then we will both get upon it, thou shalt lie on its white cushions and I will sit beside thee, and the cloud will carry us swiftly to the valley where the other brooks are. Then I will put thee in thy green bed, and I will stay with thee and send thee bright dreams, and tell thee stories."

But Princess Ilse was more obstinate than

before; she cried out with more determination and vehemence: "No, no, I will not go away! I shall not go away!" and when the angel came nearer and tried to take her in his arms, she jumped aside and splashed water in his face.

The angel seated himself sadly on the ground and the headstrong princess returned to the hollow, and rejoiced that she had shown so much character, and had given such short saucy answers to the angel who tried to induce her to go away with him.

The good angel saw that, in spite of his love for her, he had lost all power over Ilse, and the little imp of Pride had taken possession of all her thoughts; and, sighing for the wayward child, he went away to seek his companions who were busily hurrying about below.

When Princess Ilse was alone again, it pleased her Highness to become very merry. She came out of the hollow, seated herself on the overhanging cliff, and spread out her glistening dress in wide folds around her, and then waited to see if the mountains would not bow down before her, and the clouds come to kiss her dress.

Nothing could outdo the solemn mien her little Highness assumed; but at last, wearied with sitting still so long, she began to feel most painfully tired, and sighed lightly, as she spake thus: "I could have put up with a little weariness, for that is quite in keeping with my rank, but so very much of it is not necessary even for a princess to bear."

When evening approached, and the sun had gone down, and the rustling of the returning wind was heard in the distance, the poor little spring wept afresh hot tears of anguish, but she still obstinately rejoiced that she had not followed the angel, though her sweet self-satisfaction could not have long held its place before the overwhelming Wind.

It became darker and darker; heavy weakening vapors arose from the dismal abyss; a hollow thunder rumbled in the distance, and little Ilse thought she was going to die of fright, for the hot atmosphere that suddenly blew against her took away her breath.

All at once, a pale ray of light struggled through the dark night, and as the frightened little stream looked up, there stood before her a tall dark man wrapped in a loose red cloak, who, bowing before her, addressed her as "Most gracious Princess." Such a greeting was sweet music in the ears of little Ilse, so she subdued her fright before the stranger,

and listened to the seducing words which he spake to her.

The dark man told her that he had been a long time in the neighborhood, had heard her conversation with the angel, and was glad she had repulsed him so scornfully.



"THERE STOOD BEFORE HER A TALL DARK MAN WRAPPED IN A LOOSE RED CLOAK."

He did not understand how any one could wish to carry such a wonderfully beautiful princess down into the plain and hide her in the dark valley. He told her of the bright future that awaited her if she would allow him to save her; described to her his beautiful country-seat on one of the highest and most noble mountains of Germany, to which he would lead her, and surround her with a brilliant court, and all the splendor and opulence to which her high birth entitled her. She should be enthroned with all festivity and rejoicing, and should rule over all the waters, large and small, upon the earth.

The heart of the little princess beat high in joyful anticipation of these bright promises. And when the man opened his cloak and brought out a golden shell skillfully set with glistening stones, and placing it on the ground, invited the lovely Ilse to step into it, and let him take her to the Brockenberg, where innumerable servants were already preparing a delicious feast, and where every wish and every desire of her Highness should be obeyed, in joyful haste she put both feet into the little bark, splashing the water into the air, a few drops of which fell upon the hand of the dark man, and produced such a hissing sound that a shudder of terror ran through little Ilse.

In fright, the poor child caught hold

of the edge of the shell and wanted to jump out, and she looked up timidly into the man's face. But he laughed at her, steadied the shell with his strong hand, and that Ilse need not be so frightened, called to the Storm-wind to overtake them, and it hastened through the air. And the little princess, because the pain passed away so soon, became composed and let him carry her away. She had no presentiment that she had yielded herself to the Evil One, when she stepped into the frail skiff that he offered her. Perhaps she was a little anxious as she swept along in the gloomy night, and when the shell came out into the violent motion of the waves; then Ilse looked with longing eyes at the blooming shores, but she wound her garments closely round her, and took care that not a drop of water should get lost, for she knew now what terror that caused.

The night had cleared off, and the moon was rising slowly, when they at last arrived at the Brocken. A wild jubilee, joyful shouting and fifes were heard from thence, and a crowd of strange forms glided past one another. But the Lord of the Brocken commanded silence, placed the shell with Ilse in it upon a great flat stone, like a throne, and called to his merry-making vassals to draw a circle around it, and to do homage to the little Water Princess.

That was a wonderful moment for Ilse, when she at last felt herself in her right place. Proudly she held herself, and with grace and dignity ascended in the golden shell, bowed and smiled sweetly on all sides, and hung her little head half shyly, as a loud "Ah!" of admiration sounded through the whole circle. It was not, however, a time for humility for the Ilse child with the strong little imp in her head. A sweet entrancing music sounded, and the delighted princess moved back and forth, dancing and smiling in the shining shell, her curly head rising and falling.

The kind full Moon, who never takes anything very seriously, and shines upon all that comes before him, either good or evil, could not leave the vain child again; he placed a neat little crown of bright silver stars upon her, and his wide mouth became wider than ever with heartfelt pleasure, as the sweet little one nodded her laughing thanks to him.

Not every eye at the court of the Evil One rested with admiration on the dancing Ilse; there was many a vain young witch in the company, who considered herself the most beautiful and charming of princesses and saw only with bitter envy and dislike another so called.

Two such inquisitive young witches stepped up to the golden shell and mocked Ilse.

"She dances and twists herself and makes herself beautiful," said one, "and is withal so slender and delicate that one can almost see through her. I would only like to know how this pale beauty would conduct herself if she should dance with the Storm-wind, and let him swing her around as we are accustomed to do."

"Miserably," said the other, and shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, "and the art of riding on a broom-stick she would not learn in a whole life-time. But do you hear how the kettle-drums and cymbals over yonder are beginning to strike already? Then we will dance and stamp on the ground, and make a deep ditch in which the fine Ilse shall live. Then royalty will be over for her, and she must become our obedient servant, the Princess Cooking-water."

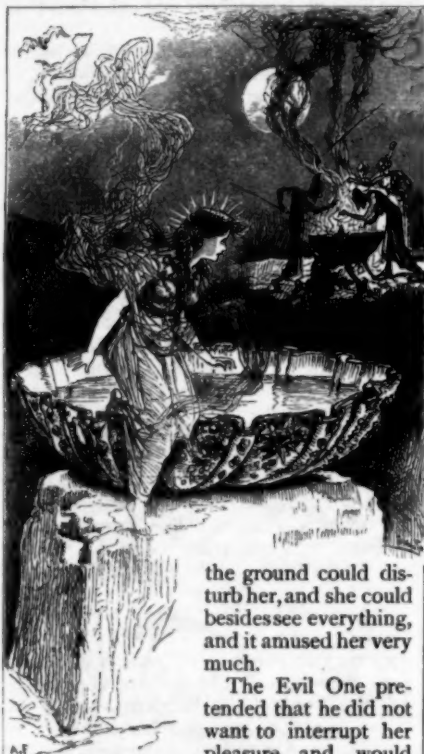
Little Ilse lost all pleasure in dancing after the cruel speeches of the witches. As she sat still in the bottom of the shell, she saw the wild forms on the other side of the mountain moving about and preparing to dance, and she thought over the spiteful words of the naughty witches. The sarcasm about the wind was bad enough, but she thought most of the ditch and the "Princess Cooking-water."

No one had ever called her Princess Cooking-water before, and was it not impossible that she who reigned here should serve the witches? She made up her mind to ask the Lord of the Brocken about it, but before she had arranged her thoughts, he stood before her and put his finger in the middle of the shell so that Ilse trembled with pain. But the Evil One laughed and said,

"The night is chilly. Gracious Princess, you are cold, no doubt, and might indeed freeze here on this flat stone. I have had a swinging bed prepared for you over there by the fire, where you can rest and warm yourself. If you will turn your head toward that side, you will see how my head court-cook is busily poking the fire, and placing pretty toys in the bed that the time may not seem long to you."

Ilse looked on the other side and saw that they had hung a large brazen kettle over a raging fire that blazed up from the ground. The old woman stood beside it, but looked so hideous and horrible, and the playthings she threw into the kettle, so strange, that Ilse became suspicious and would not let herself be carried down there; so she replied that she would rather watch

the dance over yonder a little longer,—the cold suited her very well, and, seated in the shell, she was as comfortable as if she were on a balcony and so high that nothing from



"GREAT FEAR OF THE WICKED COMPANY SHE HAD FALLEN INTO, CAME OVER LITTLE ILSE."

the ground could disturb her, and she could besides see everything, and it amused her very much.

The Evil One pretended that he did not want to interrupt her pleasure and would come back for her in an hour, and he went off to rejoin the dance.

But all pleasure forsook the little princess, as she sat there alone, looking from the wild groups of the dancers to the fire and the kettle, into which, as she could distinctly see, the old hag was throwing loathsome creatures: spiders, toads, snakes and lizards and bats that she caught in the air, breaking their wings before she put them into the kettle.

Great fear of the wicked company she had fallen into, came over little Ilse, and when she thought that the kettle over yonder was for her to warm herself in, it became clear to her what the naughty witches meant when they mockingly called her Princess Cooking-water. In anguish, she pressed her little hands together, and gathered up her veil to stifle the sobs that burst forth from

the heavy-laden breast. "Oh!" sighed she with tearful eyes, "would that I had followed the angel who meant to be so kind to me!"

And looking distrustfully around her, she saw that she was all alone on that side of the mountain, and that the witches and evil spirits were all either dancing or standing around the fire, and suddenly the thought came to her to run away. "Away, away," whispered she, "this moment, far away;" and she sat already on the edge of the shell, and let her little feet and light dress hang over it, and holding on with both hands, she looked anxiously back for fear any one should see her.

But no one noticed the little princess; only the kind full Moon stood overhead and smiled upon her. She looked up at him with tearful eyes, and begged him so childishly, putting her little finger on her lips, that he could not have found it in his heart to betray her if any one should ask where little Ilse had gone.

When she saw that she was not watched, Ilse tried to slide gently to the ground, but the shell was very high, and the flat stone on which it stood still higher, and though the little princess tried very hard, it was not without some noise that she reached the ground, and in great alarm for fear some one should see her, she crept between a couple of rocks. She had left her starry crown in the shell. Sovereignty had not brought her any happiness; and now her escape did not depend on being a princess, but only on coming down quietly and unnoticed.

The trembling little stream nestled herself against the stones, and begged that they would shelter her; and the old stones, who had never felt a young palpitating life on their hard breasts before, found themselves wonderfully pleased, and moved closer together, so that not even the eye of the kind old Moon could spy her out. And they showed her a hole in the ground, and making herself small, she slipped into it, finding in the soft earth-cushion that covered the stony skeleton of the mountain on that side, a long passage which at one time might have been made by a field-mouse.

Ilse groped her way in the darkness, and felt that the path led gradually down-hill. She had gone some distance when the passage widened and became uneven, several stones loosened themselves under her light step and rolled on before her. She did not walk altogether in dark night, however, for piercing through the stones above, a bright ray of light met her now and then, and when the path

became steeper or seemed lost suddenly, the rocks parted overhead and she saw the clear night-heaven, and a few stars let their flickering light fall, and showed her a confused mass of great and small stones through which the path could no longer be traced.

At that moment, the wild music,—the kettle-drums and fifes of the dancing witches on the Brocken,—sounded in her ear, and Ilse, who had paused for a moment and did not know where to bend her steps, startled by these sounds, hastened on in terror, springing in careless haste over the stones. She did not mind it when bounding against the hard rocky edges, she knocked her little head or tore her dress. "Away, away!" she whispered, "far away from here, where the Brocken Prince and his wild companions can never find me."

The faintly glimmering morning light made her very uneasy. "The night is still, and does not betray me," thought she, "but the inquisitive day will soon find out where I have run;" and she stooped down and crept under the stones, and only came out now and then to drink in a little of the fresh morning air.

A dark green hollow gradually sloping into the valley was sunk between high forest-clad mountain ridges, and thither it was that Ilse was unconsciously running. Many rocks had rolled down from the mountains and lay there, one upon another, in the bottom of the ravine, overgrown with moss and surrounded with pine roots.

They looked very venerable and did not think of getting out of Ilse's way as she came hastily and carelessly jumping along. The dear Lord took pity on the poor child, and let the Forest open its green doors and take her under its protection. The Forest is a holy refuge for erring children who have thought or done wrong in this world. None of the evil spirits that sometimes take possession of young minds can come into the friendly peace of the Forest with them, especially the imp Pride; for how would it behave itself before the solemn dignity of the Forest King, the Fir-tree? for it cannot conceive of the strength and majesty which God has given to him, who stands firm and immovable in the place the Lord appointed for him, stretching his sublime head toward Heaven while the storm is raging around him.

The Ilse child, of course, did not understand this yet; she thought the fir-roots made ugly faces at her and, hurrying over them, she fled deeper and deeper into the forest.

That the imp Pride had left her when she ran away from the Devil and his witches; that it swam away in the tears of sorrow and fright that she wept, Ilse knew just as little as she in her frivolity was conscious that



"STATELY OAKS SPREAD THEIR BRANCHES PROTECTINGLY OVER HER."

the imp had taken possession; but she felt more free and happy in the green shade of the forest, behind the golden lattice which the sunbeams, falling obliquely, cast on the turf. The further she went from the Brocken, the safer and more at home she felt; she thought the fir-trees no longer looked so darkly and reprovingly at her as they had done at first; stately oaks spread their branches protectingly over her, and light friendly beeches pressed themselves between her and the dark firs, and nodded encouragingly to her, as with outstretched branches they caught the sunbeams and tossed them to each other. The little Ilse, who, child-like, had soon forgotten her troubles, ran joyously and playfully between them; and if in the midst of the game a sunbeam chanced to fall to the

ground, she picked it up and held it exultingly, or else catching it in her veil, she made a long spring, and then threw it with a nod to the flowers and grasses, which stood by the way looking on with curiosity.

She was a happy, mischievous child again, and the green forest had its pleasure with the little fugitive it had sheltered. As for the large and small stones that, wrapped in their soft, mossy coverings, lay dreaming on the ground, all thoughts of repose were of course at an end when Ilse came dancing and skipping over them; they were, however, good friends with her. If the clumsiest and most unwieldy of them stood immovable in her way, and would not let her pass, then she patted the rough cheeks of the old stones with her soft hands and murmured sweet requests in their ears; and if all that was of no avail, she became naughty, stamped impatiently with her feet, and even kicked so violently against them that the old fellows came to terms; and a little space was opened before her, and thus Ilse pressed forward with all her might, urging the lazy stones to separate, or hastening impetuously over them.

Where the ravine descended abruptly, then it was charming to see how the little princess skipped gracefully from rock to rock. She had put on a cap of soft, white foam, and if it got torn on a sharp edge of the rock, she had another at hand by the time she reached the next one, crisp and white as the Alpine snow.

On some of the sunny cliffs of the mountain, where the grass and moss grew very soft, and the large trees stood apart to make room for their little ones, who grew there together in large numbers and learned to become trees,—there on the ground sat the young fir-children, their striped green coats spread out around them on the turf, moving their pointed heads back and forth thoughtfully, and wondering that Ilse was not very tired of running and jumping. But the very young streams who had scarcely learned to run, were not yet so full of wisdom as the fir-children. When Ilse sang her sweet songs they came out of the cracks in the mountain walls to listen, and crept softly through the moss ever nearer and nearer to her.

Ilse saw them coming, and beckoned to them to hasten. And when the little streams looked down, and saw the princess jumping over the stones, and remained anxiously standing, afraid to trust themselves to spring, and could not find any other path,

then Ilse called to them with her clear voice and encouraged them, and pointed out the strong stony footholds thickly cushioned with moss, over which they could jump down to her. And the little streams took heart, and sprang quite boldly from one green bank to another. But if anything unexpected stood in their way, Ilse took them by the hand and said: "Come now, you shall run with me; spring always when I spring. I will hold you so that you cannot fall." And the little streams did as she told them, and holding Ilse's hand, jumped over the largest stones, did themselves no harm, and were not frightened, and learned to jump and run so well that if they too had had on white foam-caps they would not have been distinguishable from Ilse.



"COME NOW, YOU SHALL RUN WITH ME."

The Evil One on the Brockenberg was very angry at the escape of the pure little princess. He knew very well that such an innocent spring was indeed no fit booty for him; and the imp Pride, the easiest tool with

which to take possession of young minds, was already driven out. How could he entrap the joyous child again? The Storm-wind occurred to him, before which the princess was so frightened, and he called the North-wind to him, and bade him hasten through the valley after the fleet Ilse. "That," thought he, "will compel her to return to the Brocken."

The North-wind gave himself a great deal of trouble to fulfill the orders of the Evil One. He did his best with whistling and blowing, rustled through the trees until they



"THE NORTH-WIND GAVE HIMSELF A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE."

trembled at the roots, and cast their broken branches on the ground right at Ilse's feet. One young fir-tree, which had not a very firm footing in the rocky soil, he hurled right across her path, and he seized Ilse's veil and wanted to drag her away with him. But the princess tore herself away, and cared not how much of her veil remained in the hands of the North-wind. She did not think or fear for herself now; her heart was oppressed only by the distress of her dear trees, and she would have so willingly helped them to struggle against the storm, if she were only able. She went up to the overturned fir-tree, threw herself upon it, overwhelmed it with her tears, and washed sorrowfully its wounds. She cradled tenderly in her soft arms the branches of the beech and oak-trees which the North-wind threw into her lap, kissed their withered leaves and carried them a little way with her, and at last put them to bed on the soft, mossy bank.

The Evil One stood still on the Brocken-berg, and angrily gnashed his teeth when he saw how the North-wind was exerting himself in vain, and could do nothing with little Ilse.

"I will send Winter then," he muttered to himself; "he shall bind her in chains."

"The ugly, gray Winter, with hunger and cold, with long, dark nights, in which temp-

tation is awake, and sins crawl on their secret way. He has already led many a poor soul to me, and will now make quick work with the obstinate Water Princess. Thou North-wind, do not leave off there below, shake the leaves from the trees and prepare the way for Winter. Thou knowest that he will not come until he can rustle through the dead foliage with heavy steps."

And the North-wind, like an obedient servant, whistled suddenly, wild and icily through the valley. The beeches stood trembling and shivering, and in fright let their yellow leaves fall to the ground; the oaks got little red tips in the cold, and at last their branches were stripped of their leafy dress, and they watched anxiously, with naked boughs, the approach of Winter.

Only the fir-tree stood peacefully, and wore unchanged his royal cloak of dark green. Little Ilse at his feet could not understand this state of affairs, and complained bitterly to the trees. "But what is the matter with you, you stupid trees?—why do you throw all your withered leaves in my face? Do you no longer love Ilse, and wish to scratch her eyes out with brown acorns and hard beech-nuts?" The little one jumped up quite angrily, and shook the leaves out of her lap, and the shining folds of her dress.

In the meantime, Winter arrived on the Brocken, and was dressed by the hands of his wicked majesty himself with an impenetrable cloak of fog. After which he moved slowly over the mountains, and rolled heavily into the valley. At first he was not quite so bad; he had velvet paws, and wishing to ingratiate himself, he drew shining white coats of frost over the trees and bushes, so that Ilse was quite dazzled with all the splendor, and knew not where to look. Then came the snow-flakes, tumbling and whirling through the air, and at first the little princess thought they were

the clouds come to visit her in the valley, and to renew the acquaintance made on the Alpine heights.

But as Winter spread his cold, white covering ever thicker and thicker over the whole ravine; as all things became buried under it—the stones,



"WINTER SPREAD HIS COLD, WHITE COVERING."

roots, mosses and herbs, and even the trembling blades of grass—Ilse grew sad

at heart, for she thought her turn would come next. She was so sorry for all her dear green things which she could no longer see, and worked industriously to wash the snow from all the stones in her reach, and to set the delicate mosses free again. Then she felt with anxiety sharp icy points press into her tender limbs, and saw how Winter encircled all the stones and roots that she passed over, with hard, shining chains, and their weak young limbs lay powerless in his grasp.

The grim Winter now seized with sharper and more icy clutches the breast of the poor child, cold shivers ran through Ilse, and she clung in trembling to the knotty roots of the fir-tree, and looked up imploringly to the Forest King. She saw that he was also enveloped in the white covering of Winter, but on his branches there shone forth, under the snow, a deep, everlasting green, and the mild, spring-brightness laid itself warm and trustingly in her breast, and gave her new life and strength.

"Oh, Fir-tree," cried Ilse, "how didst thou learn to brave Winter and to keep green and full of life in his icy arms? Can I not learn, too?"

"Because I am founded on a rock," answered the Fir-tree, "and raise my head toward heaven; therefore the Lord has given me the power to remain green through all time; and thou, too, Ilse, art a rocky spring, and reflectest in thy pure flood the light of Heaven, as clear and undisturbed as it is poured forth upon thee; if the true life is in thee,—the heart impulse that the Lord gives,—thou wilt not be without the power to overcome Winter. Only trust in God, Ilse, and hasten onward and weary not."

"Thou dear Fir-tree," said Ilse, "I will become strong and brave like thee. Winter shall not harm me," and with a strong effort she tore herself from the icy arms which had surrounded her, and beat against the rough hands that tried to hold her dress fast between the stones, and rushed wildly into the valley, breaking asunder all chains and fetters. With a young stream like this old Winter could not keep step, and he sat grumbling in the snow, and had to confess his weakness, and the impossibility of entrapping the brisk Ilse.

The other day, as the princess sprang along in triumph, driving before her the restless ice-splinters that she had broken off from the stones, the mosses called out,

"Ah, Ilse, dear Ilse, stay with us, the

snow presses so heavily on our weak little heads, we cannot any longer stand upright on the soil; help us, dear Ilse, the winter is so cruel."

Ilse bent in pity over them, lifted a corner of the heavy snow covering, put her sweet face underneath and whispered to the mosses the wisdom she had learned from the fir.

"Because you are planted on a rock, little mosses, and the dear Lord lets you remain green under the snow, you must not forget that a godly life is in you; try once more to be brave and stand up and grow under the white winter covering. The dear God will help you if you ask him."



"IN PEACEFUL INTERCOURSE WITH GRASSES AND FERNS, THE BLUE-BELLS LIVED A HAPPY FAIRY LIFE."

And the mosses began immediately to bestir themselves and became quite warm from their work, and after a little while they called out joyfully,

"Ilse! we succeed, we stand up straight already, and really begin to grow; the snow gives way where we touch it with our little green hands."

So Ilse taught her playmates,—the mosses and grasses,—her power, and made use of it to defy the winter.

She gave the grasses to drink of her fresh running water, and urged them to grow and stretch themselves, and to call out the first greeting to Spring who, when at last she came into the valley, drove the snow covering from the strawberries, and sent Winter back to the Brocken, where the warm sun would not long tolerate him.

The Fir-tree also had thrown off his white cloak and put bright green lights on all the points of his dark branches for the Spring

celebration. The oaks and beeches drew on again their green dresses, and the little Ilse lived joyous and happy in the still and lordly forest for many, many hundred years.

Winter came back every year, to be sure, and carried on the same cruel game with the trees and plants, and placed his glittering snares for Ilse. But the wise and nimble child would not let herself be caught again; agile and slippery as a lizard, she escaped out of his rough, icy hands. The trees became green every year again, and never looked more beautiful than in the Spring, as if the hard struggle with Winter strengthened and invigorated them; so was also little Ilse most fair and blooming when the snow had melted on the mountains, and she rushed through the forest foaming and murmuring. The snow is the sweet milk of life for little mountain streams—the more thirstily they drink of it the more noble they become.

The green Forest was proud of his dear foster-child, the little Ilse, and because she no longer thought of herself, but only of her dear plants and trees, and what she could do for them, and had quite forgotten that she was a princess, the others remembered it,—the trees and the flowers, the stones, the tender grasses and mosses,—and looked up to her and paid homage to her, in their quiet fervent way.

Where the Princess Ilse ran through the valley, the herbs and flowers pressed around her feet, kissed the border of her dress and her flowing veil, and the slender blades of grass stood whispering by the way and bowed their little feathery heads to greet her.

The thoughtful Blue-bells, the favorites among the Flower children of the Forest, loved Ilse more than all the rest, and wished to be very near her, so they came close up to her, and bowed down over her face, and gazed at her with earnest, thoughtful eyes like holy thoughts. Yes, they stepped even on the wet, smooth stones which the princess held encircled in her arms, and the little stream kissed them tenderly, and spread out a soft moss carpet so that their fibrous legs could have a firm footing on the slippery ground.

In peaceful intercourse with grasses and ferns, the Blue-bells lived a happy fairy life, as if upon an enchanted island, the whole Summer long, on the wet stones that Princess Ilse held in her arms.

The Ferns, too, wherever a little place still remained on the moist stones, sprung up and wafted the breeze with their

fans to Ilse, and frolicked with the sunbeams, and would not permit them to kiss their dear princess. But the sunbeams loved her too, and came as often as the gray clouds, overhead on the mountains, would allow them, into the valley and played with her under the trees. The gray clouds were of old given charge of the sunbeams, and because they were so thick and clumsy themselves, would scarcely ever come out of one place if the Storm-wind did not, in the meantime, push in his broom and start them; so they could not endure the joyous dancing and shimmering of their light-footed wards with little Ilse below on the grass, and sat often all day long, like a wall on the mountain, and would not let the smallest sunbeam pass, though it had made itself ever so little. Then they splashed rain into the valley, and saw with inmost satisfaction the little Ilse move onward sad and troubled.

Such behavior made the sunbeams quite wild and impatient. Behind the backs of the old ladies they pressed ill-humoredly through each other, mocked and taunted the gray clouds, and made them so warm with their pointed remarks, that the insulted ones could not stand it any longer, and quietly withdrew from the chosen place. Then the way was free again, and the sunbeams slipped off into the valley, swung themselves in the rain-drops that hung on the trees, and often chased with Ilse all day in the grasses.

They were close by once when a tiny white strawberry-flower, whose very numerous family spread over all the valleys of the Hartz Mountains, crept forth silently, and its little round face was reflected in the bright dress of the princess. But Ilse saw her and shook her finger at her and cried: "Thou little strawberry-blossom! thou art proud of the golden buttons on thy head, and wishest to shine here and be admired." The frightened strawberry-flower let her white leaves fall, and crept back quickly under the foliage. But the sunbeams sprang toward her laughing and looked for her under the broad leaves, and the poor blossom was ashamed. As often as the sunbeams looked at her she blushed deeper and deeper and stood at last as if dyed in crimson under the green leaf shade, and let her little head hang bashfully to the ground.

She has not even, in these days, forgotten that her vanity has been found out, and blushes still before the sunbeams.

The kind full Moon, the old friend of little Ilse, came often to see her; he did not hes-

itate at the troublesome road over the mountains and stood above the Ilsestone, the most beautiful rock of the whole peak, which the people of the valley had named after the Princess, and looking down in a friendly manner, saw his little favorite rippling along in the shadow of the mountain and keeping up a charming game with the little silver stars that he threw down to her.

There had been men in the valley where Ilse dwelt for some time already, and at first she had treated them quite coldly, though the Fir-tree, before he brought the child in, was obliged to reprove her and teach her that she should be friendly with them and dwell in their company.

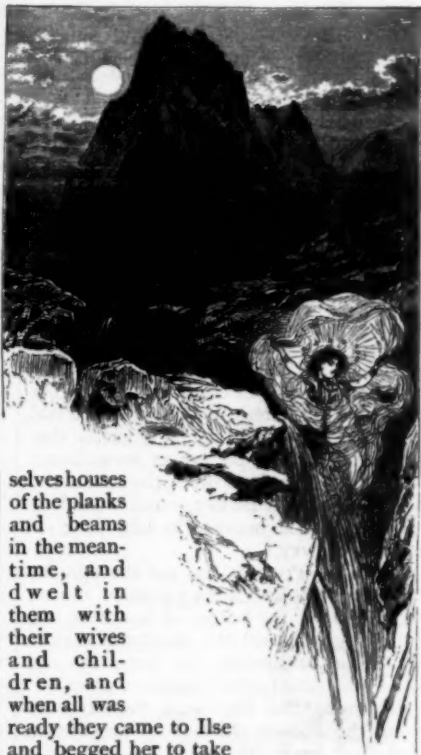
The first men that came into the Forest were two charcoal-burners who built a hut for themselves, felled trees, erected a kiln, and set it on fire. Then did Ilse weep many, many tears over her dear trees which had fallen and lay dying on the ground, and the grasses and flowers lamented that men had worn down a path through the wilderness and pressed down their little heads, and it cut Ilse to the heart. The flames which arose from the kiln, and the smoke that came forth from it, reminded her of the horrible night on the Brocken and made her shudder.

But the Fir-tree had told her that man was the lord of creation, that God had made him after his own image, and that all other creatures were commanded to serve him; that also every tree must serve the time God had appointed for it and then should be felled to the earth by the hand of man, by the lightning of Heaven, or by dryness and decay which destroyed its pith. Nor should she be afraid of the fire, for that is a holy power, and works much good upon the earth. It is only necessary to be careful, and Ilse must learn to have judgment and approach nearer to the fire in future, and reach out her hand and work willingly in his company.

Princess Ilse did not rejoice very much at the time when she should come nearer to the fire, and work in partnership with him; but she had great respect for the opinion of the Fir-tree and placed entire confidence in his word.

Again, after a long time, there came many men together into the valley with axes and spades, and they brought cattle and goats which they drove into the green pastures of the mountains. A little way below the Ilsestone, the valley widens, and there they settled, felled many trees in the neigh-

borhood, cut them into planks and beams, and dug out on one side a large hall for the little princess, protecting its walls with stones and grass, and making on the side toward the valley a large door, which was well guarded with wood. They built for them-



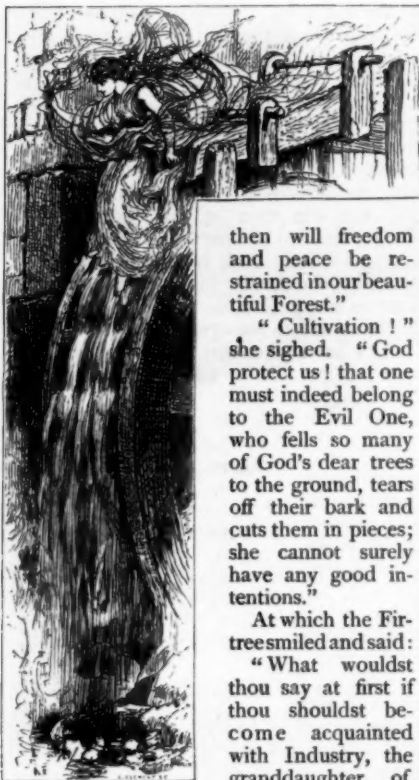
selves houses of the planks and beams in the meantime, and dwelt in them with their wives and children, and when all was ready they came to Ilse and begged her to take possession of the room and make herself comfortable. But Ilse thanked them, and wanted to skip past as she did past all things, whether they appeared safe or unsafe to her; the men, however, blocked up her way with stones and earth, and pushed aside a great piece of rock that had protected little Ilse's path. And then at full speed she could not stop herself, and pressed through the opening with her whole strength into the hall, which men call a pond, and spread herself over the shallow extent, and beat angrily with foamy little waves against the bank.

It was some time before she composed

"THE KIND FULL MOON,
THE OLD FRIEND OF LIT-
TLE ILSE, CAME OFTEN
TO SEE HER * * *
AND STOOD ABOVE
THE ILSE-
STONE."

herself in this strange imprisonment and collected her waters and her thoughts and looked up inquiringly at the Fir-tree, which stood undisturbed near the gable of the new house. The Fir-tree said with a sad smile:

"Now comes Cultivation, little Ilse,



"THEN THE PRINCESS WAS NOT QUITE SO COY."

then will freedom and peace be restrained in our beautiful Forest."

"Cultivation!" she sighed. "God protect us! that one must indeed belong to the Evil One, who fells so many of God's dear trees to the ground, tears off their bark and cuts them in pieces; she cannot surely have any good intentions."

At which the Fir-trees smiled and said:

"What wouldst thou say at first if thou shouldst become acquainted with Industry, the granddaughter of Cultivation, who is a digger after hidden

treasures, and roots out thoroughly, and spares not even the last trees if they stand in her way. She extirpates the forests, builds great beet-red stone houses, with sky-reaching factory chimneys. Where she enters, there poesy comes to an end."

Ilse clasped her little hands and looked forth so very uneasily that the Fir-tree continued: "Set thy mind at rest on that point, dear child, it will be long before she can come near us. She does not confide willingly in mountains, is better suited to the flat country, and we will beseech the dear God that he will protect our quiet valley from her. But Cultivation is a faithful servant of the Lord, and brings blessing, prosperity and the word of God with her. The Emperor gave the castle at the entrance of the valley to a worthy bishop, who lets pious monks settle there, and they turned it into a cloister, and in their service have these people come too and settled here."

The little Ilse understood all this and soon gained more confidence in men. She pushed against the door of exit and lay dropping through the plank door of the low house. There she saw close beneath her a powerful mill-wheel of new timber, and the miller's curly-haired boy stood on the bridge and called out, laughing: "Yes, peep forth only, Princess Ilse, the doors will soon be opened, then will the dance begin and thou shalt swing right merrily round the wheel." "Shall I then be broken on the wheel," thought Ilse, and she looked with a beating heart at the gigantic wheel, which, however, began to creak and crackle in all its spokes and to whisper to her: "Dost thou not know us, Ilse? We are the timber of thy dear trees,—dost thou no longer know us? There is no need to fear; we will not do thee any harm."

And when the miller came out and sent some one to draw up the gate and called joyously, "Now come forth, little Ilse, thou hast remained long enough in the pond; come and help us to work," then the princess was not quite so coy, but ran quickly to the wheel, held up her dress and trod with the tender little feet, nimbly and carefully, first on one spoke and then on another, and, as the wheel began to turn under her light footsteps, she skipped on boldly from rung to rung, let her veil float in the wind, put on her foam-cap and rushed at last gurgling and murmuring along the trench, while the wheel moved on with powerful oscillations, the mill clapped time to it and the clear string of pearls which Princess Ilse lost out of her damp curls dropped down from all the spokes of the mill-wheel.

The little Ilse had now become a worker in the service of men, a water of life, a blessing to the valley and its inhabitants. She worked with men in the mill and in the iron-works, where she made the dreaded acquaintance of the fire, and came soon to know that the reluctance was mutual, that the fire had quite as much respect for her as she for him, and, therefore, they did not come any nearer than was necessary to go on with the work, but went immediately back again, and much preferred to esteem each other at a distance.

As for the wives and daughters, Princess Ilse ran in the shining buckets into their dwellings and helped them in the household duties in the kitchen, and in the washing and scouring-tubs. She washed and bathed the children, watered the flowers and vegetables in the garden, was not ashamed of any humble service, and had no need to be ashamed, for of her innate majesty Princess Ilse lost nothing by a useful work of love among the children of men.

Several hundred years had now passed since Ilse first placed her foot on the mill-wheel.

When the doctrines of Luther spread into the valley, the monks had left the old abbey at the foot of the mountain, and a noble line of counts settled there had for a long, long time flourished and ruled over the Ilsenburg, and the little Ilse served them and their retainers as she had served the monks and their tenants. When the castle began to fall in ruins and the Counts Stolberg chose another stronger castle for their dwelling, they took care that Ilse and her dear valley should not suffer any harm through the change. They allowed men, ever more and more industrious, to settle in Ilse's neighborhood and to work in her company, to bring to light the noble wealth of the mountain, the powerful iron, to temper it and give it a proper form which should make it suitable for the purposes of human industry.

There one might see little Ilse busy at work from early till late without growing tired of, or feeling any dislike to the hard work. But whoever happened to meet her, as, radiant in glittering purity, she stepped out of the forest, must have at once recognized in her, the princess of the purest water, the daughter of light, and paid homage to her in the depth of his heart.

However, Ilse had not yet become perfect, and, if the dear Lord let a thunder storm break now and then over her, her water bubbled up even in the deepest part and brought to light her hidden faults and trespasses, from which no earth-dweller even of the highest birth is entirely free. Ilse grieved deeply when her little waves were thrown up muddy and stained. She let the tempest serve as the storms of life should serve every one, for self-examination and improvement, and when all the impurity in her had been separated and cleared off, then she collected herself in stateliness and strength, and let the reflected light of heaven beam forth in renewed power and purity.

A deep heart-sorrow Ilse had still to endure, for in the train of the ever wider-grasping cultivation of modern times, the valley became a broad highway crossed by innumerable cart-wheels, the green forest ground was destroyed with spades and stone-cutters, and again a multitude felled the stately trees to the earth, and with sharp weapons gained the way which they only through violence could have obtained.

"That I cannot bear! That I will not let happen to me," cried Ilse, in deep distress; "all the pleasure-loving people with the long French names, year in and year out, sneak in here with their easy slow pace and play the governess, and find fault with me, and call out thus to me, 'Not so fast, Ilse! come not so near to the flowers, do not spring so, Ilse! look how respectably I go along! The noble forest bridge is quite another companion, as, leaning on the edges of the rocks, he nods and beckons to thee.'"

And in wild anger the little princess beat against the rocks that bordered the highway, and would have liked to overturn them and let the hated French people fall.

"Ilse, Ilse!" warned the Fir-tree from the rocky soil, "what sort of a mad boy's trick is this! Hast thou not yet understood that we must bear all things that tend to be useful and profitable to men? If we trees make the best of the highway, thou canst bear it, too. We do not rejoice either, when we see the dust-colored track wander through the valley. For shame, Ilse! see how the witches on the edge of the mountain are laughing at thee."

The haunt of the Evil One on the Brocken has, so to speak, come to an end, since pious Christian people built their dwellings there; and the scattered witches and imps wander now in many dresses through the country, and take the most lovely and enticing forms, in order to delude poor souls and gain them for their dark kingdom.

But a band of young witches, who had had a spite against Ilse ever since she had eclipsed them all in majesty and grace on the Brocken, came down into the valley to watch Ilse and take away her joy at least, if they could not play her any tricks. In the dresses of splendid red thimble-flowers stood the witches in coquettish groups on the slopes of the mountain in the bright sunshine, and beckoned to the ferns and called to the modest blue-bells, to come and settle among them, so that blue-bells and thimble-flowers might become kinsmen. But the blue-bells saw the deadly poison-drops

in the bottom of the showy calix and shaking lightly their little heads, went closer to Ilse and begged the ferns to stand before them and spread out their fans so that they need no longer see the artful witches. Princess Ilse looked up timidly and murmured silent prayers as she passed by them.

The faithful blue-bells and ferns were praised and caressed by her, and if she



"IN THE DRESSES OF SPLENDID RED THIMBLE-FLOWERS
STOOD THE WITCHES."

found that the wet stones, in her course, looked with too bright faces toward the witch flowers, she threw, unperceived, her silvery veil over them and blinded them with bright beams of light which she caught up and sprinkled in their faces.

But, if Ilse could not stop the progress of the highway through the valley, she wished to have as little as possible to do with it. On her way through the deep shades of the forest, she tried by serpentine turns to lose sight of it, and when she then sprung in proud haste over the cliffs and believed to have quite escaped from her dusty compan-

ion, she ran suddenly against it, and the highroad threw a bridge over her and Princess Ilse, bowed under the yoke, must glide on and keep her animosity to herself, in order to emerge again soon in freedom.

But the anger of the little Ilse did not last long; deeper in the valley, she became more contented with the highroad, and now kisses submissively the foot of the Ilsenstone, on which point the holy sign of the cross stands erected—for Princess Ilse is not dead, but lives there yet and goes every day to her appointed task in the mill and the iron-works of the valley. When, on Sunday, the mill is closed and the industrious inhabitants of the Ilse valley in their holiday dresses, go down to the old chapel in the castle to pray and hear the word of God preached loudly and clearly with all strength and purity, then the silvery voice of the little Ilse is heard gently rippling with the bells and organ tones which come from the old castle walls and float over the valley.

For many hundred years a source of blessing flowing through the valley, Ilse has not yet lost any of her freshness and loveliness. She has drunk from the inexhaustible fountain of eternal youth in the purity and power with which it springs from the rock,—the rock placed by God, which is attainable to every thirsty one who seeks for it in the right way, in earnest, useful work, and in that purity and innocence which casts out from itself all blemishes and lets itself be pierced by the clear light of heaven.

Thus, Princess Ilse now shows the world what a deluded erring child can become if Pride is once driven out. And those people who, from the ugly desert or the cold heights of every-day life come thirsting for summer into the Ilse valley, she breathes upon with the fresh feelings of childhood, lets them be once more harmless, trusting children, so long as they remain in her dear forest shades, where the green is greener, and the air fresher and healthier than anywhere else in the world.

Ilse has taught the Evil One and the witches to be afraid when she glides along in the shades of the Ilsenstone. She even ventures to play the Princess Cooking-water, and when the summer guests of the valley wish to make coffee on the moss-bank under the Ilsenstone, she runs into the swinging kettle without fear, lets the coffee-maker carry away all the honor, claims in return no praise for herself, and wishes only as a reward, that when with great delight the

coffee with the Ilsen water is prepared, the people should settle a pension of sugar biscuit on the little field-mouse.

The field-mouse dwells in a stony crevice of the moss-bank, and is descended in direct line from the very same field-mouse that dug the passage from the Brocken, through which, in gray antiquity, Princess Ilse fled into the valley.

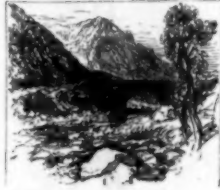
Not every coffee party, to be sure, will have the honor of seeing the little pointed head and bright eyes of the shy animal peep out from the mossy crack, for the field-mouse is particular about his company, and bashful, like his relations. But, whoever chances to see him is obliged to feed him with sugar biscuit, or whatever else good people like to eat with coffee and little field-mice like to nibble.

A contract of this kind was made on a beautiful August day in the year of our Lord

1851, and lies drawn up and sealed under the Ilsenstone, and, in the recollections of the Hartz Valley of the coffee party who on that day fed the field-mouse.

It is not worth while to follow Ilse into the flat country, where she meets Ecker and Ocker, and later, the Aller, who led her, after all, to the old Weser.

The old Weser now draws Aller, Ocker, and Ecker, and Ilse, and all the waters, large and small, that flow into him, to the sea.



A FANTASY.

If I awoke some morn,
And down the stair descending, all forlorn
Of wonted faces found the world below,—
No mother's smile, no kiss, no baby's crow,
No sister taking up the thread, half spun,
Of last night's talk (some talks are never done);

Outside the door
If then I wended, seeking soft Lenore,
Or welcome, stately-sweet, of Lady Clare,
Or stayed my step at gracious Anna's stair,
Or sought gay Lili for a tilt of words,
Keen and inspiring as tourney swords;

And here and there,
For whisper of the wise; smile of the fair,
For all gay courtesies, lightsome pleasantries,
For the dark splendor of some gorgeous eyes,
For even thee, soul-comrade, if a bare,
Blank, very vacancy should on me stare;

If then should speak
Some right-authentic angel, "They you seek
All like a dream have vanished; but a dream
In truth they ever were; they did but seem;
Phantasmas were they, figments, fantasies,
Projections of thy own thought, only these,"

Ah me! alas!
If all this gramarye should come to pass,
I think I should believe him,—should believe;
Nor would his disenchantment deeply grieve,
Nor greatly startle, nor bewilder me,
Soul-comrade, save 'twere also told of thee!

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.



"THEN IT WAS THAT ANICE TURNED AROUND AND SAW HER."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the Reverend Paul entered the parlor at the Rectory, he found that his friend had arrived before him. Mr. Barholm; his wife and Anice, with their guest, formed a group around the fire, and Grace saw at a glance that Derrick had unconsciously fallen into the place of the center figure. He was talking and the rest listening—Mr. Barholm in his usual restless fashion, Mrs. Barholm with evident interest, Anice leaning forward on her ottoman, listening eagerly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Barholm, when the servant announced the visitor, "this is fortunate. Here is Grace. Glad to see

you, Grace. Take a seat. We are talking about an uncommonly interesting case. I dare say you know the young woman."

Anice looked up.

"We are talking about Joan Lowrie," she said. "Mr. Derrick is telling us about her."

"Most interesting affair—from beginning to end," commented the Rector, briskly. "Something must be done for the young woman. We must go and see her,—I will go and see her myself."

He had caught fire at once, in his usual inconsequent, self-secure style. Ecclesiastical patronage would certainly set this young woman right at once. There was no doubt of that. And who was so well qualified to bestow it as himself?

"Yes, yes! I will go myself," he said. "That kind of people is easily managed, when once one understands them. There really is some good in them, after all. You see, Grace, it is as I have told you—only understand them, and make them understand you, and the rest is easy."

Derrick glanced from father to daughter. The clear eyes of the girl rested on the man with a curious expression.

"Do you think," she said quickly, "that they like us to go and see them in that sort of way, papa? Do you think it is wise to remind them that we know more than they do, and that if they want to learn they must learn from us, just because we have been more fortunate? It really seems to me that the rebellious ones would ask themselves what right we had to be more fortunate."

"My dear," returned the Rector, somewhat testily—he was not partial to the interposition of obstacles even in suggestion—"My dear, if you had been brought into contact with these people as closely as I have, or even as Grace has, you would learn that they are not prone to regard things from a metaphysical standpoint. Metaphysics are not in their line. They are more apt to look upon life as a matter of bread and bacon than as a problem."

A shadow fell upon Anice's face, and before the visit ended, Derrick had observed its presence more than once. It was always her father who summoned it, he noticed. And yet it was evident enough that she was fond of the man, and in no ordinary degree, and that the affection was mutual. As he was contented with himself, so Barholm was contented with his domestic relations. He was fond of his wife, and fond of his daughter, as much, perhaps, through his appreciation of his own good taste in wedding such a wife, and becoming the father of such a daughter, as through his appreciation of their peculiar charms. He was proud of them and indulgent to them. They reflected a credit on him of which he felt himself wholly deserving.

"They are very fond of him," remarked Grace afterward to his friend; "which shows that there must be a great deal of virtue in the man. Indeed there is a great deal of virtue in him. You yourself, Derrick, must have observed a certain kindness and—and open generosity," with a wistful sound in his voice.

There was always this wistful appeal in the young man's tone when he spoke of his

clerical master—a certain anxiety to make the best of him, and refrain from any suspicion of condemnation. Derrick was always reminded by it of the shadow on Anice Barholm's face.

"I want to tell you something," Miss Barholm said this evening to Grace at parting. "I do not think I am afraid of Rigan at all. I think I shall like it all the better because it is so new. Everything is so earnest and energetic, that it is a little bracing—like the atmosphere. Perhaps—when the time comes—I could do something to help you with that girl. I shall try very hard." She held out her hand to him with a smile, and the Reverend Paul went home feeling not a little comforted and encouraged.

The Rector stood with his back to the fire, his portly person expressing intense satisfaction.

"You will remind me about that young woman in the morning, Anice," he said. "I should like to attend to the matter myself. Singular that Grace should not have mentioned her before. It really seems to me, you know, that now and then Grace is a little deficient in interest, or energy."

"Surely not interest, my dear," put in Mrs. Barholm, with gentle suggestiveness.

"Well, well," conceded the Rector, "perhaps not interest, but energy or—or appreciation. I should have seen such a fine creature's superiority, and mentioned it at once. She must be a fine creature. A young woman of that kind should be encouraged. I will go and see her in the morning—if it were not so late I would go now. Really, she ought to be told that she has exhibited a very excellent spirit, and that people approve of it. I wonder what sort of a household servant she would make if she were properly trained?"

"That would not do at all," put in Anice decisively. "From the pit's mouth to the kitchen would not be a natural transition."

"Well, well," as usual; "perhaps you are right. There is plenty of time to think of it, however. We can judge better when we have seen her."

He did not need reminding in the morning. He was as full of vague plans for Joan Lowrie when he arose as he had been when he went to bed. He came down to the charming breakfast-room in the most sanguine of moods. But then his moods usually were sanguine. It was scarcely to be wondered at. Fortune had treated him with great suavity from his earliest years.

Well-born, comfortably trained, healthy and easy-natured, the world had always turned its pleasant side to him. As a young man, he had been a strong, handsome fellow, whose convenient patrimony had placed him beyond the possibility of entire dependence upon his profession. When a curate he had been well enough paid and without private responsibilities; when he married he was lucky enough to win a woman who added to his comfort; in fact, life had gone smoothly with him for so long that he had no reason to suspect Fate of any intention to treat him ill-naturedly. It was far more likely that she would reserve her scurvy tricks for some one else.

Even Riggan had not disturbed him at all. Its difficulties were not such as would be likely to disturb him greatly. One found ignorance, and vice, and discomfort among the lower classes always; there was the same thing to contend with in the agricultural as in the mining districts. And the Rectory was substantial and comfortable, even picturesque. The house was roomy, the garden large and capable of improvement; there were trees in abundance, ivy on the walls, and Anice would do the rest. The breakfast-room looked specially encouraging this morning. Anice, in a pretty pale blue gown, and with a few crocuses at her throat, awaited his coming, behind the handsomest of silver and porcelain, reading his favorite newspaper the while. Her little pot of emigrant violets exhaled a faint, spring-like odor from their sunny place at the window; there was a vase of crocuses, snow-drops and ivy leaves in the center of the table; there was sunshine outside and comfort in. The Rector had a good appetite and an unimpaired digestion. Anice rose when he entered, and touched the bell.

"Mamma's headache will keep her upstairs for a while," she said. "She told me we were not to wait for her." And then she brought him his newspaper and kissed him dutifully.

"Very glad to see you home again, I am sure, my dear," remarked the Rector. "I have really missed you very much. What excellent coffee this is!—another cup, if you please." And, after a pause,

"I think really, you know," he proceeded, "that you will not find the place unpleasant, after all. For my part, I think it is well enough—for such a place; one cannot expect Belgravian polish in Lanca-

shire miners, and certainly one does not meet with it; but it is well to make the best of things. I get along myself reasonably well with the people. I do not encounter the difficulties Grace complains of."

"Does he complain?" asked Anice; "I did not think he exactly complained."

"Grace is too easily discouraged," answered the Rector in off-handed explanation. "And he is apt to make over-sensitive blunders. He speaks of, and to, these people as if they were of the same fiber as himself. He does not take hold of things. He is deficient in courage. He means well, but he is not good at reading character. That other young fellow now—Derrick, the engineer—would do twice as well in his place. What do you think of that young fellow, by the way, my dear?"

"I like him," said Anice. "He will help Mr. Grace often."

"Grace needs a support of some kind," returned Mr. Barholm, frowning slightly, "and he does not seem to rely very much upon me—not so much as I would wish. I don't quite understand him at times; the fact is, it has struck me once or twice, that he preferred to take his own path, instead of following mine."

"Papa," commented Anice, "I scarcely think he is to blame for that. I am sure it is always best, that conscientious, thinking people—and Mr. Grace is a thinking man—should have paths of their own."

Mr. Barholm pushed his hair from his forehead. His own obstinacy confronted him sometimes through Anice, in a finer, more baffling form.

"Grace is a young man, my dear," he said, "and—and not a very strong-minded one."

"I cannot believe that is true," said Anice. "I do not think we can blame his mind. It is his body that is not strong. Mr. Grace himself has more power than you and mamma and myself all put together."

One of Anice's peculiarities was a certain pretty sententiousness, which, but for its innate refinement, and its earnestness, might have impressed people as being a fault. When she pushed her opposition in that steady, innocent way, Mr. Barholm always took refuge behind an inner consciousness which "knew better," and was fully satisfied on the point of its own knowledge.

When breakfast was over, he rose from the table with the air of a man who had business on hand. Anice rose too, and followed him to the hearth.

"You are going out, I suppose," she said. "I am going to see Joan Lowrie," he said complacently. "And I have several calls to make besides. Shall I tell the young woman that you will call on her?"

Anice looked down at the foot she had placed on the shining rim of the steel fender.

"Joan Lowrie?" she said reflectively.

"Certainly, my dear. I should think it would please the girl to feel that we are interested in her."

"I should scarcely think—from what Mr. Grace and his friend say—that she is the kind of a girl to be reached in that way," said Anice.

The Rector shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear," he answered, "if we are always to depend upon what Grace says, we shall often find ourselves in a difficulty. If you are going to wait until these collier young women call on you after the manner of polite society, I am afraid you will have time to lose interest in them and their affairs."

He had no scruples of his own on the subject of his errand. He felt very comfortable as usual, as he wended his way through the village toward Lowrie's cottage, on the Knoll Road. He did not ask himself what he should say to the collier young woman, and her unhappy charge. Orthodox phrases with various distinct flavors—the flavor of encouragement, the flavor of reproof, the flavor of consolation,—were always ready with the man; he never found it necessary to prepare them before hand. The flavor of approval was to be Joan's portion this morning; the flavor of rebuke her companion's. He passed down the street with ecclesiastical dignity, bestowing a curt, but not unamiable word of recognition here and there. Unkempt, dirty-faced children, playing hop-scotch or marbles on the flag pavement, looked up at him with a species of awe, not unmingled with secret resentment; women lounging on door-steps, holding babies on their hips, stared in critical sullenness as he went by.

"Theer's th' owd parson," commented one sharp-tongued matron. "Hoo's goin' to teach some one summat I warrant. What th' owd lad dunnot know is na worth knowin'. Eh! hoo's a graidely foo', that hoo is. Our Tommy, if tha dost na let Jane Ann be, tha'tt be gettin' a hidin'."

Unprepossessing as most of the colliers' homes were, Lowrie's cottage was a trifle less inviting than the majority. It stood upon the road-side, an ugly little bare

place, with a stubborn desolateness in its appearance, its only redeeming feature a certain rough cleanliness. The same cleanliness reigned inside, Barholm observed when he entered; and yet on the whole there was a stamp upon it which made it a place scarcely to be approved of. Before the low fire sat a girl with a child on her knee, and this girl, hearing the visitor's footsteps, got up hurriedly, and met him with a half abashed, half frightened look on her pale face.

"Lowrie is na here, an' neyther is Joan," she said, without waiting for him to speak. "Both on 'em's at th' pit. Theer's no one here but me," and she held the baby over her shoulder, as if she would like to have hidden it.

Mr. Barholm walked in serenely, sure that he ought to be welcome, if he was not.

"At the pit, are they?" he answered. "Dear me! I might have remembered that they would be at this time. Well, well; I will take a seat, my girl, and talk to you a little. I suppose you know me, the minister at the church—Mr. Barholm."

Liz, a slender slip of a creature, large-eyed, and woe-begone, stood up before him staring at him in irresolute wretchedness, as he seated himself.

"I—I dunnot know nobody much now," she stammered. "I—I've been away fro' Riggan sin' afore yo' comn—if yo're th' new parson," and then she colored nervously and became fearfully conscious of her miserable little burden. "I've heerd Joan speak o' th' young parson," she faltered.

Her visitor looked at her gravely. What a helpless, childish creature she was, with her pretty face and her baby, and her characterless, frightened way. She was only one of many—poor Liz. Ignorant, emotional, weak, easily led, ready to err, unable to bear the consequences of error, not strong enough to be resolutely wicked, not strong enough to be anything in particular, but that which her surroundings made her. If she had been well-born and well brought up, she would have been a pretty, insipid girl who needed to be taken care of; as it was, she had 'gone wrong.' The excellent Rector of St. Michael's felt that she must be awakened.

"You are the girl Elizabeth?" he said.

"I'm 'Lizabeth Barnes," she answered, pulling at the hem of her child's small gown, "but folks niver calls me nowt but Liz."

Her visitor pointed to a chair considerately. "Sit down," he said, "I want to talk to you."

Liz obeyed him; but her pretty, weak face told its own story of distaste and hysterical shrinking. She let the baby lie upon her lap; her fingers were busy plaiting up folds of the poor little gown.

"I dunnot want to be talked to," she whimpered. "I dunnot know as talk can do folk as is in trouble any good—an' th' trouble's bad enow wi'out talk."

"We must remember whence the trouble comes," answered the minister, "and if the root lies in ourselves, and springs from our own sin, we must bear our cross meekly, and carry our sorrows and iniquities to the fountain head. We must ask for grace, and—and sanctification of spirit."

"I dunnot know nowt about th' fountain head," sobbed Liz, aggrieved. "I'm not religious an' I canna see as such loike helps foak. No Methody nivver did nowt for me when I war i' trouble an' want. Joan Lowrie is na a Methody."

"If you mean that the young woman is in an unawakened condition, I am sorry to hear it," with increased gravity of demeanor. "Without the redeeming blood how are we to find peace? If you had clung to the Cross you would have been spared all this sin and shame. You must know, my girl, that this," with a motion toward the frail creature on her knee, "is a very terrible thing."

Liz burst into piteous sobs—crying like a hardly treated child:

"I know it's hard enow," she cried; "I canna get work neyther at th' pit nor at th' factories, as long as I mun drag it about, an' I ha' not got a place to lay my head, on'y this. If it wur not for Joan, I might starve and th' choild too. But I'm noan so bad as yo'd mak' out. I—I wur very fond o' him—I wur, an' I thowt he wur fond o' me, an' he wur a gentleman too. He were no laboring-man, an' he wur kind to me, until he got tired. Them soart allus gets tired o' yo' i' time, Joan says. I wish I'd ha' tow'd Joan at first, an' axed her what to do."

Barholm passed his hand through his hair uneasily. This shallow, inconsequent creature baffled him. Her shame, her grief, her misery were all mere straws eddying in the pool of her discomfort. It was not her sin that crushed her, it was the consequence of it; hers was not a sorrow, it was a petulant unhappiness. If her lot had been prosperous outwardly, she would have felt no inward pang.

It became more evident to him than ever that something must be done, and he ap-

plied himself to his task of reform to the best of his ability. But he exhausted his repertoire of sonorous phrases in vain. His grave exhortations only called forth fresh tears, and a new element of resentment; and, to crown all, his visit terminated with a discouragement of which his philosophy had never dreamed.

In the midst of his most eloquent reproof, a shadow darkened the threshold, and as Liz looked up with the explanation "Joan!" a young woman, in pit girl guise, came in, her hat pushed off her forehead, her throat bare, her fustian jacket hanging over her arm. She glanced from one to the other questioningly, knitting her brows slightly at the sight of Liz's tears. In answer to her glance Liz spoke querulously.

"It's th' parson, Joan," she said. "He comn to talk like th' rest on 'em an' he maks me out too ill to burn."

Just at that moment the child set up a fretful cry and Joan crossed the room and took it up in her arms.

"Yo've feart the choild betwixt yo'," she said, "if yo've managed to do nowt else."

"I felt it my duty as the Rector of the parish," explained Barholm somewhat curtly, "I felt it my duty as Rector of the parish, to endeavor to bring your friend to a proper sense of her position."

Joan turned toward him.

"Has tha done it?" she asked.

The Reverend Harold felt his enthusiasm concerning the young woman dying out.

"I—I—" he stammered.

Joan interrupted him,

"Dost tha see as tha has done her any good?" she demanded. "I dunnot mysen."

"I have endeavored to the best of my ability to improve her mental condition," the minister replied.

"I thowt as much," said Joan; "I mak' no doubt tha'st done thy best, neyther. Happen tha'st gi'en her what comfort tha had to spare, but if yo'd been wiser than yo' are, yo'd ha' let her alone. I'll warrant there is na a parson 'twixt here an' Lunnon, that could na ha' tow'd her that she's a sinner an' has shame to bear; but happen there is na a parson betwixt here an' Lunnon as she could na ha' tow'd that much to, hersen. Howiver, as tha has said thy say, happen it'll do yo' fur this toime, an' yo' can let her be for a while."

Mr. Barholm was unusually silent during dinner that evening, and as he sat over his wine, his dissatisfaction rose to the surface, as it invariably did.

"I am rather disturbed this evening, Anice," he said.

Anice looked up questioningly.

"Why?" she asked.

"I went to see Joan Lowrie this morning," he answered hesitatingly, "and I am very much disappointed in her. I scarcely think, after all, that I would advise you to take her in hand. She is not an amiable young woman, and seems very stubborn. There is a positive touch of the vixen about her."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. BARHOLM had fallen into the habit of turning to Anice for it, when he required information concerning people and things. In her desultory pilgrimages, Anice saw all that he missed, and heard much that he was deaf to. The rough, hard-faced men and boisterous girls who passed to and from their work at the mine, drew her to the window whenever they made their appearance. She longed to know something definite of them—to get a little nearer to their unprepossessing life. Sometimes the men and women, passing, caught glimpses of her, and, asking each other who she was, decided upon her relationship to the family.

"Hoo's th' owd parson's lass," somebody said. "Hoo's noan so bad lookin' neyther, if hoo was na sich a bit o' a thing."

The people who had regarded Mr. Barholm with a spice of disfavor, still could not look with ill-nature upon this pretty girl. The slatternly women nudged each other as she passed, and the playing children stared after their usual fashion; but even the hardest-natured matron could find nothing more condemnatory to say than, "Hoo's noan Lancashire, that's plain as th' nose on a body's face;" or, "theer is na much on her, at ony rate. Hoo's a bit of a weakly like lass wi'out much blood i' her."

Now and then Anice caught the sound of their words, but she was used to being commented upon. She had learned that people whose lives have a great deal of hard, common discomfort and struggle, acquire a tendency to depreciation almost as a second nature. It is easier to bear one's own misfortunes, than to bear the good-fortune of better-used people. That is the insult added by Fate to injury.

Riggan was a crooked, rambling, cross-grained little place, and to a casual observer, unaccustomed to its inhabitants as a spe-

cies, by no means prepossessing. From the one wide street with its jumble of old, tumble-down shops, and glaring new ones, branched out narrow, up-hill or down-hill thoroughfares, edged by colliers' houses, with an occasional tiny provision shop, where bread and bacon were ranged alongside of potatoes and flabby cabbages; or ornithological specimens made of pale sweet-cake, and adorned with startling black currant eyes, rested unsteadily against the window-pane, a sore temptation to the juvenile populace.

It was in one of these side streets that Anice met with her first adventure. Turning the corner, she heard the sharp yelp of a dog among a group of children, followed almost immediately by a ringing of loud, angry, boyish voices, a sound of blows and cries, and a violent scuffle. Anice paused for a few seconds, looking over the heads of the excited little crowd, and then made her way to it, and in a minute was in the heart of it. The two boys who were the principal figures, were fighting frantically, scuffling, kicking, biting, and laying on vigorous blows, with not unscientific fists. Now and then a fierce, red, boyish face was to be seen, and then the rough head ducked and the fight waxed fiercer and hotter, while the dog—a small, shrewd, sharp-nosed terrier—barked at the combatants' heels, snapping at one pair, but not at the other, and plainly enjoying the excitement.

"Boys!" cried Anice. "What's the matter?"

"They're feighten," remarked a philosophical young by-stander, with placid, unabated interest,—"*an' Jud Bates 'll win.*"

It was so astonishing a thing that any outsider should think of interfering, and there was something so decided in the girl's voice addressing them, that almost at the moment, the combatants fell back, panting heavily, breathing vengeance in true boy fashion, and evidently resenting the unexpected intrusion.

"What is it all about?" demanded the girl. "Tell me."

The crowd gathered close around her to stare, the terrier sat down breathless, his red tongue hanging out, his tail beating the ground. One of the boys was his master, it was plain at a glance, and, as a natural consequence, he had felt it his duty to assist to the full extent of his powers. The boy who was his master—a sturdy, ragged, ten-year-old—was the first to speak.

"Why could na he let me a be then?" he asked irately. "I was na doin' owt t' him."

"Yea, tha was," retorted the opponent.

"Nay, I was na."

"Yea, ha was."

"Well," said Anice, "what *was* he doing?"

"Aye," cried the first youngster, "tha tell her if tha con. Who hit th' first punse?" excitedly doubling his fist again. "I didna."

"Nay, tha didna, but tha did summat else. Tha punsed at Nib wi' thy clog, an' hit him aside o' th' yed, an' then I punsed thee, an' I'd do it aga'n fur—"

"Wait a minute," cried Anice, holding up her little gloved hand. "Who is Nib?"

"Nib's my dog," surlily. "An' them as punses him, has gotten to punse me."

Anice bent down and patted the small animal.

"He seems a very nice dog," she said. "What did you kick him for?"

Nib's master was somewhat mollified. A person who could appreciate the virtues of "th' best tarrier i' Riggan," could not be regarded wholly with contempt, or even indifference.

"He kicked him fur nowt," he answered. "He's allus at uther him or me. He bust my kite, an' he cribbed my marvels, didn't he?" appealing to the by-standers.

"Aye, he did. I seed him crib th' marvels mysen'. He wur mad case Jud wur winnen, an' then he kicked Nib."

Jud bent down to pat Nib himself, not without a touch of pride in his manifold injuries, and the readiness with which they were attested to.

"Aye," he said, "an' I did na set on him at first neyther. I nivver set on him till he punsed Nib. He may bust my kite, an' steal my marvels, an' he may ca' me ill names, but he shanna kick Nib. So theer!"

It was evident that Nib's enemy was the transgressor. He was grievously in the minority. Nobody seemed to side with him, and everybody seemed ready—when once the tongues were loosed—to say a word for Jud and "th' best tarrier i' Riggan." For a few minutes Anice could scarcely make herself heard.

"You are a good boy to take care of your dog," she said to Jud—"and though fighting is not a good thing, perhaps if I had been a boy," gravely deciding against moral suasion in one rapid glance at the enemy—"perhaps, if I had been a boy, I would

have fought myself. *You* are a coward," she added, with incisive scorn to the other lad, who slinked sulkily out of sight.

"Owd Sammy Craddock," lounging at his window, clay pipe in hand, watched Anice as she walked away, and gave vent to his feelings in a shrewd chuckle.

"Eh! eh!" he commented; "so that's th' owd parson's lass, is it? Wall, hoo may be o' th' same mate, but hoo is na o' th' same grain, I'll warrant. Hoo's a rare un, hoo is, fur a wench."

"Owd Sammy's" amused chuckles, and exclamations of "Eh! hoo's a rare un—that hoo is—fur a wench," at last drew his wife's attention. The good woman pounced upon him sharply.

"Tha'rt an owd yommer head," she said.

"What art tha ramblin' about now? Who is it as is siccan a rare un?"

Owd Sammy burst into a fresh chuckle, rubbing his knees with both hands.

"Why," said he, "I'll warrant tha could na guess i' tha tried, but I'll gi'e thee a try. Who dost tha think wur out i' th' street just now a' th' thick of a foight among th' lads? I know thou'st niver guess."

"Nay, happen I canna, an' I dunnot know as I care so much, neyther," testily.

"Why," slapping his knee, "th' owd parson's lass. A little wench not much higher nor thy waist, an' wi' a bit o' a face loike skim-milk, but steady and full o' pluck as an owd un."

"Nay now, tha dost na say so? What wor she doin' an' how did she come theer? Tha mun ha' been dreamin'!"

"Nowt o' th' soart. I seed her as plain as I see thee, an' heard ivvery word she said. Tha shouldst ha' seen her! Hoo med as if hoo'd lived wi' lads aw her days. Jud Bates an' that young marplot o' Thorme's wur feightin' about Nib—at it tooth and nail—an' th' lass sees 'em, an' marches into th' thick, an' sets 'em to reets. Yo' should ha' seen her! An' hoo tells Jud as he's a good lad to tak' care o' his dog, an' hoo does na know but what hoo'd a fowt hersen i' his place, an' hoo ca's Jack Thorme a coward, an' turns her back on him, an' ends up wi' tellin' Jud to bring th' tarrier to th' Rectory to see her."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Craddock, "did yo' ivver hear th' loike!"

"I wish th' owd parson had seed her," chuckled his spouse irreverently. "That soart is na i' his loine. He'd a waved his stick as if he'd been king and council i' one, an' rated 'em fro' th' top round o' th' lad-

der. He canna get down fro' his perch. The owd lad'll stick theer till he gets a bit too heavy, an' then he'll coom down wi' a crash, ladder an' aw—but th' lass is a different mak'."

It was in this manner that Miss Barholm introduced herself to the village of Riggan, and her father's parishioners. Having attracted the attention of Sammy Craddock, she was now fairly before the public. Sammy being an oracle among his associates, new-comers usually passed through his hands, and were condemned, or approved, by him. His pipe, and his criticisms upon society in general, provided him with occupation. Too old to fight and work, he was too shrewd to be ignored. Where he could not make himself felt, he could make himself heard. Accordingly, when he condescended to inform a select and confidential audience that the "owd parson's lass was a rare un, lass as she was"—(the masculine opinion of Riggan on the subject of the weaker sex was a rather disparaging one)—the chances of the Rector's daughter began, so to speak, to "look up." If Sammy Craddock found virtue in the new-comer, it was possible such virtue might exist, at least in a negative form,—and open enmity was rendered unnecessary, and even impolitic. A faint interest began to be awakened. When Anice passed through the streets, the slatternly, baby-laden women looked at her curiously, and in a manner not absolutely unfriendly. She might not be so bad after all, if she did have "Lunnon ways," and was smiled upon by Fortune. At any rate, she differed from the parson himself, which was in her favor.

CHAPTER V.

DEEPLY AS Anice was interested in Joan, she left her to herself. She did not go to see her, and still more wisely, she managed to hush in her father any awakening tendency toward parochial visits. But from Grace and Fergus Derrick she heard much of her, and through Grace she contrived to convey work and help to Liz, and encouragement to her protectress. From what source the assistance came, Joan did not know, and she was not prone to ask questions.

"If she asks, tell her it is from a girl like herself," Anice had said, and Joan had accepted the explanation.

In a very short time from the date of their first acquaintance, Fergus Derrick's

position in the Barholm household had become established. He was the man to make friends and keep them. Mrs. Barholm grew fond of him; the Rector regarded him as an acquisition to their circle, and Anice was his firm friend. So, being free to come and go, he came and went, and found his unceremonious visits pleasant enough. On his arrival at Riggan, he had not anticipated meeting with any such opportunities of enjoyment. He had come to do hard work, and had expected a hard life, softened by few social graces. The work of opening the new mines was a heavy one, and was rendered additionally heavy and dangerous by unforeseen circumstances. A load of responsibility rested upon his shoulders, to which at times he felt himself barely equal, and which men of less tough fiber would have been glad to shift upon others. Naturally, his daily cares made his hours of relaxation all the more pleasant. Mrs. Barholm's influence upon him was a gentle and soothing one, and in Anice he found a subtle inspiration. She seemed to understand his trials by instinct, and even the minutiae of his work made themselves curiously clear to her. As to the people who were under his control, she was never tired of hearing of them, and of studying their quaint, rough ways. To please her he stored up many a characteristic incident, and it was through him that she heard most frequently of Joan. She did not even see Joan for fully two months after her arrival in Riggan, and then it was Joan who came to her.

As the weather became more spring-like she was oftener out in the garden. She found a great deal to do among the flower-beds and shrubbery, and as this had always been considered her department, she took the management of affairs wholly into her own hands. The old place, which had been rather neglected in the time of the previous inhabitant, began to bloom out into fragrant luxuriance, and passing Rigganites regarded it with admiring eyes. The colliers who had noticed her at the window in the colder weather, seeing her so frequently from a nearer point of view, felt themselves on more familiar terms. Some of them even took a sort of liking to her, and gave her an uncouth greeting as they went by; and, more than once, one or another of them had paused to ask for a flower or two, and had received them with a curious bashful awe, when they had been passed over the holly hedge.

Having gone out one evening after dinner to gather flowers for the house, Anice, standing before a high lilac bush, and pulling its pale purple tassels, became suddenly conscious that some one was watching her—some one standing upon the road-side behind the holly hedge. She did not know that as she stopped here and there to fill her basket, she had been singing to herself in a low tone. Her voice had attracted the passer-by.

This passer-by—a tall pit girl with a handsome, resolute face—stood behind the dark green hedge, and watched her. Perhaps to this girl, weary with her day's labor, grimed with coal-dust, it was not unlike standing outside paradise. Early in the year as it was, there were flowers enough in the beds, and among the shrubs, to make the spring air fresh with a faint sweet odor. But here too was Anice in her soft white merino dress, with her basket of flowers, with the blue bells at her belt, and her half audible song. She struck Joan Lowrie with a new sense of beauty and purity. As she watched her she grew discontented—restless—sore at heart. She could not have told why; but she felt a certain anger against herself. She had had a hard day. Things had gone wrong at the pit's mouth; things had gone wrong at home. It was hard for her strong nature to bear with Liz's weakness. Her path was never smooth, but to-day it had been at its roughest. The little song fell upon her ear with strong pathos.

"She's inside o' th' hedge," she said to herself in a dull voice. "I'm outside—theer's th' difference. It a'most looks loike the hedge went aw' around an' she'd been born among th' flowers, and theer's no way out for her—no more than theer's a way in fur me."

Then it was that Anice turned round and saw her. Their eyes met, and, singularly enough, Anice's first thought was that this was Joan. Derrick's description made her sure. There were not two such women in Riggan. She made her decision in a moment. She stepped across the grass to the hedge with a ready smile.

"You were looking at my flowers," she said. "Will you have some?"

Joan hesitated.

"I often give them to people," said Anice, taking a handful from the basket and offering them to her across the holly. "When the men come home from the mines they often ask me for two or three, and I think they like them even better than I do—though that is saying a great deal."

Joan held out her hand, and took the flowers, holding them awkwardly, but with tenderness.

"Oh, thank yo'," she said. "It's kind o' yo' to gi' 'em away."

"It's a pleasure to me," said Anice, picking out a delicate pink hyacinth. "Here's a hyacinth." Then as Joan took it their eyes met. "Are you Joan Lowrie?" asked the girl.

Joan lifted her head.

"Aye," she answered, "I'm Joan Lowrie."

"Ah," said Anice, "then I am very glad."

They stood on the same level from that moment. Something as indescribable as all else in her manner, had done for Anice just what she had simply and seriously desired to do. Proud and stubborn as her nature was, Joan was subdued. The girl's air and speech were like her song. She stood inside the hedge still, in her white dress, among the flowers, looking just as much as if she had been born there as ever, but some fine part of her had crossed the boundary.

"Ah! then I am glad of that," she said.

"Yo' are very good to say as much," she answered; "but I dunnot know as I quite understand—"

Anice drew a little nearer.

"Mr. Grace has told me about you," she said. "And Mr. Derrick."

Joan's brown throat raised itself a trifle, and Anice thought color showed itself on her cheek.

"Both on 'em's been good to me," she said, "but I did na think as—"

Anice stopped her with a little gesture.

"It was you who were so kind to Liz when she had no friend," she began.

Joan interrupted her with sudden eagerness.

"It wur yo' as sent th' work an' th' things fur th' choild," she said.

"Yes, it was I," answered Anice. "But I hardly knew what to send. I hope I sent the right things. Did I?"

"Yes, miss; thank yo'." And then in a lower voice, "They wur a power o' help to Liz an' me. Liz wur hard beset then, an' she's only a young thing as canna bear sore trouble. Seemed loike that th' thowt as some un had helped her wur a comfort to her."

Anice took courage.

"Perhaps if I might come and see her," she said. "May I come? I should like to see the baby. I am very fond of little children."

There was a moment's pause, and then Joan spoke awkwardly.

"Do yo' know—happen yo' dunnot—what Liz's trouble is? Bein' as yo're so young yorsen, happen they did na tell yo' all. Most o' toimes folk is na apt to be fond o' such loike as this little un o' hers."

"I heard all the story."

"Then come if yo' loike,"—blunt and proud even in saying this,—“an' if they'll

let yo', some ud think there wur harm i' th' choild's touch. I'm glad yo' dunna."

She did not linger much longer. Anice watched her till she was out of sight. An imposing figure she was—moving down the road, in her rough masculine garb—the massive perfection of her form clearly outlined against the light. It seemed impossible that such a flower as this could blossom, and decay, and die out in such a life, without any higher fruition.

(To be continued.)

ON A MINIATURE.

THINE old-world eyes—each one a violet
Big as the baby rose that is thy mouth—
Set me a dreaming. Have our eyes not met
In childhood—in a garden of the South?

Thy lips are trembling with a song of France,
My cousin, and thine eyes are dimly sweet;
Wildered with reading in an old romance
All afternoon upon the garden seat.

The summer wind read with thee, and the bees
That on the sunny pages loved to crawl:
A skipping reader was the impatient breeze
And turned the leaves, but the slow bees read all.

And now thy foot descends the terrace stair:
I hear the rustle of thy silk attire;
I breathe the musky odors of thy hair
And airs that from thy painted fan respire.

Idly thou pausest in the shady walk,
Thine ear attentive to the fountain's fall:
Thou mark'st the flower-de-luce sway on her stalk,
The speckled vergalieu ripening on the wall.

Thou hast the feature of my mother's race,
The gilded comb she wore, her smile, her eye:
The blood that flushes softly in thy face
Crawls through my veins beneath this northern sky.

As one disherited, though next of kin,
Who lingers at the barred ancestral gate,
And sadly sees the happy heir within
Stroll careless through his forfeited estate;

Even so I watch thy southern eyes, Lisette,
Lady of my lost paradise and heir
Of summer days that were my birthright. Yet
Thy beauty makes the usurpation fair.

INSANITY AND ITS TREATMENT.

THERE is probably no subject, closely connected with our every-day affairs and prominently presented for our consideration, so little understood as that of insanity. Hospitals for the treatment of bodily diseases, institutions for the education of our youth, and places for training young men and women in mechanical and agricultural pursuits exist in great numbers throughout the land, and we are familiar with their every detail, and take a constant and close interest in their success and perpetuation. But, though the statistics tell us that there is, at least, one insane person to each two thousand of our population, and although we are all taxed to support an already large and fast increasing number of insane hospitals, built and maintained at great cost, and occupying beautiful and prominent sites along the great thoroughfares of the country, very few, comparatively, even of our most intelligent people, have ever been inside of them, or know about the more modern methods of dealing with this sad human infirmity. It is a singular fact that to-day, hundreds of thousands of people, who are otherwise highly instructed, and who are acquainted with the conditions of trade, literature, manufactures, politics, and most of the current topics of the times, know almost nothing of the modern means of dealing with this enemy of the intellect. We devote our time, money, and endeavor to find out and put to naught the storms which assail our commerce, the insidious destroyers of our crops, the climatic and other influences which sap our physical health, and the thousand other obstacles to human enterprise, but, in the treatment of insanity, we trust to a few experts who have dropped to one side of the beaten path and made the care of the human mind a life work. It is surprising, when we come to know of the great mass of intelligent people at this day who have only a general idea that our insane hospitals are merely repetitions of those dungeons of a thousand years ago, with their grim array of dark and filthy cells, their dreadful apparatus of machinery, and their theories, not of curing their inmates and sending them forth again to their friends, "clothed and in their right mind," but of fulfilling the narrow mission which only looks to the removing of these unfortunate people from the view of the world, and is content

with a result of mental death, so far as this world is concerned.

It is, then, to give a general view, in a popular way, of this subject of insanity and its treatment, past and present, avoiding the use of technical language, that we are led to a brief article on this specialty.

Insanity means all unhealthiness of mind. This much is all that can be said to be agreed upon. It consists, according to one opinion, in such disorganization or degeneration of the nervous structure as to render the exercise of reason impossible; according to another, it consists in disorder of the reason itself; and, according to a third, in perversion or destruction of the soul, or the moral part of our nature. The prevailing view of scientists is, that insanity is a symptom or expression, manifested through the functions of the nervous system, of physical disease. We shall not enter on the discussion of these theories, but shall, at one point, in this article, speak of some exceedingly interesting studies and experiments now being made on the brains of insane persons, deceased, which are novel in the history of insanity, and promise to lead us nearer into the mysteries of the subject than anything before devised. The great divisions of insanity, into mania, melancholia and imbecility, remain popularly very much as they were two thousand years ago—a fact which has, unfortunately, tended to render the treatment, or rather the maltreatment, of the insane as stationary as the view of the diseases under which they labor—up to within, comparatively, a very recent time, when the education of experts in this specialty, and the growth of popular intelligence and liberality, have immensely widened out its study and bettered the condition of its unhappy victims.

The early history of insanity is so dim as to give little satisfaction in its study. The history of the treatment of physical diseases reaches far back among the ancients, and is only sufficiently precise to give a faint idea of medical practice in those times. But mental diseases were so confounded with superstition, that little attempt seems to have been made to cope with it by those means which were sought out for the management of physical troubles. The ancients regarded insanity as the result of

some supernatural power, a visitation from some offended god, at whose shrine the person affected had refused to worship, or as a punishment for irreverence or crime. The feigned madness of Ulysses, immediately prior to the Trojan war, is, perhaps, the earliest reference in antiquity to the existence of mental disease—otherwise, the madness of Saul claims priority. Ajax was seized with madness after the arms of Achilles had been awarded to his rival Ulysses. Orestes is also described as a madman by his sister Electra. The "heaven inspired" Cassandra was regarded by the Trojans as insane. Plato alludes to the connection of divination and insanity—the prophetess at Delphi and the priestess at Dodona both being considered insane. The Sibyl and others being classed in the same category, they were said to possess the mad art. Euripides makes many allusions to madness, and the power of Bacchus to produce it—and even in these modern times, Bacchus is, perhaps, properly chargeable with, at least, a large share of it. Lycurgus, king of the Edones in Thrace, refused to worship Bacchus, in consequence of which the god visited him with madness. The daughters of Proetus, Lysippe and Iphinoë, are fabled to have become insane in consequence of neglecting the worship of Bacchus. They ran about the fields, believing themselves to be cows. Proetus is represented to have applied to Melampus to cure his daughter of insanity, but refused to employ him when he demanded a third part of his kingdom as a fee, reminding us of the enormous sums received by Willis for his attendance on George III. and the Queen of Portugal. This refusal of Proetus was punished, and the consequence was a contagious madness among the Argive women. Athamas, king of Orchomenus, and Ino, his second wife, were both said to be insane. Medea, the niece of Circe, Cambyzes, Cleomenes, king of Sparta, and many others might be mentioned. Hippocrates makes many allusions in his writings to mania, melancholia and epilepsy. He says that men ought to know that from nothing else but thence (the brain), come joys, despondency and lamentations. By the same organ, we become mad and delirious; and fears and terrors assail us, some by night and some by day. Diocles (B. C. 300) and Asclepiades also discuss this subject in their writings, and the Roman poets frequently allude to it. Perdius and Juvenal speak of hellebore as a remedy for madness.

The Old and New Testaments abound in allusions to madness and the possession of devils—though not with sufficient detail to enable us to determine whether an actual disease of the brain, or an early development of the delusion which in these modern days is classed under the name of "Spiritualism," or an affliction of those days which was referable to the Evil One, was the true cause. In Deut. xxviii, 28, it is said, "The Lord shall smite thee with madness," which is supposed to be applicable to the Chaldeans, in their siege of Jerusalem. There was also the case of David, I Samuel, xxi, 13, who feigned himself mad and mimicked the actions of lunatics, "and scrambled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard." This was 1062 years before Christ. Also, in the New Testament, Matthew, xvii, 15, a "certain man" implored our Savior to heal his son, who was "a lunatic"—a form of madness supposed to be induced by certain seasons of the moon; also, xv, 22, the daughter of a woman of Canaan was "grievously vexed with a devil;" also, Matthew, viii, 32, the devils were exorcised from the two Gergesenes, and departed into a herd of swine, etc. These instances, however, are referred to with a due reservation, there being so wide a diversity of belief as to what is meant, in sacred records, by the "possession of devils."

The first retreats for the insane of which history or tradition makes mention were the sacred temples of Egypt. There, the insane were under the care of the magi and priests—the possession, or affection, being regarded as supernatural, and the people believing it could thus be most appropriately dealt with. In these, it is said, the disease was mitigated by agreeable impressions received through the senses, and by a system resembling and rivaling the highest development of moral treatment now practiced.

Through the Middle Ages, the records are singularly bare of reference to insanity, and we hear but little of it until about the period of the Reformation. It is true that an asylum is said to have existed in Jerusalem about the fifth century, but little is known of its character, history, or the modes of treatment employed. Again, at a period assigned to tradition, about eleven centuries ago, the tragic death of the Irish girl, the Princess Dymphna, who was slain by the hand of her own father, led to the establishment of a church and altar at Gheel, in Belgium, where those afflicted with "minds

diseased" were carried to intercede with the patron saint for relief; and a large number of these unfortunates have been kept there ever since, till now, it has grown into one of the most remarkable institutions for the insane in existence—the old superstitions giving way, as time progressed, to intelligent and humane formulas. There is now there an insane population of one thousand three hundred, distributed among eleven thousand people, whose main occupation is the care and surveillance of the lunatics. The patients are distributed among the inhabitants according to their wealth and station—wealthy patients being sent into the better families, and poorer ones to the poorer. The cures are said to average from sixty to seventy-five to the hundred. Large sums of money are spent in the place by the patients, and families are generally desirous of having one or more lunatics on their hands.

The next asylum established, so far as we are able to ascertain, was that of Reinier Van Arkle, at Bois-le-Duc, in Holland. It was established in 1442, for the care of six unfortunate persons who had lost their reason. It has existed and grown through all these years, until now, it has a capacity for six hundred patients. The original building, still exists, and retains many evidences of the age in which it was built, showing by contrast the wonderful and beneficent improvements that have been made in the character of the buildings for the treatment of the insane. Small, dark cells, with high, narrow windows, and cribs in which to cage the excited patients, may still be seen.

In England, but little intelligence or humanity was displayed in the care of the insane until, in the course of the eighteenth century, Lord Ashley stated in the House of Commons that the whole history of the world, until the era of the Reformation, did not afford an instance of a single receptacle assigned to the protection and care of this unhappy class, whose malady was looked upon as hardly within the reach or hope of medical aid. If dangerous, they were incarcerated in the common prisons; if of a certain rank in society, they were shut up in their houses under the care of appropriate guardians. Chains, whips, darkness and solitude were the approved and only remedies. The kind of treatment pursued by the highest medical men is pretty clearly indicated by what is handed down to us relative to King Henry VI, in whom men-

tal disease was hereditary. Thus we are informed that five physicians and surgeons were appointed to attend the royal patient, and administered "electuaries, potions, confections, syrups and laxative medicines in any form that might be thought best; baths, fomentations, embrocations, unctions, plasters, shavings of the head and scarifications." Dr. W. A. F. Browne, in his essay on "What Asylums were, are, and ought to be," describes the treatment in those days: "Let us pass a few minutes," he says, "in an asylum as formerly regulated, and from the impressions made by so brief a visit let us judge of the effects which years or a lifetime spent amid such gloomy scenes were calculated to produce. The building is gloomy, placed in a low, confined situation, without windows at the front, every chink barred and grated—a perfect gaol. As you enter, a creak of bolts and clank of chains are scarcely distinguished amid the wild chorus of shrieks and sobs which issue from every apartment. The passages are narrow, dark, damp, and exhale a noxious effluvia. Your conductor has the head and visage of a Carib; carries (fit accompaniment) a whip and a bunch of keys, and speaks in harsh monosyllables. The first common room you examine—measuring twelve feet by seven, with a window which does not open—is perhaps for females. Ten of them, with no other clothing than a rag around the waist, are chained to the wall, loathsome and hideous, but when addressed evidently retaining some of the intelligence and much of the feeling which in other days ennobled their nature. In shame or sorrow, one of them perhaps utters a cry; a blow, which brings the blood to the temple, the tear from the eye—an additional chain, a gag, an indecent or contemptuous expression, compel silence. And if you ask where these creatures sleep, you are led to a kennel eight feet square with an unglazed air-hole eight inches in diameter. In this, you are told, five men sleep. The floor is covered, the walls bedaubed with filth and excrement; no bedding but wet, decayed straw is allowed, and the stench is so insupportable that you turn away and hasten from the scene."

The original Bedlam, in London, was founded in 1246 by Simon Fitz-Mary, a sheriff of the city. It has come down through history amid many mutations until now, having been rebuilt on several sites. It covers an area of fourteen acres, and is spoken of as lacking nothing to insure the

comfort or promote the recovery of patients. In former times its management was deplorable. The patients were exhibited to the public, like wild beasts in cages, at so much per head, and were treated and made sport of by visitors, as if they had been animals in a menagerie. The funds of the hospital not being sufficient to meet the expenditures, partially convalescent patients, with badges affixed to their arms, such as "Tom-o'-Bedlams," or "Bedlam Beggars," were turned out to wander and beg in the streets. Edgar, in Shakspeare's "Lear," assumes the character of one of these. This practice, however, seems to have been stopped before 1675, when an advertisement appears in the "London Gazette" from the Governors of Bedlam, cautioning the public against giving alms to vagrants representing themselves as from the hospital, no permission to beg being at that time given to patients.

In the course of evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, as late as 1815, developments were made which render it not difficult to form an estimate of the condition of the English asylums generally, even at that late day. A miserable and empirical routine marked the treatment. To the question, "Has there not been a rule in the Hospital (Bethlem) for a certain number of years, that in certain months of the year, particular classes of the patients should be physicked, bled, bathed and vomited?" The reply was in the affirmative. "After they have been bled," said the physician in evidence, "they take vomits once a week for a certain number of weeks; after that we purge the patients. That has been the practice invariably for years, long before my time." In regard to the means of coercion employed, it was stated that "the patients were generally chained to the walls with manacles." "Was it not the practice in old Bethlem for eight, ten or more patients to be fastened to the tables almost in a state of perfect nakedness?" The keeper replied, "Yes, they used to think they tore their clothes all to pieces; some of them would do that." "In point of fact, were they not fastened to the tables, sitting in a state of perfect nudity?" The answer was, "They used to be so at the table; they were chained all around."

In France, Esquirol says of the insane: "I have seen them naked, or covered with rags; with nothing but a layer of straw to protect them from the cold dampness of the ground on which they lay. They were

kept on food of the coarsest kind; they were deprived of fresh air to breathe, and of water to quench their thirst, and even of the most necessary things of life. I have seen them given up to the brutal supervision of jailors. I have seen them in their narrow cells, filthy and unwholesome, without air or light, chained in such dens as one might dislike to confine ferocious beasts in." Similar to these were the abodes of the insane throughout Europe.

The accommodations in the asylum at Limerick (see Browne's Lectures, Edinburgh, 1837,) appear to be such as we would not appropriate for our dog-kennels. "One victim was confined in one of the oblong troughs, chained down. He had evidently not been in open air for a considerable time, for when I made them bring him out, he could not endure the light. Upon asking him how often he had been allowed to get out of the trough, he said, 'Perhaps once a week, and sometimes not for a fortnight.' He was not in the least violent; he was perfectly calm."

An idea of the condition of the German asylums at the commencement of the present century may be derived from the language of one of their native authors, Riel, who wrote in 1803. "They are mad-houses, not merely by reason of their inmates, but more especially because they are the very opposite of what they are intended to be. They are neither curative institutions, nor such asylums for the incurable as humanity can tolerate. They are for the most part veritable dens. Has man so little respect for the jewel which makes him man, or so little love for his neighbor who has lost that treasure, that he cannot extend to him the hand of assistance and aid in regaining it? Some of these receptacles are attached to hospitals, others to prisons and houses of correction; but all are deficient in ventilation, in the facilities for recreation; in short, they are wanting in all the physical and moral means necessary to the cure of their patients."

Monasteries appear to have been the representatives of such retreats in the mediæval Christian times; but restraint and rigid asceticism characterized the management. Out of conventual establishments grew the Bethlems, or Bedlams, the asylums of history. But apart from such receptacles, the great majority of the insane were neglected; in some countries revered, as specially God-stricken; in others, tolerated or tormented, or laughed at as simpletons or buf-

foons; in others, imprisoned as social pests, even executed as criminals. The methods adopted by the priests of Besançon to cast out the demons which were supposed to have taken up residence within the bodies of madmen, and who were brought thither during the celebration of the feast of St. Suaire, bear analogy to those of the Egyptians; but being calculated to excite sudden terror and produce commotion in the system rather than to divert the mind, as did the priests of Saturn, their attempts did more harm than good.

It is related of the priests of Besançon that they called together an immense number of spectators, who were seated in an amphitheater; the pretended demoniacs were then brought forth, guarded by soldiers, and agitated by all the movements and distortions characteristic of raving madness. "The priests, in their official habiliments, proceeded with great gravity to these exorcisms. From a distant part of the building, and concealed from view, were heard melodious notes of martial music; upon a certain signal, a flag, stained with blood, with the name of St. Suaire inscribed upon it, was brought out three different times and hoisted amidst the acclamations of the astonished multitude and the roaring of cannon from the citadel. Upon the minds of the credulous spectators a solemn impression was produced, and they cried out with the utmost excess of enthusiasm, '*Miracle ! miracle !*' This performance was exhibited once a year by the priests to show their power over demonomania."

Until a very recent date, the insane in all countries, for upward of two thousand years, have been treated barbarously. Harmless lunatics were permitted to wander about the country, the sport and butt of men and boys. If they became at all troublesome, they were tied up and whipped "out of their madness," and were then thrown into loathsome dungeons, secluded and neglected. Indeed, it has been said by a writer who made the subject his lifelong study (Conolly), that there was not a town or village in all the fairest countries of Europe in which such enormities were unknown. The earlier institutions prepared for the care of insane were gloomy prisons of the worst description. In France, we are told that attendants were selected from among the notorious criminals and malefactors, and to the tender mercies of these unhung wretches were committed the sick and infirm insane. These attendants,

nearly always armed with heavy whips, and sometimes accompanied by savage dogs, had unlimited sway over the poor creatures committed to their care. They were free to impose whatever punishment they chose, and as a consequence chains, manacles, stripes, uncleanness, starvation, and even the garotte were characteristic of these establishments in Europe.

An elaborate report upon the condition of the insane in France was published some years ago, in which there is a history of the condition of the insane prior to the time of Pinel.* It would appear from this and other reports that some of the insane in the large hospitals Bicêtre and Salpêtrière were confined in cells attached to high terraces, or else below the surrounding earth, both being damp and unwholesome. These cells were six feet square; air and light were admitted only by the door, and food was introduced through a small wicket. The only furniture was a narrow plank fastened to the wall and sometimes covered with straw. At the Salpêtrière many of the cells were below the drains, and large rats made their way into them, and often attacked and severely injured the insane, and sometimes were the occasion of their death.

Dr. Pariset describes the condition of the insane in the Bicêtre as even worse. He found the vicious, the criminals, the wild and noisy, all mingled together and treated alike. He describes them as wretched beings, covered with dirt, kept in cold, damp, narrow cells, with scarcely a ray of light to cheer them, and with neither table, chair nor bench to sit upon. The patients were loaded with chains, and were defenseless against the brutality of their keepers. The building resounded day and night with cries and yells and the clanking of chains and fetters. No efforts were made to entertain or amuse them—no authority overlooked this dreadful place. There were no flowers, no trees, not even a blade of grass, that could be seen; the unfortunates were as in a tomb.

Such was the condition of the insane in France, when Pinel, moved by the unhappy state in which he found human beings, began a reform which will render his name immortal. Having first obtained consent of the Government, he entered upon his errand of mercy; his first act is de-

* *Rapport du Directeur de l'Administration de l'Assistance Publique à Monsieur le Préfet de la Seine, sur le Service des Aliénés du Département.*

scribed as follows: There were about fifty whom he considered might without danger be unchained, and he began by releasing them, with the sole precaution of having previously prepared the same number of waistcoats with long sleeves, that could be tied behind if necessary. The first man on whom the experiment was to be tried was an English captain, whose history no one knew, as he had been in chains *forty years*. He was thought to be one of the most furious among them. His keepers approached him with caution, as he had in a fit of frenzy killed one of them on the spot with a blow of his manacles. He was chained more rigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and calmly said to him, "Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off and give you liberty to walk in the court if you will promise me to behave well and injure no one." "Yes, I promise," said the maniac; "but you are laughing at me." "I have six men," answered Pinel, "ready to enforce my commands if necessary. Believe me, then, on my word; I will give you your liberty if you will put on this waistcoat." He submitted to this willingly without a word. His chains were removed, and his keepers retired, leaving the door of the cell open. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell again upon it, for he had been in a sitting posture so long that he had lost the use of his limbs. In a quarter of an hour, he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps came to the door of his dark cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, "How beautiful!" During the rest of the day he was constantly in motion, walking up and down and uttering short exclamations of delight. In the evening, he returned of his own accord to his cell, where a better bed had been prepared for him. During the two succeeding years that he spent at the Bicêtre, he had no return of his previous paroxysms, and even rendered himself useful by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients, whom he ruled in his own fashion.

But this magnificent reform was slow in making its way. Nearly forty years after Pinel began his work in the Bicêtre, the asylums in other parts of France still continued their brutal and inhuman treatment. Esquirol, who succeeded Pinel, visited nearly every asylum in France, and labored indefatigably to better the condition of the inmates.

Writing in 1818, he says that he found the insane in many places naked, and protected only by straw from damp, cold, stone pavements, without fresh air, without light, without water, and chained in "caves" to which wild beasts would not have been consigned. Some were fastened to the wall by chains a foot and a half long, and this method was said to be peculiarly calming! There was no medical treatment, and the attendants employed coercion and flogging at will.

In England, as late as in 1800, things were no better. Lunatics were believed to be under the influence of the moon, at particular phases of which they were bound, chained and whipped, to prevent paroxysms of violence. At some of the asylums, patients were led unsuspectingly across a treacherous floor, which gave way, and the patient fell into a "bath of surprise," and was there half drowned and half frightened to death. The celebrated Dr. Cullen said, the first principle in the treatment of lunatics was to produce fear; and the best means of producing fear was by punishment; and the best mode of punishment was by stripes.

Some of the German physicians wanted machinery by which a patient, arriving at the Asylum, should be suddenly drawn with fearful clangor across a metal bridge and over a moat, then suddenly raised to the top of a tower, and as suddenly lowered into a subterranean cavern; and they also promulgated the view that if the patient could be made to alight among snakes, lizards and other hideous reptiles, it would be so much the better!

In some places the patient was chained fast to the wall, and water was admitted to the cell, slowly rising about the poor creature until it seemed certain that he would be drowned. This seems to have been on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*—presuming that the poor crazy wretch could be cured by means still crazier. Another device, which was known as a "safe and effectual remedy," and about which there was some dispute as to who was entitled to the credit of being the inventor, was a contrivance which might be called a cross between a chair and a couch, in which a maniac or a melancholic was bound fast; it was then rotated at various speeds up to one hundred times in a minute, until the poor wretch, fainting, with bloodshot eyes and suffused face, was dragged from this torture to recover as best he could. It was

recommended that, in special cases it should be used in the dark, with unusual noises and disgusting smells.

Inquiry into the condition of the asylum at York, in 1813, discovered the most atrocious enormities. Abuse reigned uncontrolled; patients were starved; cleanliness was entirely disregarded; patients were huddled together without discrimination; some slept three in a bed; patients *disappeared*, and were never accounted for; they were chained and systematically whipped, and often subjected to other barbarous practices. Pending an inquiry into these cruelties, an effort was made to destroy the whole building by fire—patients, books, papers and all. The building was nearly all consumed, with many of the patients—how many, was never known. In this place it is related that cells were found in a condition of filth indescribable.

At Bethlem, the committee found galleries containing ten women, each chained by arm or leg to the wall. Each had a blanket dress, but nothing to fasten it upon the body—no shoes nor stockings, and all were lost in imbecility, dirt and offensiveness. Many women were locked in their cells, chained to the wall, without clothing, and with only one blanket for covering. In the men's wing, some patients were chained up to the wall, side by side, without clothing of any kind—"the room had the appearance of a dog-kennel."

In one room they found a patient who has been described by Esquirol in his work on Mental Diseases. This man, Norris, was powerful, and had been violent. He was fastened by a long chain passed through the wall into the keeper's room, so that he could be suddenly dragged up to the wall whenever the keeper's fancy led him to do so. To prevent this, poor Norris muffled the chain with straw. Then a new torture was invented. "A stout ring was riveted around his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide up or down on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body, a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted; on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which being fastened to and inclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. The patient could indeed raise himself up, but he could not stir nor walk one step, and could not lie down except upon his back, and when found, he had

been in this condition for *twelve years*. And this state of things existed in England thirty years after Pinel's reform in France!

Up to this time, the asylums in England have been described as menageries for wild beasts, where straw was raked out, and food was thrown in through the bars; and where, in some cases at least, the wretched inmates were exhibited for money. There was no ventilation, no medical treatment, no kindness, no effort to relieve or beguile the disordered imagination, no effort to foster a single kindly expression; every emotion and passion was witnessed by a dozen or more patients in all conditions of mental perturbation, and even the death moan was mingled with the frantic laugh of surviving patients.

The frightful condition of these poor unfortunates is to be ascribed in part to the fact that insane persons were believed to be under the displeasure of the Almighty—that the disorder being mental was therefore properly a subject for priests or metaphysicians to cope with. The priests and magi, not succeeding well in their undertakings, gradually allowed them to pass over to the metaphysicians, who, while ably discussing the essentials necessary to constitute the *ego*, and launching tomes at each other upon the important matter as to whether a man existed or not, allowed afflicted humanity to sink lower and lower until not only his bodily wants were wholly neglected and he was most shamefully abused, but even the existence of his soul was ignored and he came to be regarded as of less moment than the brute.

These are but brief glances at the condition of the treatment of the insane almost down to the present day. While all other sciences and pursuits had, hundreds of years before, started on the highway of advancement, with most brilliant results, that of the management of insanity remained in the darkness of superstition and empiricism until after the dawn of the nineteenth century. Now, the United States, England, France, Germany and Italy are radiant with elegant buildings, fitted up with modern appliances for the relief of these suffering people, from which the demons of superstition have been exorcised, and in their places have been called in the angels who come down and trouble the health-giving waters.

In the German confederation alone there are ninety-two public and forty-nine private

institutions devoted to the care and maintenance of this hitherto neglected class of human beings. And, although most of them do not come up to our ideas of first-class asylums, as viewed from an American standpoint, nevertheless some of them are well built, conveniently arranged and well conducted, and would be a credit to any country. Indeed, it may be said, that nearly all of those established within the last twenty years are of this class.

It is a curious fact that insanity exists in

paragraph. He says, "The insane (*bindakho*) are shackled hand and foot; and avowedly with the design of cooling and soothing their passions, are thrown into the river, where they are immersed by practical swimmers. If this remedy should prove of no effect, the patient is put into confinement and dieted by relatives."

This theory of the infrequency of insanity among savage and ignorant peoples, therefore, if sound, would seem to show that the march of intelligence brings with it the dan-



INSANE ASYLUM, MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.

a very limited degree among ignorant, savage or semi-barbarous people. It is true we have no statistical data upon which to rest this assertion, as no census has been taken among such nations. But we know with considerable certainty that the American Indians are nearly or quite free from it. Mr. Cushing, formerly U. S. Minister to China, states that after a somewhat protracted residence there, he concluded there were but few lunatics to be seen or heard of. Mr. Williams, an American missionary, says that, after a residence of twelve years, he saw only two who were "upside down," as the Chinese term it. Insanity scarcely exists in Nubia, and is extremely rare in Egypt. Capt. Wilkes, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, says, "During the whole of my intercourse with the natives of the South Sea, I met no deranged person." Other reports are similar as to Syria, Bengal, and the African shores of the Mediterranean. Schweinfurth, in his "Heart of Africa," though minute as to every condition of the natives, mentions insanity in only a brief

paragraph. He says, "The insane (*bindakho*) are shackled hand and foot; and avowedly with the design of cooling and soothing their passions, are thrown into the river, where they are immersed by practical swimmers. If this remedy should prove of no effect, the patient is put into confinement and dieted by relatives."

gers of the wreck of mind; and we must remember also that "civilization" has its untoward compensations, not usual in primitive life, such as apoplexy, epilepsy, excessive study, undue ambitions, the pursuit of wealth, religious fervors, etc., all of which are fruitful causes of insanity. The intelligent care of the insane, with a view to the restoration to health and society, is so recent that it may be dated, in the United States, in the present century. The time is even within the recollection of many now living, when faith in the curability of the disease became general, even among medical men. Upon the dawning of the belief that insanity was susceptible of cure, hospitals began to be built, for the two-fold purposes of custody and treatment; for besides the difficulty of taking care of lunatics at home, it was found that comparatively few recovered. From this period hospitals began to be regarded as not only the best, but to most persons the only places for the insane. Hence an increasing demand for their accommodation: and though their numbers

have multiplied largely, and have greatly increased in size, they are still inadequate to entertain all who knock at their doors and

was an average of about 1 in 450; in Scotland, 1 in 460; in Ireland, 1 in 400; in France, 1 in 600; and in Australia, 1 in

524. These reports, if accurate, show a favorable condition in this country as compared with that of others.

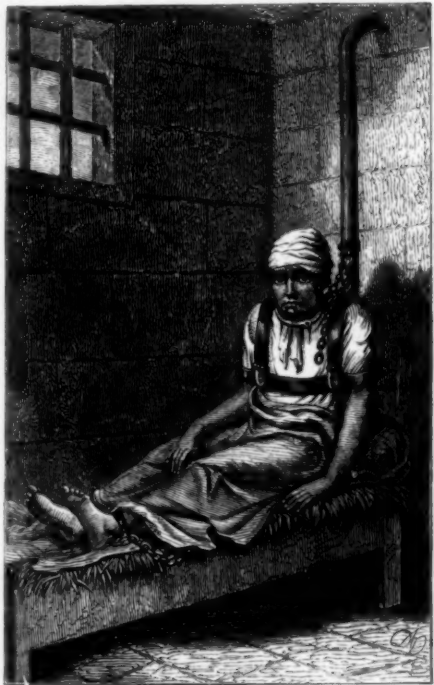
In the United States, in 1800, four hospitals or asylums for the care of the insane were in existence. Two others were established between 1800 and 1820; five, between 1820 and 1830; five, between 1830 and 1840; twelve, between 1840 and 1850; twenty-one, between 1850 and 1860; and sixteen between 1860 and 1870. Since 1870, there have been erected, or are in course of erection, from fifteen to twenty—making an aggregate number in the United States



NEW YORK STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM, UTICA.

with piteous appeals seek admission. In this connection may be noted a curious result of the establishment of new hospital facilities. The newer States, in estimating the hospital capacity necessary for their insane, have naturally consulted the census statistics to find what number to provide for; but it is invariably found that when a hospital is opened for the accommodation of a given district, the applications for admission far exceed its capacity, largely outnumbering the statistics collected by the census-taker. The country seems suddenly thronged with insane people, and we are apt to be impressed with the belief that this dread disease is largely on the increase. But the probable fact is that no such increase really exists. It is not unnatural that, mainly out of family pride, the questions of the census-takers are often evaded, and the relatives of the unfortunate patient, seeing no benefit to come from revealing this "skeleton in the closet," keep it from observation. But, promptly when an asylum is opened within their reach, free to all without pay, the curtain is drawn and they come forward with their afflicted.

That insanity does not increase, *pro rata*, at least in the United States, is proven by the census returns for the past twenty years. In 1850, this country had a population of 23,191,876, and a total number of insane and idiots of 31,397, or 1 in 378. In 1860, with a population of 31,443,322, there were 42,864 insane and idiots, or 1 in 733. And in 1870, with a population of 38,555,983, there were 61,909 of that class, or 1 in 623. In England, during the same period, there



VIEW OF NORRIS IN HIS CELL, SHOWING MANNER IN WHICH HE WAS KEPT IRONED FOR TWELVE YEARS.

of from eighty-five to ninety. These are accommodating from 18,000 to 20,000 patients. Some of them, in architectural elegance, completeness of design, convenience of arrangement, adaptation to the purposes for which they are intended, and

sports lead the patients to look forward with eager anticipation to the every-day release from the confinement within the building. Most of them, also, have spacious amusement-rooms, where, for one or more evenings in the week, there are dancing parties

where the sexes are brought together, lectures, concerts, theaters, magic-lantern or stereopticon exhibitions, etc. It has, indeed, come to be a part of the necessary acquirements of a superintendent, or some one of his staff of assistant physicians, that he shall have a fair ability as a lecturer on general subjects, and as a director in a variety of amuse-



PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

beauty of location, are unsurpassed, if, indeed, they are equaled, by any other institutions in the world. It is impracticable, within the range of this paper, to illustrate the perfection of interior detail in the more modern of these hospitals, but we give some general views of the outer architecture of a few of the newer ones, by which it may be judged that buildings so complete and elegant outwardly, cannot be deficient in inward adaptation to their benevolent mission.

Generally, the more modern hospitals embrace in their interior economy the most approved devices for ample water supply, heating, ventilation, lighting, cookery, etc. States, however careful and hesitating in other outlays, have generally been munificent in their care of their unfortunates, whether insane, blind, or deaf and dumb. Not confining these salutary and pleasant appliances to the interiors, a wide range is being given to open-air arrangements, and most of our modern hospitals are set in the midst of large and beautiful domains, where lawns, groves, shaded seats, pleasant walks, water views, and apparatus for out-door

ments. In short, besides being responsible for the business as well as medical conduct of his institution, he must know a little of almost everything else, and constitute himself over his little colony of patients, a general "guide, philosopher, and friend."

With the large array of insane hospitals throughout the country, their doors thrown wide open to the admission of all inquirers who come with other objects than merely the satisfying an idle curiosity, it is



NORTH WISCONSIN HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

surprising that so many intelligent people still have the idea that these asylums are of the same general character with those we read of in the middle ages. It is a popular notion to-day, that sane persons may be immured in them by impatient husbands or

wives, by heirs seeking to come into estates, and by others who for any cause want to get rid of unwelcome friends; that these institutions are still equipped with dreary dungeons and instruments of torture, and that the food, the discipline, and the everyday life are on a par with the most primitive dungeons. There are, doubtless, insane hospitals now in existence not yet up to the advanced standard which has been reached by others; but the poorest of them lack, not in humane treatment, but only in the modern appliances which have been attained in others.

It is probably an impossibility to procure the reception, in a modern hospital, of a sane person as a patient; or, if by accident or duplicity, that has occurred, it needs but a day or two for the medical officer in charge to discover the wrong and promptly discharge him. Before a patient is offered for admission, he must be examined by two respectable physicians, accredited as such by a local magistrate or judicial officer, who are to certify as to the fact of insanity, and the formal application in writing, for the admission, must state at length the answers to a long series of questions as to the life, civil condition, and history of the candidate for admission. We read of these safeguards being evaded; but the State has upon its



HALL IN NORTHERN HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.
(BEDROOMS AT EITHER SIDE.)

statutes a further safeguard providing for a sufficient inquiry into the facts, and in case of fraud, for a prompt release of the alleged patient and a proper punishment of the guilty ones.

As showing something of the recent advancement in the care of insanity, we present views of a few of the model hospitals of the United States. These are given not as, perhaps, superior institutions over others, but as instances of what the people of all the States are doing in this great work of beneficence. They show the New Jersey State Asylum at Morristown; the New York State Asylum, at Utica; the Female Department of the Philadelphia Hospital; and the new Northern Hospital, near Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Their outer proportions and elegance indicate the comforts and adaptedness that may be found inside. It is more difficult to show interiors, as photographs require intense lights; but, as giving a glimpse of home comforts offered to these unfortunates, we give views of some interiors in the new Northern Wisconsin Hospital: an alcove in one of the wards; and a view of a hall or ward.



ALCOVE IN NORTHERN HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

It is not within the scope of this article to discuss the technical medical treatment of insanity. Indeed, the writer, were

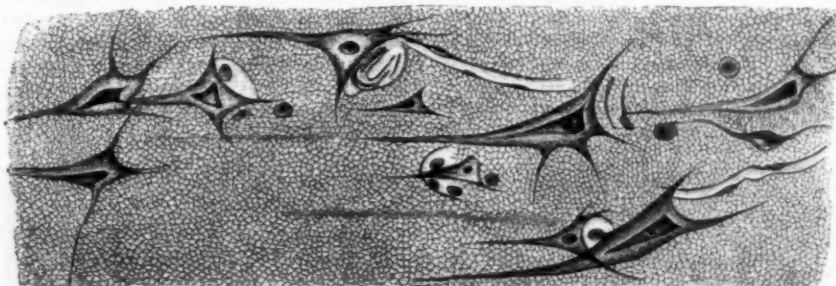


PLATE 1. SECTION OF A HEALTHY HUMAN BRAIN, SHOWING NERVE-CELLS AND BLOOD-VESSELS.

he desirous of doing so, has no preparation for the task. He is not a medical expert, but has become interested in the subject from having been, for a series of years, one of the managers of a hospital on behalf of one of our States, and presents some of the information which he has obtained thereby in the belief that it will open a field hitherto unexplored, but interesting to the general reader. Before closing this paper, however, it will be appropriate to touch briefly upon an investigation now going on, which promises, for the first time in the world's history, to take the physician into the real presence of the cause of insanity, to show him what it is, face to face, and, probably, to point out the path to its intelligent treatment. It is the examination of the brain and spinal column for evidences of disease which affect these organs. The lungs, the heart, the liver, the tissues, etc., of the human system have for ages been the subjects of the dissecting-

table; but up to this time the brain itself—the very engine which drives this mortal machinery—has, singularly enough, been comparatively unexplored. Probably, the principal reason for the omission has existed in the difficulty in defining any change going on in its obscure subdivisions, its nerve-channels and centers, and its structures so exceedingly delicate as to be invisible to the unaided eye. But a distinguished scientist in this field has brought photography and the microscope to his aid; and through the process of magnifying, a section of the brain not larger than a pea is given broadly to the view in diameters of a foot or more, showing the ravages of mental upheaval, not unlike the photographs we see of the moon, with its craters, hills and valleys. For a number of years past, constant efforts have been made to determine what the diseased conditions are which are found in cases of insanity. That there is a depart-

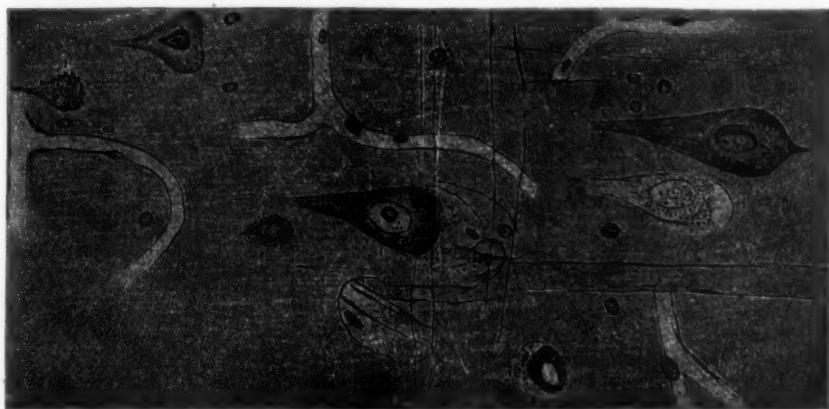


PLATE 2. SECTION OF HUMAN BRAIN, SHOWING THE BEGINNING OF DISEASE IN NERVE-CELLS AND BLOOD-VESSELS.
1.—Nerve-cells in earlier stages of disease. 2.—Blood-vessel cut across, showing commencement of disease.

ure from a healthy state, has been fully demonstrated, in a large number of cases, by the use of the microscope and other scientific aids to diagnosis. If a thin section of healthy brain be placed under a microscope, it will be found to be made up

he entered upon a systematic course of study in this untrodden and difficult field. While examining a piece of brain-tissue with a microscope, something unusual attracted his attention. It was so unlike anything previously observed, that he was led to

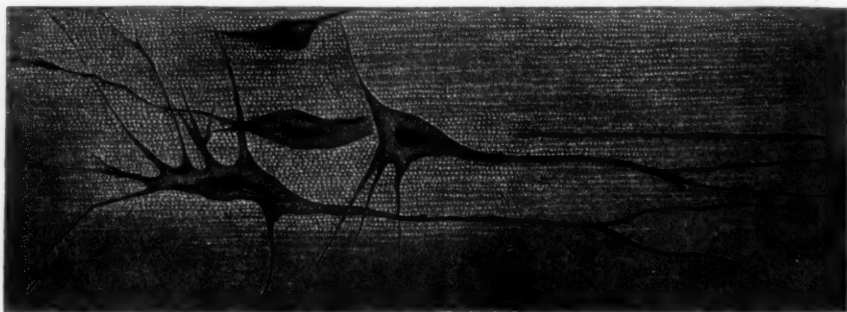


PLATE 3. SECTION OF HUMAN BRAIN NERVE-CELLS ENLARGED BY DISEASE.

of numberless peculiarly formed bodies called cells, and also innumerable little fibers in close relation to these cells, and ramifying throughout the brain, bringing each cell or group of cells into intimate relations with others. (See Plate 1, showing section of a healthy brain, magnified several hundred times.) In insanity, these cells are sometimes found to be altered in size and characteristics; the little fibers are sometimes changed, and new formations are found in the brain-substance entirely unlike anything existing there in a condition of health. (See Plates 2 to 6, showing progress of disease in brain and spinal marrow, from the beginning to chronicity.)

There can be no question as to the diseased conditions of the brain in cases of insanity. It is so well marked that it cannot be mistaken by any observer. This important question was first brought to the attention of the medical profession in this country in 1871, in a series of photographs of the diseased conditions of the brain, taken through the microscope by Dr. Walter Kempster, at that time assistant physician of the Utica, N. Y., Asylum, and now Superintendent of the Northern Insane Hospital in Wisconsin. His investigations have been continued since that time, and have enabled him to accumulate additional evidence in this new and promising field. They were commenced with a determination to arrive at something definite concerning the condition of the brain in persons who died while insane, and

make a more minute examination with the microscope, and to enter upon a series of micro-chemical experiments, which resulted in confirming the opinion that he had fallen upon a peculiarity or change in the condition of the tissue which had not hitherto been described in any standard work on the subject. Continuing in this line of investigation, he became convinced that there

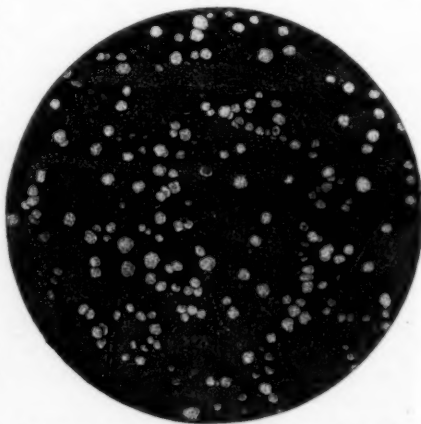


PLATE 4. SECTION THROUGH UPPER PART OF SPINAL MARROW (MEDULLA OBLONGATA) FROM A CASE OF ACUTE MANIA. (THE WHITE SPOTS ARE DISEASED MASSES.)

were changes in the tissues of the brain, entirely different from a healthy condition, and recurring with peculiar regularity in certain forms of insanity, so that at last he was

enabled to group together certain changes observed as characteristic of certain forms of insanity. The changes are found, he says, in the minute brain-cells themselves, in

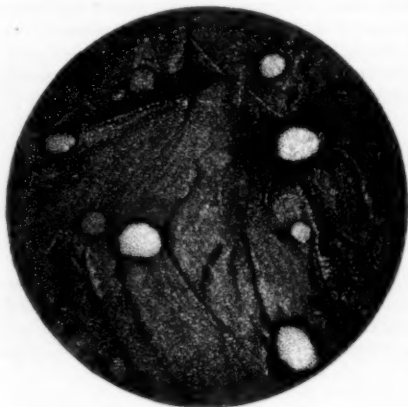


PLATE 5. SAME, FURTHER ADVANCED.

the prolongations which are given off by the cells, and by means of which the cells communicate with one another, or with the nerves. Changed conditions are also found in the mass of brain-tissue; that is, the whole mass becomes in certain places transformed so as not to present a single feature characteristic of health. The minute blood-vessels are altered, obliterated or transformed, and the tissue which holds the brain together, which the Germans call the "binding web," also becomes changed. All the above enumerated changes are microscopic, and cannot be seen without the aid of a powerful instrument.

While in Dr. Kempster's laboratory, we were invited to look through the instrument and observe some of the specimens he has prepared, and which were explained to us. He says that in certain forms of insanity, the brain-cells are increased in size, or swollen, and in other forms they are shrunken or shriveled. Sometimes, as in a specimen we saw, the cells appeared to be covered with minute specks, like grains of sand. Sometimes the cell loses its shape, and becomes to an unpracticed eye indistinguishable, and operates as an irritant to the tissue surrounding it, which in time also becomes abnormal, and results in a comparatively large mass of disease. Sometimes the change in the brain-tissue begins very early in the attack of insanity, for in one case coming under observation, the person died

within two weeks from the commencement of disease, and in this brain the changed tissue was abundant, though the specks were not so large. In long-continued cases of insanity he has found the specks to be much larger, so large that when properly arranged they can be observed by the unaided eye.

Although only upon the threshold of this highly important subject, Dr. Kempster feels sanguine that he is on the right road, and that this subject, if pursued diligently, will eventually yield most important results not only in leading to a better knowledge of the causes of insanity, but also to a more satisfactory treatment.

These investigations, involving time and expensive apparatus, it is proper to say here, are being efficiently seconded by the State of Wisconsin with appropriations of funds to carry them out. That State, though among the younger ones of the Union, has already manifested a generous spirit in providing for her insane people by the establishment of two superb hospitals for the treatment of those believed to be curable, and is now contemplating making equally good provision for the incurables. It has also, in encouraging these labors toward a better knowledge of the disease, and the methods of coping with it, and in fostering scientific investigation, furnished an example which we hope to see emulated by its older and wealthier sister States.

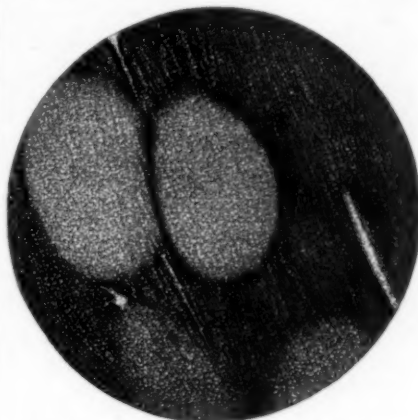


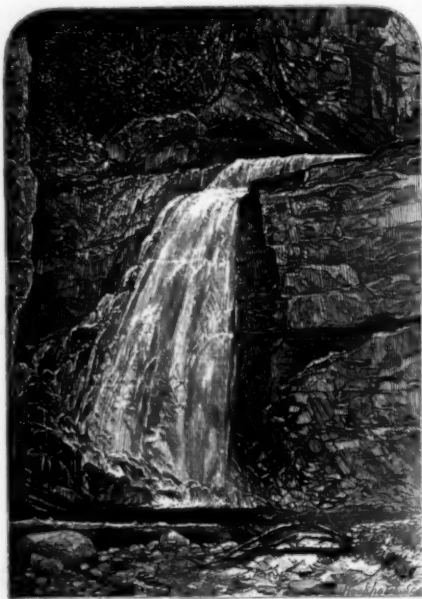
PLATE 6. SECTION OF HUMAN BRAIN, FRONTAL PART, FROM A CASE OF INSANITY OF LONG STANDING, SHOWING LARGE MASSES OF DISEASE.

The history of insanity shows how closely allied it was, for centuries, to mysticism, demoniacal possession, witchcraft and divination; and while thus so allied, its treatment,

in a great measure, passed from the hands of thinking, feeling men into those of mercenary brutes whose sole object appeared to be to devise new means of torture. At last it would seem to have found its true place; and that such is the case is evinced by the provision made for the care and treatment of these greatly afflicted beings, in hospitals provided with all the appurtenances known to relieve or ameliorate their sad condition.

America now leads the world in her finely appointed institutions for the care of the insane. No country can boast of better hospitals, better treatment, or more skillful physicians in this specialty than our own Republic; and one of the gratifying features in this age, which has been branded as corrupt, is the prevailing tendency to seek out more improved plans for hospital accommodation.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.



WESTFIELD FALLS, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

WESLEYAN University is located in Middletown, Conn. It may be counted no small advantage to the Institution, that the surrounding region is remarkable alike for the beauty of its scenery, and for the variety and interest of its geological phenomena. Middletown is situated near the eastern boundary of the area of Triassic sandstone deposited by the waters of that broad estuary which in Mesozoic times was the representative of the Connecticut River. The modern river, however, bending sharply to the east just below the town, leaves the sandstone basin, and breaks through the hills of metamorphic rock

which formed the shore of the estuary. The visitor arriving on the steamer from New York obtains, as the boat enters "the straits," a view of Middletown through the picturesque gorge which the river has here carved. Eastward from the town, the metamorphic hills rise in a succession of billowy ridges. Westward, huge trap dikes breaking through the sandstone rise in long ranges, their buttressed walls of columnar rock slowly crumbling beneath the power of frost and storm, to add to the accumulating piles of debris at their base. A brook which takes its rise in the high range of trap which separates Middletown from the adjoining town of Meriden, crosses one of the lower ranges, and plunges over its precipitous front in the beautiful Westfield Falls, forming one of the gems of Middletown scenery. A walk or drive in any direction can hardly fail to afford a succession of delightful prospects.

Much of the sandstone of the Connecticut basin is an excellent building stone, and the most important quarries in the whole valley are located at Portland, directly opposite Middletown. Most of the College buildings are of stone from that locality. It appears from the town records of Middletown that the sandstone at Portland was quarried as early as 1665, and for the last hundred years the work has been prosecuted systematically and energetically. These quarries present to the student of physical geology interesting illustrations of the jointed structure, and have afforded many examples of the "footsteps on the sands of time" which the Triassic reptiles left behind them. The metamorphic rocks in Middletown and its vicinity have also great interest, both economic and scientific. The great veins of coarse granite which abound in this region have been largely quarried to obtain feldspar for the manufac-

ture of porcelain. The lead and silver mine in Middletown, and the nickel and cobalt mine in the neighboring town of Chatham, have been worked at intervals from colonial times down to the present generation. Mining operations in both these localities were undertaken, for the last time, about a quarter of a century ago, but were soon abandoned. Whether, under honest and efficient management, they could have been financially suc-

cessful, we do not pretend to say. The lower part of the town, the river, and the hills which bound the Connecticut basin on the east. Most of the streets are well provided with trees, and beneath their grateful shade the town seems wrapped in an atmosphere of tranquil contentment. High Street, with its triple arch of foliage, will compare favorably with the justly famous Temple Street of New Haven.

Middletown is somewhat ancient for an



GENERAL VIEW OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

cessful, we do not pretend to say. The Middletown mine yielded crystalline minerals of extraordinary interest, many specimens of which are preserved in the College Museum. The working of the mine may be considered, therefore, a gain to science, though a loss to the stockholders. Not every mining enterprise succeeds as well as that. In the number of mineral species reported as found within its limits, Middletown is surpassed by only five towns in New England, and one of these is the adjoining town of Haddam.

In point of beauty, Middletown is worthy of its location. As is so commonly the case with the river towns of New England, it lies partly on the low ground immediately bordering the river, partly on the terrace above. The College is situated on the terrace, somewhat more than one hundred and fifty feet above the river, commanding a fine view of

American town. The first settlement was made in 1650, and the town organization was effected in the following year, though the name of Middletown was not assumed till 1653. In 1784 the central district of the town was incorporated as a city. Hartford and New Haven were incorporated the same year; Boston not till thirty-eight years later. For so old a town, the annals of Middletown are exceptionally barren; yet its citizens have been honorably associated with every period of our country's history. Among others of the revolutionary time may be mentioned the names of Samuel Holden Parsons and Return Jonathan Meigs; Thomas McDonough will be forever remembered as the hero of Lake Champlain; and to our nation's last struggle were given the service and the life of Joseph K. F. Mansfield.

Before the Revolutionary War, Middletown

was the seat of a flourishing trade with the West Indies. The revival of commerce after the war was but partial and temporary, and now for many years the energy of the people has directed itself chiefly toward manufactures. Forty years ago, a great opportunity of progress was lost by the supineness which allowed the Hartford and New Haven Railroad to pass by Middletown, instead of through it. The present generation have endeavored, somewhat too late, to retrieve the error of their ancestors by taxing themselves and their posterity most lavishly in aid of the New York and Boston Air Line. The present population of Middletown is about eleven thousand.

While Middletown is in the older class of American towns, Wesleyan University is in the younger class of American colleges. Its history belongs almost exclusively to the present generation. Of the four professors named in its first annual catalogue, only one, indeed, is now living; but, of the five named in the fifth catalogue, four are still living, though only one is now connected with the College. The main facts in the history of the College have been recorded by Prof. C. T. Winchester in the last edition of the *Alumni Record* published in 1873. His historical sketch is so well suited to the purpose of the present article, that, with only trifling changes, it is here incorporated.

It was not until about the close of the

first quarter of the present century that the Methodist Episcopal Church began to give any very earnest and hearty patronage to the cause of higher education. Between the years 1824 and 1826, the flourishing seminaries at Wilbraham, Kent's Hill, and Cazenovia were opened under the auspices of the denomination, and immediately secured a large attendance. While the seminaries served to foster and encourage the newly awakened interest in education, the leading minds of the Church became convinced of the need of some institution of collegiate rank, located in New England or New York, which should provide facilities for the highest intellectual culture.

At this juncture, a seeming accident turned their attention to Middletown, and secured the immediate establishment of the projected institution at this place. In 1825 Capt. Alden Partridge, formerly Superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, opened in Middletown the "American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy." Through the liberality of the citizens of Middletown, two substantial stone buildings were erected for the school; and it was for a short time very prosperous, drawing cadets from almost every State in the Union. Its prosperity, however, soon waned; and, failing to obtain a charter from the Legislature, it was removed, early in 1829, to Norwich, Vt., leaving vacant the buildings it had oc-



HIGH STREET, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.



REV. WILBUR FISK, FIRST PRESIDENT OF
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

cupied. Rev. Laban Clark, D. D., then Presiding Elder of the New Haven District, happened shortly after to be in Middletown; and, being informed that one of the trustees of these buildings had sportively suggested selling them to the Methodists, for the sum of five thousand dollars, he at once notified them that he would accept the offer and be responsible for the money. This led to the serious consideration of the matter; and at the ensuing session of the New York Conference in May, 1829, Dr. Clark presented from the Trustees proposals for the transfer of the property in due form, and urged their acceptance upon the Conference. A committee, consisting of John Emory, Samuel Lucky, and Heman Bangs, was appointed to consider these proposals. The New England Conference, being invited to unite in the project, appointed Timothy Merritt, Stephen Martindale, and Wilbur Fisk to act in conjunction with the New York Committee.

The first act of this joint committee was to issue proposals inviting the several towns within a specified region to compete for the location of the college by the offer of subscriptions. Liberal offers came from Troy, N. Y., Bridgeport, Conn., and Wilbraham, Mass.; but those from Middletown were now so modified that the committee had no hesitation in preferring them. The Trustees of the Academy, with the consent of the stockholders, offered the entire property, valued at about thirty thousand dollars, to

the Conferences, on the two conditions, that it should be perpetually used for a college or university, and that a fund of forty thousand dollars should first be raised for the endowment of the college. About eighteen thousand dollars of this fund was promptly subscribed by citizens of Middletown. The report of the committee recommending the acceptance of this offer was adopted at the session of Conference in May, 1830. The forty thousand dollars was soon raised, trustees were at once chosen, and the college organized under the name, "The Wesleyan University."

At the first meeting of the Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors, Aug. 24, 1830, Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D. D., then Principal of Wesleyan Academy, was elected first President of Wesleyan University. In October of the same year, a preparatory school was opened in the buildings, under the superintendence of Rev. William C. Larrabee. This school was intended merely for a temporary purpose, and was continued only a single year. In May, 1831, a charter was granted the University; and on the 21st of the following September its halls were opened to students. The Faculty consisted of President Fisk, Professors Augustus William Smith, John Mott Smith, and Jacob Frederick Huber, and Tutor William Magoun. In its early days of poverty and struggle, the institution had many faithful and earnest friends, among whom Dr. Laban Clark and Rev.



REV. STEPHEN OLIN, SECOND PRESIDENT OF
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Heman Bangs are worthy of special mention; but to no one was it so deeply indebted as to its President, Wilbur Fisk. His pure



INTERIOR OF LIBRARY, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

and lofty piety and his gentle and winning manner endeared him to all who knew him; while his tact and prudence, his high administrative ability, his thorough culture and extensive reputation, and his untiring efforts in behalf of the University, soon assured its success, and secured for it general recognition.

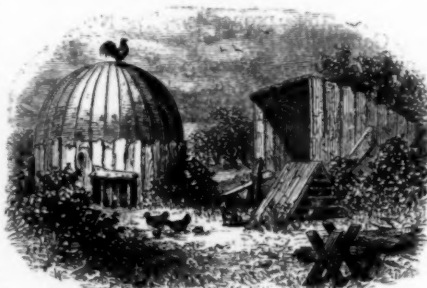
At the death of Dr. Fisk, in 1839, Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D., then in Europe, was elected President. On his return from Europe, the following year, Dr. Olin found himself too feeble to assume the duties of the Presidency, and consequently resigned it early in 1841. In February of that year, Rev. Nathan Bangs, D.D., was elected to the vacant post. Dr. Bangs, then in the midst of a long and honorable career, felt that the sphere of his greatest usefulness lay elsewhere: he accepted the position with reluctance, and in July, 1842, willingly resigned it to Dr. Olin, whose health had now so improved as to justify his acceptance.

Dr. Olin's fame, as a pulpit orator, and his previous success in a similar situation, caused him to be greeted with an enthusiastic

welcome. His health was so feeble as never to allow him to devote himself as he wished to the work of instruction. He was, however, successful in improving the financial condition of the University, and especially in extending its reputation; and his noble and commanding character was itself an inspiration to all the students under his charge. He received very efficient aid in the general administration of the College from Prof. Augustus W. Smith, LL. D., who for several years filled the office of Vice-President.

Dr. Olin died in 1851. After an interval of a year, Dr. Smith, who had been connected with the University from its foundation, and had won high reputation as Professor of Mathematics, was elected President. During the administration of President Smith, the permanent existence and prosperity of the institution were insured by the raising of an endowment fund, which, for the first time, placed the University upon a solid financial basis. About one hundred thousand dollars was subscribed to this fund; and, although, as is usual in such cases, the full amount subscribed was never realized, yet by the persevering labors of President Smith, ably aided by Professor H. B. Lane, more than eighty thousand dollars was at this time invested for the endowment of professorships. Isaac Rich of Boston, the fame of whose benevolence now fills the Church, was the chief donor to this fund, making at this time the first of his princely gifts to the University.

Upon the resignation of President Smith, in 1857, Rev. Joseph Cummings, D.D., LL. D., President of Genesee College, a graduate of the University in the Class of



PRESENT USE OF THE OLD OBSERVATORY DOME.

1840, was elected to the office, which he filled until 1875.

Dr. Cummings has been very successful

as an instructor, his work in the recitation-room being eminently adapted to excite in the students a spirit of independent thought. Since his resignation of the Presidency, the College has retained his services as Professor of Mental Philosophy and Political Economy.



REV. CYRUS FOSS, D. D., NOW PRESIDENT OF
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

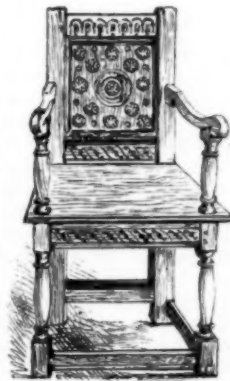
The administration of the late President was, however, chiefly distinguished by the great advance in the material resources of the institution. Three elegant and substantial buildings of Portland sandstone, the glory of the campus, are a part of the enduring memorial of his official work. A gymnasium was built in 1863. In 1868 was completed and dedicated the Library building, the gift of Isaac Rich, the first of the beautiful trio. In the same year the old "Boarding Hall" was transformed into "Observatory Hall" by the addition of a substantial tower, in which was placed one of Alvan Clark's finest refracting telescopes. The little canvas dome from which the artillery of science had been wont to assault the skies, no longer required for that high service, underwent *fowl* desecration. The commencement season of 1871 was rendered memorable by the dedication of two noble buildings. The one, the Memorial Chapel, was erected in memory of those alumni and students who fell in the war for the Union. The funds for the erection of this Chapel were mostly raised by general subscription during the year 1866, the Centennial of American

Methodism. The other building was the Orange Judd Hall of Natural Science,—greatest of the three architectural graces of the campus,—gift of Orange Judd of the Class of 1847.

On the resignation of the Presidency by Dr. Cummings in 1875, Rev. Cyrus D. Foss, D.D., of the Class of 1854, was unanimously elected, the Institution again finding its President in the ranks of its own alumni. Dr. Foss had acquired in the pastorate a high reputation, which gained for him a cordial welcome on his return to his Alma Mater. In the first year of his administration, he has secured the confidence, respect, and affection alike of faculty and students. The friends of the Institution cherish the most sanguine expectations of its prosperity and progress.

From this brief historical survey we pass to notice the present status of the College and some of its special characteristics. The present estimated value of the property of the University (deducting indebtedness) is about seven hundred thousand dollars. Of this amount, the greater part is in real estate, library, museum, and apparatus. The endowment is therefore altogether inadequate for the demands of such an institution. A vigorous effort is at present on foot to raise an additional endowment of half a million dollars. Despite the hard times, the Trustees and other

friends of the Institution have entered upon the project with hopeful enthusiasm. The Alumni are proposing to raise among themselves one-fifth of the whole amount. More than a quarter of the proposed half-million has already been pledged, and the progress thus far made justifies confident expectations of the success of the project.



GOV. WINTHROP'S CHAIR.

With buildings and other material facilities, the College is quite well provided. All but one of the main buildings are arranged with imposing effect in a single line, parallel with High Street. At the extreme north stands North College, the principal dormitory; next,

South College, occupied chiefly by recitation-rooms. These two venerable buildings, rough and homely, yet possessed of a certain

of an effort to combine, so far as practicable, the economy of space gained by independent floors with the architectural



VIEW IN THE MUSEUM, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

attractiveness in their aspect of solid strength, are the legacy which the University received from Captain Partridge's "American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy." Then comes the Memorial Chapel. Its lower story contains, besides two recitation-rooms, the smaller chapel in which daily prayers are held. Above is the greater chapel occupied on Sundays and state occasions. Next, Rich Hall—its floor and galleries affording space for a library of one hundred thousand volumes. The Library numbers at present about twenty-seven thousand volumes; and a special fund raised by the subscriptions of the alumni a few years ago, provides for its constant, though not very rapid, increase. The Library contains a few objects of antiquarian interest—among them a venerable looking chair said to have been brought over from England for the inauguration of Governor Winthrop. At the extreme south of the line stands Judd Hall. The Chemical Department, with its elegant lecture-room and well-furnished laboratories, occupies the lower floor. The next story is divided between Physics and Natural History, the former department having its recitation-room and apparatus-rooms on the south side, while the Natural History recitation-room, laboratory, and professor's study occupy the north side. The two upper stories are devoted to the Museum of Natural History and Ethnology. The upper story is in a sort of intermediate state between an independent floor and a gallery—the result

effect of a hall of some considerable height. Of course such an attempt could be only partially successful, yet the result is on the whole quite satisfactory. The lower hall contains the collections in the departments of mineralogy and geology, including paleontology. The botanical, zoological, and ethnological departments are arranged in the upper hall. The Museum already takes rank among the few respectable educational museums of our country. The mineralogical department is especially rich in the minerals of the remarkable region in which Middletown is situated. Much of the value of this collection is due to the diligence of the senior Professor, John Johnston, L.L. D. The paleontological collection—the weakest department of the Museum—is well supplemented for educational purposes by a suite of Ward's casts. The gigantic skeleton of the Megatherium is an imposing figure in the center of the hall. The zoological collection occupies most of the upper hall. This department has been greatly enriched, within the last few years, by the purchase of the collection of the late Simeon Shurtleff, M. D., by liberal



A CORNER IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

gifts from the Smithsonian Institution, and by collections made by the curators through the facilities afforded by the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The fauna of North America, and especially of New England, both vertebrate and invertebrate, is very well represented. Excepting the Mollusca, of which there is a large general collection, the fauna of the old world is but scantily represented. A feature in the arrangement of the zoölogical department (or, rather, in the proposed arrangement, as the curators have not as yet been able thoroughly to carry out their plans) is believed to be of some value in an educational Museum. Distinct from the general collection is a collection of types of orders, sub-orders, and in some cases families, intended to give the student a sort of conspectus of the classification of the animal kingdom, unincumbered by the multiplicity of specimens of some particular groups which would be found in the necessarily somewhat unsymmetrical general collection. In the rear of Judd Hall is Observatory Hall, mostly occupied by students' rooms. The tower, which gives the name to the building, contains a telescope with twelve-inch aperture and focal length of fifteen and one-half feet.

The personnel of the Institution for the year 1875-6 consisted of the President, nine professors, one instructor, one curator, two tutors, two assistants, four graduate students, and one hundred and seventy-two undergraduates. Although the aggregate number on the rolls has been larger in two or three previous years, the year just past is happily distinguished as the one in which the largest number of new students were admitted. The whole number of accessions in the fall of 1875, including graduate students, was seventy—a pleasing omen for the future.

As implied in the historical sketch which we have given, Wesleyan University is, like the majority of American colleges, distinctively connected with a religious denomination. Its relation to the Methodist Episcopal Church is involved in its fundamental law. By its first charter, the custody of the property was vested in a Board of Trustees, whose members held office during life or good behavior, and whose vacancies were filled by the board itself; but the election of members of the Faculty, the ordering of the course of study, and the general government of the College, were committed to a joint Board consisting of the Trustees and Visitors—the latter class being the official representatives of the Conferences of the

Methodist Episcopal Church in New England and the north-eastern part of the Middle States. By a new charter granted in 1870, the cumbersome machinery of two boards was abolished, the powers of both being conferred upon a single Board of Trustees, part of whose members are elected by the Board, part by thirteen Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church named in the Charter as "Patronizing Conferences," part by the Association of the Alumni of the College. The admission of the



PRACTICAL STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Alumni to a share in the government of the College is an excellent feature of the new Charter.

As would naturally be supposed, a large majority of officers and students have always been of Methodist predilections. There has been, however, nothing sectarian in the discipline of the College. During most of its history, the daily prayers have been the only religious service held in the College at which attendance has been required. The students have been required in addition to attend on Sundays some one of the churches in town. At present, there is preaching in the Chapel on Sunday afternoons, and attendance is required, except in the case of those who, on account of denominational preferences or other sufficient reason, are permitted to substitute attendance at some one of the churches in town. While free from sectarianism, the spirit of the College has always been thoroughly Christian.



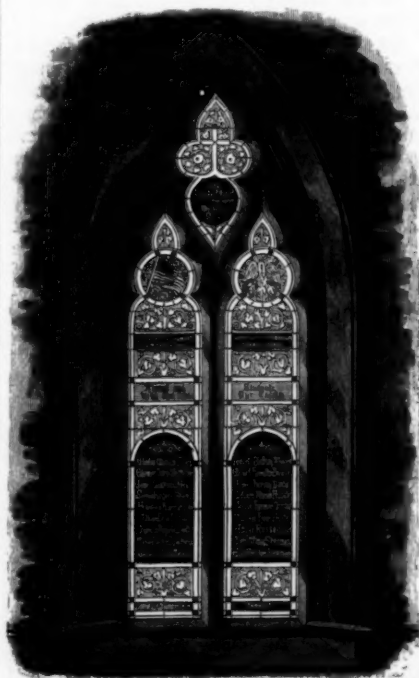
THE OSBORNE CUP OF THE W. U. BOAT CLUB.

With very few exceptions, the officers of instruction have been men of personal piety and decided religious influence. Generally, if not always, the majority of the students have been professors of religion. At present the number is a little over two-thirds.

The name of the Institution is perhaps unfortunate. The younger alumni almost unanimously, and not a few of the older ones, feel that an adjective of distinctively denominational signification is somewhat inappropriate as the name of a school of literature and science. For a different reason, the second word in the name is perhaps as objectionable as the first. If there is any distinction traceable in the American use of the words "college" and "university," it is that the former denotes an institution in which instruction is given in literature and science, with reference to general culture, and not to special preparation for professional work; while in a university are added a greater or less number of separate schools or departments for professional training, theological, legal, medical, and technological. In accordance with these definitions, Wesleyan University is only a college. For many years no facilities for instruction of a professional character have been provided or contemplated. It was, however, the original intention of the founders of the Institution, that it should be a University in the strict sense of the word. In accordance with this intention, we find mentioned in some of the early

Catalogues professorships of Biblical Literature, Ecclesiastical History, Law, Civil Engineering, and Normal Instruction; though the first of these professorships appears never to have been filled, and the others were of short duration. Various circumstances concurred to lead to the entire abandonment of the project of a university, and the concentration of attention upon the college proper.

The object of the Institution is a broad and liberal culture, not special training for a professional career. But such culture is to be gained not from one or two departments of study alone, but from every department. Nor do we believe that any one invariable curriculum can be framed, which will be the best for every type of mind. Something should be left to individual taste—possibly even to individual caprice. A college course ought to bring a student into appreciative contact with all the great movements of thought in the learned world. It ought to give him some notion of the methods and results of investigation in widely different departments. This breadth of knowledge and this variety of discipline are essential ele-



WINDOW IN MEMORIAL HALL.

ments of the highest culture. A certain minimum of work in all the great departments of literature and science should therefore be required of every college student. But the college course, short as it is in comparison with the boundless extent of knowledge, is long enough to permit more than this minimum of work to be accomplished. Learning a little of everything, the student may learn considerably more of something. Subjected to the discipline of modes of thought and investigation so varied as to leave no class of faculties untrained, he may also prosecute certain modes of thought and investigation to a higher degree of proficiency. The choice of the subjects of more special study may rightly be left within reasonable limits to the student himself. The course of study in Wesleyan University is shaped in accordance with these principles. The manner in which these principles have been applied may be illustrated by the following statistical outline of the course of study for the degree of Bachelor of Arts,—the so-called "Classical Course." Representing the whole work of the course (exclusive of compositions and declamations) by 384, the amount of required work is 294. This amount is apportioned as follows:—

Ancient Languages	80
Modern Languages	15
Rhetoric and English Literature	14
Logic, Psychology, and Ethics	38
Political and Social Science, including History,	35
Mathematics	46
Physics and Astronomy	30
Chemistry	12
Natural History	24

Exercises in composition and declamation on alternate weeks are required of the three lower classes. Forensics, and essays or orations, are required of the Seniors. These exercises have not been included in the above tabular statement, as it would be impossible, otherwise than arbitrarily, to make a numerical estimate of the work which they involve in comparison with the regular recitations.

The various elective courses may be summarized as follows:

Ancient Languages	90
Modern Languages	45
Rhetoric and English Literature	37
Logic, Psychology, and Ethics	45
Political and Social Science, including History	30
Mathematics	15
Physics and Astronomy	30
Chemistry	40
Natural History	45

VOL. XII.—42.

From these courses each student is required to select, with the approval of the Faculty, an amount not less than ninety. The required work forms about three-quarters of the course, including substantially the whole work of the first two years, and half that of the last two.

It will be observed that this course of study is a mean between the two extremes of the invariable curriculum and the almost unlimited freedom of election—extremes, each of which is being nobly illustrated by some of the American colleges. In the great variety of educational experiments which are now being tried, much wisdom ought to be acquired for the guidance of future generations. To say that the mean exhibited in the curriculum of Wesleyan University is precisely a golden mean, would certainly be presumptuous. Yet, it may be said, the Faculty of the Institution are very well satisfied with the result of their experiment. In this, they are substantially unanimous. A larger number of instructors will allow the work to be apportioned a little more symmetrically among the different departments, and some additional elective courses to be proposed; but, so far as we are informed, there is no disposition on the part of any member of the Faculty to change materially the ratio between the required and the elective work.

Besides the Classical course which has been sketched in outline, two other courses are provided, each four years in extent. One of these, the "Latin-Scientific," includes Latin, but not Greek or Hebrew; the other, the "Scientific," omits the ancient languages altogether. These courses conduct respectively to the degrees of Bachelor of Philosophy and Bachelor of Science. The candidates for these degrees recite in the same classes with the candidates for the classical degree. Of course, some studies which are elective in the classical course are required in the other courses.

Within the last few years, the University has given encouragement to its own graduates and those of other institutions to pursue post-graduate courses of study. This part of its work is as yet in an incipient condition. No classes for post-graduate students have yet been organized, nor have any courses of lectures or other exercises been provided specially for them. The students of this grade have employed themselves partly in attendance upon elective studies of the regular curriculum additional to those which they pursued during their under-

graduate course, partly in private study under the direction of the professors. It is not intended to give to these post-graduate courses anything of a technical or professional character. Like the undergraduate course, they are to be purely literary and scientific—courses for advanced culture.

From the survey of the present courses of study, it may be interesting to turn and glance for a moment at the history of the college curriculum. At first, in accordance with the peculiar views of President Fisk, which were similar to those of President Wayland, of Brown, there was no division of students into the four classes generally recognized in the colleges. The studies were divided into departments, and the students in each department were divided into sections with reference solely to their advancement in that department. Partial courses were encouraged, a student regularly dismissed at any time being entitled to receive a diploma according to his attainments. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was given on examination to any one who had completed the course, without regard to the time he may have been in the university. This anticipation of the "new education" was certainly premature; and a scheme so very loose appears quite unsuitable for the permanent administration of a college, however well it may have served as a temporary measure in its inception. Accordingly, the institution gradually subsided into the routine of American colleges. As early as 1836, we find the students catalogued as Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen; and in 1841 we find the course of study distributed definitely to the four classes. The plan of elective studies does not appear in the catalogue in any definite form until 1850, when we find the provision that French, German, and Hebrew may be substituted for certain studies of the regular course. For some years, previously, these languages were taught to those who desired to take them in addition to the regular course. A few years later, German was made a required study. The curriculum was not, however, essentially changed until 1869, when the elective courses were considerably extended. The present curriculum was adopted in 1873.

It is an interesting fact that, in the very beginning of the college, a scientific course was provided for the benefit of those who desired a thorough general education, but whose circumstances or tastes prevented them from bestowing upon the study of the ancient languages so much time as would

be required in the ordinary collegiate course. Thus early, under the guidance of President Fisk, the College recognized the truth that, great as is the educational value of the classics, they constitute only one among many instruments of a generous culture. Until 1873, however, the Scientific course differed from the Classical only by subtraction, being only three years in extent. At that time, it was extended to four years.

One incidental advantage of the new curriculum is worthy of mention. The whole number of elective courses being about four times as great as can be taken by any individual, the classes in many of the elective studies are quite small. The intimate social feeling that springs up between a small class and the professor whose department they have elected, is a powerful antidote to that traditional feeling of antagonism between professor and student which has been the bane of American colleges.

An important feature of the work of the college is that, in various departments of physical and natural science, instruction is given not only by recitations and lectures, but opportunity is afforded for practice in the observatory, the laboratory, the museum, and the field. In astronomy, there is a Senior elective course, in which the students are taught practically the use of the various instruments, making observations for themselves, and computing the results. It is safe to say that there are not many colleges in which undergraduates are trained in the handling of instruments like the splendid equatorial of Wesleyan University. Field-work in surveying forms a part of the required course in the Sophomore year. Every student in the Junior year is required to do a certain amount of practical work in the chemical laboratory. That peculiar form of mental discipline which is gained only by the actual observation of natural phenomena now forms, therefore, a part of the training of every graduate. The elective courses in chemistry consist almost entirely of laboratory work. In the department of natural history, the study of geology, which is required, is illustrated by excursions to the various interesting localities in the vicinity. In the elective courses in natural history, the students are trained in the identification of species, in the comparison of allied forms and the recognition of homologies, in dissection, and in writing descriptions of phenomena observed.

It is interesting to notice an analogous departure from the routine of text-books and

lecture courses, in a very different department—that of English literature. The elective course in this department consists in part of the critical study of a few masterpieces of authors representative of different periods of English literature. The meaning of the text of the works or passages selected is thoroughly mastered, by the help (so far as may be required) of glossaries, historical grammars, and other aids of that sort; points of the higher æsthetic criticism are discussed at length in the class; special lectures illustrative of the selections read are given by the professor; and critical essays are written by the students.

It is curious to observe the change which has taken place in the discipline of the College. In the early days, discipline was tremendously paternal. The members of the Faculty made periodical tours of observation, and marked demerits for all students absent from their rooms in study-hours. The authorities of the College to-day are by no means prepared to exchange the *in loco parentis* theory, for the modern notion that a professor is only a public lecturer with no responsibility for the moral character of those who may listen to him. But judicious persons nowadays, even if they are *parentes*, do not treat men as boys. "Study-hours" still lingers as a *tennis aura*, the only meaning of that once awful phrase being that a student must not make so much noise as to prevent others from studying. A marking-system—that necessary evil—is retained; but in such a form that its usual attendant evils are so far as possible diminished, without interfering with its necessary uses. The competitive feature of the marking-system is well-nigh eliminated. Two grades of honors in general scholarship are determined by absolute standards. Special honors are conferred, after examination, for extra courses of reading or investigation in particular departments. Both classes of honors are published on the Commencement programme, and indicated by notes appended to the diplomas. Appointments to speak at Commencement and at Junior Exhibition are awarded for excellence in writing and speaking. A large number of prizes stimulate interest in particular departments of work. Thus, some appropriate recognition is bestowed upon every kind of excellence. The greater the variety of avenues to honorable distinction, the less the narrowness of aim and the bitterness of emulation, and the more fit is the little world of college to prepare a man for the great world of life.

College students have been classified into two species, between which, however, there are many connecting links—those who *go* to college, and those who are *sent*. The thoroughly typical example of the former species is a man considerably advanced in years, the son of poor but honest parents, and more or less dependent upon his own efforts for support. With the inspiration of a solemn conviction of duty, he is determined to get an education, cost what it may. He teaches in the winter, and works on a farm in the summer, to keep himself in college during the spring and fall. He wears poor clothes and boards himself. By the help of a strong physical constitution, he surmounts every obstacle, and graduates with some degree of honor. The thoroughly typical example of the latter species is a beardless boy, whose parents are rich and indulgent. He has never worked at home, and he does not work in college. He hopes to graduate, but is more likely to end his course in some other way. He thinks college would be a very good institution, if literary and religious exercises were only omitted.

The very decided predominance of the former type gives character to the college community at Middletown. The average age at graduation of the last three classes reported in the Alumni Record is a trifle over twenty-five years. Poverty is considered the normal condition of a student; and, though it may involve somewhat of discomfort, it involves nothing of disgrace. Hazing and other forms of college rowdiness seldom break out in any malignant type. The secret societies are of a literary, rather than convivial character, and are believed to have in the main a salutary influence upon the morals of the college. Wesleyan is emphatically a working college.

Considerable attention is given to athletic sports and other useful recreations, the opportunities for manly physical culture afforded by the river, the ball-ground, the gymnasium, the skating-pond, and the hills being all, in their respective seasons, well improved. We trust, indeed, that the time may never come when the merits of a college shall be measured by the speed of its oars, rather than by its educational facilities; yet, to all the friends of Wesleyan, the fact is a very pleasing one that, in the three regattas in which the University Crew has participated, its average time is less than that of any other college. As possibly, in part, accounting for this superiority, and as illus-

trating a characteristic of the students to which we have already called attention, it may be noticed that, in those three regattas, the average age of the Wesleyan crews is greater than that of the crews of any other college.

In 1871, the following resolution was introduced in the Alumni Association: "Resolved that, as there is nothing in the Charter of the University to exclude ladies from the privileges of the Institution, we heartily hope that they may avail themselves of the opportunities open to them." The resolution received a formally unanimous vote, its opponents being so few that they did not think it worth while to be counted. The same year, the matter was considered by the Trustees. The question being referred by them with power to the Executive Committee and the Faculty, both of these boards voted, with substantial unanimity, in favor of the admission of women. The reckless radicalism of Alumni, Trustees, and Faculty, has been from time to time rebuked with dignified and paternal kindness, by the venerable conservatism of the undergraduates, through their organ, "The College Argus." In 1872 four ladies entered the institution, who have just been graduated with high honor. They have been worthy to be the pioneers in the new departure. They have won golden opinions from all. However objectionable women in the abstract might be to the undergraduate mind, concrete women, such as these, could by gentlemen be regarded only with respect, and treated only with courtesy. Of course the time has been too short to permit us to speak of the results of the experiment. The views of the officers of the College are substantially the same as five years ago. We do not believe that the intellectual or moral tone of the Institution will be in any respect lowered by the admission of women. From the stand-point of an instructor, we would say, the more the better of such women as the few who have thus far entered. On the other hand, we have no sympathy with the fantastic hopes of those who look upon co-education and other forms of female enfranchisement as a short road to the millennium. But we do believe that there are some women who want and who can utilize precisely such an education as is given by the curriculum, the apparatus, the associations, and the intellectual atmosphere of a genuine college; and we see no sufficient reason why the opportunity should not be afforded.

The Alumni Record, published in 1873, contains the names of 1028 alumni, of whom 868 were then living. One hundred and ten have since been graduated, and a few have died. Of course, we cannot point to as many men of national or more than national reputation in this list, as appear upon the rolls of those colleges whose history has been longer, or whose classes have been larger. Such men are rare exceptions among the alumni of any college. But, in regard to the average character of the work of the alumni, Wesleyan shrinks not from comparison with any college in the land. The Alumni Record is a record of noble, faithful work. The blots on that record are few indeed. Very few are the alumni who have not done something worth doing for themselves and for mankind.

Most marked has been the influence of Wesleyan University upon other educational institutions, and upon the cause of education in general. Especially is this true in regard to the educational movements of the religious denomination with which the College is associated. The other colleges and the schools of lower grade sustained by the Methodist Church have felt most powerfully, in their boards of trust and of instruction, the influence of Wesleyan University. This has been, indeed, the fountain whence have flowed the currents of scholarly thought and feeling through the channels of other institutions. From the ranks of the alumni of Wesleyan have come 120 presidents and professors of colleges and professional schools; while the whole number reported in the Alumni Record as having been engaged permanently or temporarily in teaching is 566. The aggregate of educational work which these numbers represent cannot be estimated.

One hundred and thirty-three of the alumni served in the Federal Army during the last war; and the Memorial Window in the chapel bears, beneath the emblems of patriotism and self-sacrifice, the names of eighteen graduates and undergraduates, whose lives were a part of that priceless offering by which our country was redeemed. While we honor the soldiers of the Union, we need have now no thought or word but of kindness for the thirteen alumni who fought perhaps as nobly on the other side.

As the last lines of this sketch are being drawn, there comes to the mind, with a strong sense of dissatisfaction, the thought how little such an outline can show of the

real life of the College. It is easy to collect and arrange statistical information, but the intense life which thrills all through the history of a college cannot find thus its embodiment. The sacrifices of pious founders; the heroic struggles of the friends of the College through the long crisis of its early years, till at last it gained a secure position; the patient toil of teachers, now sad and half-discouraged, now cheered as they see knowledge and power and virtue growing beneath their influence; student life, with all its joys and sorrows—the wild frolic, and the earnest, persistent toil,—the precious intimacy of college friendships,—the resolutions formed and the vows uttered in college rooms, whose issues have been in grand careers of usefulness and honor; the temptations, and alas! sometimes the fall, the blighted hopes for which the tears of affection may flow in vain: the lights so bright, and the shadows so dark, the meager outline cannot copy.

Utterly must this sketch fail to set the College before the minds of others as it stands before the mind of the writer. To him the College is invested with the sacredness of home, for it has been his home almost uninterruptedly since he first entered its halls a boy of sixteen. Its work, its

associations, and its surroundings seem to him almost an essential part of his own life. The beautiful campus; the dismal, prison-like entries and pleasant rooms of North College, and the luxuriant trumpet-creeper which curtains its southern windows with tapestry of scarlet and green; the old recitation-rooms in South College, where he learned sometimes in part how little he knew, and the new recitation-rooms in Judd Hall, where he has perhaps helped to teach to others a like useful lesson, and certainly learned it more fully himself; the streets of the old town, so dreamy and restful beneath the dense canopies of maples and the feathery arches of elms; the grand hills over which he has loved to wander alone or with his classes, and upon which, as he looks out from his study-window, he sees the purple glory of the sunset light resting so lovingly—all these have left on his mind an impression which he might in vain try to convey to others.

Yet perhaps the sketch, feeble and colorless as it is, may serve to recall to some of her sons the fondly remembered features of Alma Mater, and may show to strangers who may see it, that she holds not unworthily her place in the sisterhood of American Colleges.

A FOX HUNT AT PAU.

My friend Ethel had hired a big landau and a coachman in livery for the winter at Pau. The amiable proprietor of both had politely suggested that "a boy in buttons" was a very useful item, and was at her service "for a few francs extra;" but she had declined this additional grandeur, as her deep mourning precluded her visiting, and the pleasure we promised ourselves—for I was to share her drives—in penetrating through all the sublime passes of the Pyrenees would borrow no enchantment from the added presence of a boy in livery.

The little half-French, half-Spanish town of Pau is exquisitely situated on a bluff, beneath which the river Gave runs away, laughing, singing, and brawling. Beyond are the beautiful foot-hills, and rising from them the magnificent range of the Pyrenees Mountains.

Fox-hunting is a popular dissipation, and going to "the meet" is the correct thing to do. Ethel and I were to drive thither in the landau, but my little girl, looking lovely in her mauve silk and hat trimmed with daisies, was to grace one of the pretty basket-carriages drawn by ponies, whose scarlet trappings were full of little silver bells. Her cavalier was a tall young American, a capital whip, and otherwise well known to me. The regulation groom, in green livery and white top-boots, sat in the rumble, his arms severely folded, his face arranged in an expression of unconquerable gravity.

We find the broad rue de Bordeaux alive with carriages, horsemen, and horsewomen, hurrying to the meet. Many of those in carriages are Americans and old acquaintances. A well-known resident of Boston bows to us. He is resplendent in "pink" and

"white tops," and his "mount" is a superb animal of the Morgan breed, which he has imported from Vermont, expressly for hunting.

A beautiful American woman dashes past, driving herself in a low phaeton. She has won for herself the pseudonym of "La belle Toilette," because of the rare taste and beauty of her costumes. Behind her, in a big landau, with the addition of a boy in buttons, sits a large fair Englishwoman, with a little dapper husband half hidden under her wing. She was a widow when the little man married her, and the irreverent and disrespectful among us know him as "the widow's mite."

Two nieces of the Duke of N. go by us on fast-trotting horses. Pride of ancestry is stamped upon their handsome, haughty faces, for are they not the nieces of the Duke of N., the rampant tail of whose heraldic lion used to stand so fiercely out—like Ajax defying the lightning—on the top of his Grace's now demolished mansion in the Strand in London?

Three German princesses, cousins of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, follow, drawn by sedate horses, evidently impressed with the dignity of their calling. Their Highnesses are badly dressed in blue hats and green parasols, but they have good, sensible, pleasant faces.

Here come a Russian countess and her beautiful young daughter, with whose lotus eyes, and mouth like a pomegranate blossom, Captain H., one of our rebels, is madly in love. Captain H. belonged to the famous Black Horse Cavalry of General Stuart's brigade, and was grievously wounded in the war.

Now there goes dashing impetuously ahead on a mettlesome charger, an Irish gentleman in "pink," the brother of our big-hearted and well-beloved physician. Dr. John—for he also is a "medical man"—is the strangest mixture of learning, accomplishments, and mad-cap boyishness I ever encountered. He married an heiress, who, dying, left him so rich, that he has relinquished the practice of medicine, and now confines himself to the practice of jokes. Two evenings before, at the theater, when the rising of the curtain was delayed, Dr. John jumped upon the stage, and entertained the audience with the tricks of a ridiculous little bandy-legged terrier, his inseparable companion. The intense surprise of the actors when the curtain rose and they discovered the cause of our laughter; the solemn stepping down and out of Dr. John; the

terrified leap of the terrier upon the heads of the musicians in the orchestra, made a sight worth double the price of admission. A few weeks before, Dr. John had traveled from Paris to Pau, a distance, I think, of six hundred miles, on a velocipede, dressed in English knickerbockers. He was followed for miles out of every village by the inhabitants, cheering him and laughing; he made, in fact, quite a triumphal progress. What a strange man! I never saw him without repeating to myself the lines:

"A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Who in the course of one revolving moon,
Was statesman, poet, fiddler, and buffoon."

We are soon at the rendezvous, which is only five kilometers (about three miles) from Pau. The winter sun rests warm and caressingly upon the plain. The hedges are full of roses, the *coup d'œil* most picturesque. In the midst of a crowd of keepers and huntsmen are forty or fifty hounds, coupled together and held fast in leashes. Impatient for the fray, they are in a perpetual fizzle and give tongue continually, making a most musical sound. One would hardly believe that a dog's whine could be so pathetically sweet.

On a spirited horse sits Mr. Livingston, the distinguished-looking master of the hunt for that season. He is riding here and there, welcoming the members and their friends. The plain is dotted all over with horsemen in "pink," which, perhaps to the uninitiated I ought to say, means a scarlet coat, white cords and tops (trousers and boots). Six or eight healthy, handsome English girls are holding in their horses and laughing and chatting. They are habited in dark colors, with black stove-pipe hats; but their flashing eyes and teeth, brilliant complexions, and the crisp gay knots of ribbons in the breasts of their riding-habits, make delicious "bits of color" in the landscape.

I see stretching away in every direction the admirable French roads, with tall, slim poplars stationed on either side, like sentinels on guard. In the field the trees present an abnormal *embonpoint*—they become short and "stocky," because they are never cut down—only cut off at the top and trimmed for fuel, which is sold by the pound. Surrounding the plain is the long brilliant array of carriages, and in the distance the grand range of the mountains, making a frame to the picture, which we thought was

alone well worth coming over the ocean to see.

At last everything is ready. The huntsman sounds his horn and the play is about to begin. "But where is the fox?" I ask Ethel. She raises her eyebrows dubiously, but we learn soon enough the humiliating fact that he is there all the time, tied up in a bag!

The strings of the bag are untied; the fox leaps forth, and flies like a tawny streak across the plain. A great bell-toned musical cry arises from the hounds, whose evolutions, revolutions, inflexions and ascensions are something wonderful to see. In vain they whine and dance, and struggle and leap; they are fast held in leash, until the fox is a few minutes in advance. With his eyes upon his watch, Mr. Livingston gives the signal. The canine can-can comes to an end, and, like a flash, the dogs are away on the scent. The huntsmen give chase with a wild rush, the English girls are to the fore, leaping hedges and ditches—"taking

headers," without fear or favor, with the best and bravest, and every American woman present looks after them in open-mouthed and horrified amazement.

All the carriages follow at full speed by the roads, hoping to see the fox cross somewhere. He does, and Ethel and I scream: "Here he is!" and stand up in the carriage and stretch our necks, as dogs, hunters, and one superb girl dash after. The little bells on the basket carriages ring out merrily right and left of us, and everybody is exultant—except the fox.

Quickly we drove on to another possible turn of the hunt. Yes; we have come to the right spot. We see it all—we are "in at the death." There is a sudden rush of huntsmen from all points, jumping hedges, leaping little brooks, and among them is the one English girl who has kept up with the hunt to the end. A struggling, howling, trampling crowd of dogs, a woful, despairing cry, a sudden momentous stillness, and the "brush" is held up amid cheers and congratulations.

SONG.

ROLLS the long breaker in splendor, and glances
 Leaping in light!
 Laughing and singing the swift ripple dances,
 Sparkling and bright;
 Up through the heaven the curlew is flying,
 Soaring so high!
 Sweetly his wild notes are ringing, and dying
 Lost in the sky.
 Glitter the sails to the south-wind careening,
 White-winged and brave;
 Bowing to breeze and to hollow, and leaning
 Low o'er the wave.
 Beautiful wind, with the touch of a lover
 Leading the hours,
 Helping the winter-worn world to recover
 All its lost flowers.
 Gladly I hear thy warm whisper of rapture.
 Sorrow is o'er!
 Earth all her music and bloom shall recapture,
 Happy once more!

THE GHOSTLY RENTAL.

I WAS in my twenty-second year, and I had just left college. I was at liberty to choose my career, and I chose it with much promptness. I afterward renounced it, in truth, with equal ardor, but I have never regretted those two youthful years of perplexed and excited, but also of agreeable and fruitful experiment. I had a taste for theology, and during my college term I had been an admiring reader of Dr. Channing. This was theology of a grateful and succulent savor; it seemed to offer one the rose of faith delightfully stripped of its thorns. And then (for I rather think this had something to do with it), I had taken a fancy to the old Divinity School. I have always had an eye to the back scene in the human drama, and it seemed to me that I might play my part with a fair chance of applause (from myself at least), in that detached and tranquil home of mild casuistry, with its respectable avenue on one side, and its prospect of green fields and contact with acres of woodland on the other. Cambridge, for the lovers of woods and fields, has changed for the worse since those days, and the precinct in question has forfeited much of its mingled pastoral and scholastic quietude. It was then a College-hall in the woods—a charming mixture. What it is now has nothing to do with my story; and I have no doubt that there are still doctrine-haunted young seniors who, as they stroll near it in the summer dusk, promise themselves, later, to taste of its fine leisurely quality. For myself, I was not disappointed. I established myself in a great square, low-browed room, with deep window-benches; I hung prints from Overbeck and Ary Scheffer on the walls; I arranged my books, with great refinement of classification, in the alcoves beside the high chimney-shelf, and I began to read Plotinus and St. Augustine. Among my companions were two or three men of ability and of good fellowship, with whom I occasionally brewed a fireside bowl; and with adventurous reading, deep discourse, potations conscientiously shallow, and long country walks, my initiation into the clerical mystery progressed agreeably enough.

With one of my comrades I formed an especial friendship, and we passed a great deal of time together. Unfortunately he had a chronic weakness of one of his knees,

which compelled him to lead a very sedentary life, and as I was a methodical pedestrian, this made some difference in our habits. I used often to stretch away for my daily ramble, with no companion but the stick in my hand or the book in my pocket. But in the use of my legs and the sense of unstinted open air, I have always found company enough. I should, perhaps, add that in the enjoyment of a very sharp pair of eyes, I found something of a social pleasure. My eyes and I were on excellent terms; they were indefatigable observers of all wayside incidents, and so long as they were amused I was contented. It is, indeed, owing to their inquisitive habits that I came into possession of this remarkable story. Much of the country about the old College town is pretty now, but it was prettier thirty years ago. That multitudinous eruption of domiciliary pasteboard which now graces the landscape, in the direction of the low, blue Waltham Hills, had not yet taken place; there were no genteel cottages to put the shabby meadows and scrubby orchards to shame—a juxtaposition by which, in later years, neither element of the contrast has gained. Certain crooked cross-roads, then, as I remember them, were more deeply and naturally rural, and the solitary dwellings on the long grassy slopes beside them, under the tall, customary elm that curved its foliage in mid-air like the outward dropping ears of a girdled wheat-sheaf, sat with their shingled hoods well pulled down on their ears, and no prescience whatever of the fashion of French roofs—weather-wrinkled old peasant women, as you might call them, quietly wearing the native coif, and never dreaming of mounting bonnets, and indecently exposing their venerable brows. That winter was what is called an "open" one; there was much cold, but little snow; the roads were firm and free, and I was rarely compelled by the weather to forego my exercise. One gray December afternoon I had sought it in the direction of the adjacent town of Medford, and I was retracing my steps at an even pace, and watching the pale, cold tints—the transparent amber and faded rose-color—which curtained, in wintry fashion, the western sky, and reminded me of a sceptical smile on the lips of a beautiful woman. I came, as dusk was falling, to a

narrow road which I had never traversed and which I imagined offered me a short cut homeward. I was about three miles away; I was late, and would have been thankful to make them two. I diverged, walked some ten minutes, and then perceived that the road had a very unfrequented air. The wheel-ruts looked old; the stillness seemed peculiarly sensible. And yet down the road stood a house, so that it must in some degree have been a thoroughfare. On one side was a high, natural embankment, on the top of which was perched an apple-orchard, whose tangled boughs made a stretch of coarse black lace-work, hung across the coldly rosy west. In a short time I came to the house, and I immediately found myself interested in it. I stopped in front of it gazing hard, I hardly knew why, but with a vague mixture of curiosity and timidity. It was a house like most of the houses thereabouts, except that it was decidedly a handsome specimen of its class. It stood on a grassy slope, it had its tall, impartially drooping elm beside it, and its old black well-cover at its shoulder. But it was of very large proportions, and it had a striking look of solidity and stoutness of timber. It had lived to a good old age, too, for the wood-work on its door-way and under its eaves, carefully and abundantly carved, referred it to the middle, at the latest, of the last century. All this had once been painted white, but the broad back of time, leaning against the door-posts for a hundred years, had laid bare the grain of the wood. Behind the house stretched an orchard of apple-trees, more gnarled and fantastic than usual, and wearing, in the deepening dusk, a blighted and exhausted aspect. All the windows of the house had rusty shutters, without slats, and these were closely drawn. There was no sign of life about it; it looked blank, bare and vacant, and yet, as I lingered near it, it seemed to have a familiar meaning—an audible eloquence. I have always thought of the impression made upon me at first sight, by that gray colonial dwelling, as a proof that induction may sometimes be near akin to divination; for after all, there was nothing on the face of the matter to warrant the very serious induction that I made. I fell back and crossed the road. The last red light of the sunset disengaged itself, as it was about to vanish, and rested faintly for a moment on the time-silvered front of the old house. It touched, with perfect regularity, the series

of small panes in the fan-shaped window above the door, and twinkled there fantastically. Then it died away, and left the place more intensely somber. At this moment, I said to myself with the accent of profound conviction—"The house is simply haunted!"

Somehow, immediately, I believed it, and so long as I was not shut up inside, the idea gave me pleasure. It was implied in the aspect of the house, and it explained it. Half an hour before, if I had been asked, I would have said, as befitted a young man who was explicitly cultivating cheerful views of the supernatural, that there were no such things as haunted houses. But the dwelling before me gave a vivid meaning to the empty words; it had been spiritually blighted.

The longer I looked at it, the intenser seemed the secret that it held. I walked all round it, I tried to peep here and there, through a crevice in the shutters, and I took a puerile satisfaction in laying my hand on the door-knob and gently turning it. If the door had yielded, would I have gone in?—would I have penetrated the dusky stillness? My audacity, fortunately, was not put to the test. The portal was admirably solid, and I was unable even to shake it. At last I turned away, casting many looks behind me. I pursued my way, and, after a longer walk than I had bargained for, reached the high-road. At a certain distance below the point at which the long lane I have mentioned entered it, stood a comfortable, tidy dwelling, which might have offered itself as the model of the house which is in no sense haunted—which has no sinister secrets, and knows nothing but blooming prosperity. Its clean white paint stared placidly through the dusk, and its vine-covered porch had been dressed in straw for the winter. An old, one-horse chaise, freighted with two departing visitors, was leaving the door, and through the undraped windows, I saw the lamp-lit sitting-room, and the table spread with the early "tea," which had been improvised for the comfort of the guests. The mistress of the house had come to the gate with her friends; she lingered there after the chaise had wheeled creakingly away, half to watch them down the road, and half to give me, as I passed in the twilight, a questioning look. She was a comely, quick young woman, with a sharp, dark eye, and I ventured to stop and speak to her.

"That house down that side-road," I

said, "about a mile from here—the only one—can you tell me whom it belongs to?"

She stared at me a moment, and, I thought, colored a little. "Our folks never go down that road," she said, briefly.

"But it's a short way to Medford," I answered.

She gave a little toss of her head. "Perhaps it would turn out a long way. At any rate, we don't use it."

This was interesting. A thrifty Yankee household must have good reasons for this scorn of time-saving processes. "But you know the house, at least?" I said.

"Well, I have seen it."

"And to whom does it belong?"

She gave a little laugh and looked away, as if she were aware that, to a stranger, her words might seem to savor of agricultural superstition. "I guess it belongs to them that are in it."

"But is there any one in it? It is completely closed."

"That makes no difference. They never come out, and no one ever goes in." And she turned away.

But I laid my hand on her arm, respectfully. "You mean," I said, "that the house is haunted?"

She drew herself away, colored, raised her finger to her lips, and hurried into the house, where, in a moment, the curtains were dropped over the windows.

For several days, I thought repeatedly of this little adventure, but I took some satisfaction in keeping it to myself. If the house was not haunted, it was useless to expose my imaginative whims, and if it was, it was agreeable to drain the cup of horror without assistance. I determined, of course, to pass that way again; and a week later—it was the last day of the year—I retraced my steps. I approached the house from the opposite direction, and found myself before it at about the same hour as before. The light was failing, the sky low and gray; the wind wailed along the hard, bare ground, and made slow eddies of the frost-blackened leaves. The melancholy mansion stood there, seeming to gather the winter twilight around it, and mask itself in it, inscrutably. I hardly knew on what errand I had come, but I had a vague feeling that if this time the door-knob were to turn and the door to open, I should take my heart in my hands, and let them close behind me. Who were the mysterious tenants to whom the good woman at the corner had alluded? What had been seen or

heard—what was related? The door was as stubborn as before, and my impertinent fumbings with the latch caused no upper window to be thrown open, nor any strange, pale face to be thrust out. I ventured even to raise the rusty knocker and give it half-a-dozen raps, but they made a flat, dead sound, and aroused no echo. Familiarity breeds contempt; I don't know what I should have done next, if, in the distance, up the road (the same one I had followed), I had not seen a solitary figure advancing. I was unwilling to be observed hanging about this ill-famed dwelling, and I sought refuge among the dense shadows of a grove of pines near by, where I might peep forth, and yet remain invisible. Presently, the new-comer drew near, and I perceived that he was making straight for the house. He was a little, old man, the most striking feature of whose appearance was a voluminous cloak, of a sort of military cut. He carried a walking-stick, and advanced in a slow, painful, somewhat hobbling fashion, but with an air of extreme resolution. He turned off from the road, and followed the vague wheel-track, and within a few yards of the house he paused. He looked up at it, fixedly and searchingly, as if he were counting the windows, or noting certain familiar marks. Then he took off his hat, and bent over slowly and solemnly, as if he were performing an obeisance. As he stood uncovered, I had a good look at him. He was, as I have said, a diminutive old man, but it would have been hard to decide whether he belonged to this world or to the other. His head reminded me, vaguely, of the portraits of Andrew Jackson. He had a crop of grizzled hair, as stiff as a brush, a lean, pale, smooth-shaven face, and an eye of intense brilliancy, surmounted with thick brows, which had remained perfectly black. His face, as well as his cloak, seemed to belong to an old soldier; he looked like a retired military man of a modest rank; but he struck me as exceeding the classic privilege of even such a personage to be eccentric and grotesque. When he had finished his salute, he advanced to the door, fumbled in the folds of his cloak, which hung down much further in front than behind, and produced a key. This he slowly and carefully inserted into the lock, and then, apparently, he turned it. But the door did not immediately open; first he bent his head, turned his ear, and stood listening, and then he looked up and down the road. Satisfied or re-assured, he applied his aged shoulder

to one of the deep-set panels, and pressed a moment. The door yielded—opening into perfect darkness. He stopped again on the threshold, and again removed his hat and made his bow. Then he went in, and carefully closed the door behind him.

Who in the world was he, and what was his errand? He might have been a figure out of one of Hoffman's tales. Was he vision or a reality—an inmate of the house, or a familiar, friendly visitor? What had been the meaning, in either case, of his mystic genuflections, and how did he propose to proceed, in that inner darkness? I emerged from my retirement, and observed narrowly, several of the windows. In each of them, at an interval, a ray of light became visible in the chink between the two leaves of the shutters. Evidently, he was lighting up; was he going to give a party—a ghostly revel? My curiosity grew intense, but I was quite at a loss how to satisfy it. For a moment I thought of rapping peremptorily at the door; but I dismissed this idea as unmannerly, and calculated to break the spell, if spell there was. I walked round the house and tried, without violence, to open one of the lower windows. It resisted, but I had better fortune, in a moment, with another. There was a risk, certainly, in the trick I was playing—a risk of being seen from within, or (worse) seeing, myself, something that I should repent of seeing. But curiosity, as I say, had become an inspiration, and the risk was highly agreeable. Through the parting of the shutters I looked into a lighted room—a room lighted by two candles in old brass flambeaux, placed upon the mantel-shelf. It was apparently a sort of back parlor, and it had retained all its furniture. This was of a homely, old-fashioned pattern, and consisted of hair-cloth chairs and sofas, spare mahogany tables, and framed samplers hung upon the walls. But although the room was furnished, it had a strangely uninhabited look; the tables and chairs were in rigid positions, and no small, familiar objects were visible. I could not see everything, and I could only guess at the existence, on my right, of a large folding-door. It was apparently open, and the light of the neighboring room passed through it. I waited for some time, but the room remained empty. At last I became conscious that a large shadow was projected upon the wall opposite the folding-door—the shadow, evidently, of a figure in the adjoining room. It was tall and grotesque, and seemed to represent a

person sitting perfectly motionless, in profile. I thought I recognized the perpendicular bristles and far-arching nose of my little old man. There was a strange fixedness in his posture; he appeared to be seated, and looking intently at something. I watched the shadow a long time, but it never stirred. At last, however, just as my patience began to ebb, it moved slowly, rose to the ceiling, and became indistinct. I don't know what I should have seen next, but by an irresistible impulse, I closed the shutter. Was it delicacy?—was it pusillanimity? I can hardly say. I lingered, nevertheless, near the house, hoping that my friend would re-appear. I was not disappointed; for he at last emerged, looking just as when he had gone in, and taking his leave in the same ceremonious fashion. (The lights, I had already observed, had disappeared from the crevice of each of the windows.) He faced about before the door, took off his hat, and made an obsequious bow. As he turned away I had a hundred minds to speak to him, but I let him depart in peace. This, I may say, was pure delicacy;—you will answer, perhaps, that it came too late. It seemed to me that he had a right to resent my observation; though my own right to exercise it (if ghosts were in the question) struck me as equally positive. I continued to watch him as he hobbled softly down the bank, and along the lonely road. Then I musingly retreated in the opposite direction. I was tempted to follow him, at a distance, to see what became of him; but this, too, seemed indelicate; and I confess, moreover, that I felt the inclination to coquet a little, as it were, with my discovery—to pull apart the petals of the flower one by one.

I continued to smell the flower, from time to time, for its oddity of perfume had fascinated me. I passed by the house on the cross-road again, but never encountered the old man in the cloak, or any other wayfarer. It seemed to keep observers at a distance, and I was careful not to gossip about it: one inquirer, I said to myself, may edge his way into the secret, but there is no room for two. At the same time, of course, I would have been thankful for any chance side-light that might fall across the matter—though I could not well see whence it was to come. I hoped to meet the old man in the cloak elsewhere, but as the days passed by without his re-appearing, I ceased to expect it. And yet I reflected that he probably lived in that neighborhood, inas-

much as he had made his pilgrimage to the vacant house on foot. If he had come from a distance, he would have been sure to arrive in some old deep-hooded gig with yellow wheels—a vehicle as venerably grotesque as himself. One day I took a stroll in Mount Auburn cemetery—an institution at that period in its infancy, and full of a sylvan charm which it has now completely forfeited. It contained more maple and birch than willow and cypress, and the sleepers had ample elbow room. It was not a city of the dead, but at the most a village, and a meditative pedestrian might stroll there without too importunate reminder of the grotesque side of our claims to posthumous consideration. I had come out to enjoy the first foretaste of Spring—one of those mild days of late winter, when the torpid earth seems to draw the first long breath that marks the rupture of the spell of sleep. The sun was veiled in haze, and yet warm, and the frost was oozing from its deepest lurking-places. I had been treading for half an hour the winding ways of the cemetery, when suddenly I perceived a familiar figure seated on a bench against a southward-facing evergreen hedge. I call the figure familiar, because I had seen it often in memory and in fancy; in fact, I had beheld it but once. Its back was turned to me, but it wore a voluminous cloak, which there was no mistaking. Here, at last, was my fellow-visitor at the haunted house, and here was my chance, if I wished to approach him! I made a circuit, and came toward him from in front. He saw me, at the end of the alley, and sat motionless, with his hands on the head of his stick, watching me from under his black eyebrows as I drew near. At a distance these black eyebrows looked formidable; they were the only thing I saw in his face. But on a closer view I was re-assured, simply because I immediately felt that no man could really be as fantastically fierce as this poor old gentleman looked. His face was a kind of caricature of martial truculence. I stopped in front of him, and respectfully asked leave to sit and rest upon his bench. He granted it with a silent gesture, of much dignity, and I placed myself beside him. In this position I was able, covertly, to observe him. He was quite as much an oddity in the morning sunshine, as he had been in the dubious twilight. The lines in his face were as rigid as if they had been hacked out of a block by a clumsy wood-carver. His eyes were flamboyant, his nose

terrific, his mouth implacable. And yet, after awhile, when he slowly turned and looked at me, fixedly, I perceived that in spite of this portentous mask, he was a very mild old man. I was sure he even would have been glad to smile, but, evidently, his facial muscles were too stiff—they had taken a different fold, once for all. I wondered whether he was demented, but I dismissed the idea; the fixed glitter in his eye was not that of insanity. What his face really expressed was deep and simple sadness; his heart perhaps was broken, but his brain was intact. His dress was shabby but neat, and his old blue cloak had known half a century's brushing.

I hastened to make some observation upon the exceptional softness of the day, and he answered me in a gentle, mellow voice, which it was almost startling to hear proceed from such bellicose lips.

"This is a very comfortable place," he presently added.

"I am fond of walking in graveyards," I rejoined deliberately; flattering myself that I had struck a vein that might lead to something.

I was encouraged; he turned and fixed me with his dusky glowing eyes. Then very gravely,—"Walking, yes. Take all your exercise now. Some day you will have to settle down in a graveyard in a fixed position."

"Very true," said I. "But you know there are some people who are said to take exercise even after that day."

He had been looking at me still; at this he looked away.

"You don't understand?" I said, gently.

He continued to gaze straight before him.

"Some people, you know, walk about after death," I went on.

At last he turned, and looked at me more portentously than ever. "You don't believe that," he said simply.

"How do you know I don't?"

"Because you are young and foolish."

This was said without acerbity—even kindly; but in the tone of an old man whose consciousness of his own heavy experience made everything else seem light.

"I am certainly young," I answered; "but I don't think that, on the whole, I am foolish. But say I don't believe in ghosts—most people would be on my side."

"Most people are fools!" said the old man.

I let the question rest, and talked of other things. My companion seemed on

his guard, he eyed me defiantly, and made brief answers to my remarks; but I nevertheless gathered an impression that our meeting was an agreeable thing to him, and even a social incident of some importance. He was evidently a lonely creature, and his opportunities for gossip were rare. He had had troubles, and they had detached him from the world, and driven him back upon himself; but the social chord in his antiquated soul was not entirely broken, and I was sure he was gratified to find that it could still feebly resound. At last, he began to ask questions himself; he inquired whether I was a student.

"I am a student of divinity," I answered.

"Of divinity?"

"Of theology. I am studying for the ministry."

At this he eyed me with peculiar intensity—after which his gaze wandered away again. "There are certain things you ought to know, then," he said at last.

"I have a great desire for knowledge," I answered. "What things do you mean?"

He looked at me again awhile, but without heeding my question.

"I like your appearance," he said. "You seem to me a sober lad."

"Oh, I am perfectly sober!" I exclaimed—yet departing for a moment from my soberness.

"I think you are fair-minded," he went on.

"I don't any longer strike you as foolish, then?" I asked.

"I stick to what I said about people who deny the power of departed spirits to return. They *are* fools!" And he rapped fiercely with his staff on the earth.

I hesitated a moment, and then, abruptly, "You have seen a ghost!" I said.

He appeared not at all startled.

"You are right, sir!" he answered with great dignity. "With me it's not a matter of cold theory—I have not had to pry into old books to learn what to believe. *I know!* With these eyes I have beheld the departed spirit standing before me as near as you are!" And his eyes, as he spoke, certainly looked as if they had rested upon strange things.

I was irresistibly impressed—I was touched with credulity.

"And was it very terrible?" I asked.

"I am an old soldier—I am not afraid!"

"When was it?—where was it?" I asked.

He looked at me mistrustfully, and I saw that I was going too fast.

"Excuse me from going into particulars," he said. "I am not at liberty to speak more fully. I have told you so much, because I cannot bear to hear this subject spoken of lightly. Remember in future, that you have seen a very honest old man who told you—on his honor—that he had seen a ghost!" And he got up, as if he thought he had said enough. Reserve, shyness, pride, the fear of being laughed at, the memory, possibly, of former strokes of sarcasm—all this, on one side, had its weight with him; but I suspected that on the other, his tongue was loosened by the garrulity of old age, the sense of solitude, and the need of sympathy—and perhaps, also, by the friendliness which he had been so good as to express toward myself. Evidently it would be unwise to press him, but I hoped to see him again.

"To give greater weight to my words," he added, "let me mention my name—Captain Diamond, sir. I have seen service."

"I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting you again," I said.

"The same to you, sir!" And brandishing his stick portentously—though with the friendliest intentions—he marched stiffly away.

I asked two or three persons—selected with discretion—whether they knew anything about Captain Diamond, but they were quite unable to enlighten me. At last, suddenly, I smote my forehead, and, dubbing myself a dolt, remembered that I was neglecting a source of information to which I had never applied in vain. The excellent person at whose table I habitually dined, and who dispensed hospitality to students at so much a week, had a sister as good as herself, and of conversational powers more varied. This sister, who was known as Miss Deborah, was an old maid in all the force of the term. She was deformed, and she never went out of the house; she sat all day at the window, between a bird-cage and a flower-pot, stitching small linen articles—mysterious bands and frills. She wielded, I was assured, an exquisite needle, and her work was highly prized. In spite of her deformity and her confinement, she had a little, fresh, round face, and an imperturbable serenity of spirit. She had also a very quick little wit of her own, she was extremely observant, and she had a high relish for a friendly chat. Nothing pleased her so much as to have you—especially, I think, if you were a young divinity student—move your chair near her sunny window,

and settle yourself for twenty minutes' talk." "Well, sir," she used always to say, "what is the latest monstrosity in Biblical criticism?"—for she used to pretend to be horrified at the rationalistic tendency of the age. But she was an inexorable little philosopher, and I am convinced that she was a keener rationalist than any of us, and that, if she had chosen, she could have propounded questions that would have made the boldest of us wince. Her window commanded the whole town—or rather, the whole country. Knowledge came to her as she sat singing, with her little, cracked voice, in her low rocking-chair. She was the first to learn everything, and the last to forget it. She had the town gossip at her fingers' ends, and she knew everything about people she had never seen. When I asked her how she had acquired her learning, she said simply—"Oh, I observe!" "Observe closely enough," she once said, "and it doesn't matter where you are. You may be in a pitch-dark closet. All you want is something to start with; one thing leads to another, and all things are mixed up. Shut me up in a dark closet and I will observe after a while, that some places in it are darker than others. After that (give me time), and I will tell you what the President of the United States is going to have for dinner." Once I paid her a compliment. "Your observation," I said, "is as fine as your needle, and your statements are as true as your stitches."

Of course Miss Deborah had heard of Captain Diamond. He had been much talked about many years before, but he had survived the scandal that attached to his name.

"What was the scandal?" I asked.

"He killed his daughter."

"Killed her?" I cried; "how so?"

"Oh, not with a pistol, or a dagger, or a dose of arsenic! With his tongue. Talk of women's tongues! He cursed her—with some horrible oath—and she died!"

"What had she done?"

"She had received a visit from a young man who loved her, and whom he had forbidden the house."

"The house," I said—"ah yes! The house is out in the country, two or three miles from here, on a lonely cross-road."

Miss Deborah looked sharply at me, as she bit her thread.

"Ah, you know about the house?" she said.

"A little," I answered; "I have seen it. But I want you to tell me more."

But here Miss Deborah betrayed an incommunicativeness which was most unusual.

"You wouldn't call me superstitious, would you?" she asked.

"You?—you are the quintessence of pure reason."

"Well, every thread has its rotten place, and every needle its grain of rust. I would rather not talk about that house."

"You have no idea how you excite my curiosity!" I said.

"I can feel for you. But it would make me very nervous."

"What harm can come to you?" I asked.

"Some harm came to a friend of mine." And Miss Deborah gave a very positive nod.

"What had your friend done?"

"She had told me Captain Diamond's secret, which he had told her with a mighty mystery. She had been an old flame of his, and he took her into his confidence. He bade her tell no one, and assured her that if she did, something dreadful would happen to her."

"And what happened to her?"

"She died."

"Oh, we are all mortal!" I said. Had she given him a promise?"

"She had not taken it seriously, she had not believed him. She repeated the story to me, and three days afterward, she was taken with inflammation of the lungs. A month afterward, here where I sit now, I was stitching her grave-clothes. Since then, I have never mentioned what she told me."

"Was it very strange?"

"It was strange, but it was ridiculous too. It is a thing to make you shudder and to make you laugh, both. But you can't worry it out of me. I am sure that if I were to tell you, I should immediately break a needle in my finger, and die the next week of lock-jaw."

"I retired, and urged Miss Deborah no further; but every two or three days, after dinner, I came and sat down by her rocking-chair. I made no further allusion to Captain Diamond; I sat silent, clipping tape with her scissors. At last, one day, she told me I was looking poorly. I was pale.

"I am dying of curiosity," I said. "I have lost my appetite. I have eaten no dinner."

"Remember Bluebeard's wife!" said Miss Deborah.

"One may as well perish by the sword as by famine!" I answered.

Still she said nothing, and at last I rose with a melo-dramatic sigh and departed. As I reached the door she called me and pointed to the chair I had vacated. "I never was hard-hearted," she said. "Sit down, and if we are to perish, may we at least perish together." And then, in very few words, she communicated what she knew of Captain Diamond's secret. "He was a very high-tempered old man, and though he was very fond of his daughter, his will was law. He had picked out a husband for her, and given her due notice. Her mother was dead, and they lived alone together. The house had been Mrs. Diamond's own marriage portion; the Captain, I believe, hadn't a penny. After his marriage they had come to live there, and he had begun to work the farm. The poor girl's lover was a young man with whiskers from Boston. The Captain came in one evening and found them together; he collared the young man, and hurled a terrible curse at the poor girl. The young man cried that she was his wife, and he asked her if it was true. She said, No! Thereupon Captain Diamond, his fury growing fiercer, repeated his imprecation, ordered her out of the house, and disowned her forever. She swooned away, but her father went raging off and left her. Several hours later, he came back and found the house empty. On the table was a note from the young man telling him that he had killed his daughter, repeating the assurance that she was his own wife, and declaring that he himself claimed the sole right to commit her remains to earth. He had carried the body away in a gig! Captain Diamond wrote him a dreadful note in answer, saying that he didn't believe his daughter was dead, but that, whether or no, she was dead to him. A week later, in the middle of the night, he saw her ghost. Then, I suppose, he was convinced. The ghost re-appeared several times, and finally began regularly to haunt the house. It made the old man very uncomfortable, for little by little his passion had passed away, and he was given up to grief. He determined at last to leave the place, and tried to sell it or rent it; but meanwhile the story had gone abroad, the ghost had been seen by other persons, the house had a bad name, and it was impossible to dispose of it. With the farm, it was the old man's only property, and his only means of subsistence; if he could neither live in it nor rent it he was beggared. But the ghost had no mercy, as he had had

none. He struggled for six months, and at last he broke down. He put on his old blue cloak and took up his staff, and prepared to wander away and beg his bread. Then the ghost relented, and proposed a compromise. 'Leave the house to me!' it said; 'I have marked it for my own. Go off and live elsewhere. But to enable you to live, I will be your tenant, since you can find no other. I will hire the house of you and pay you a certain rent.' And the ghost named a sum. The old man consented, and he goes every quarter to collect his rent!"

I laughed at this recital, but I confess I shuddered too, for my own observation had exactly confirmed it. Had I not been witness of one of the Captain's quarterly visits, had I not all but seen him sit watching his spectral tenant count out the rent-money, and when he trudged away in the dark, had he not a little bag of strangely gotten coin hidden in the folds of his old blue cloak? I imparted none of these reflections to Miss Deborah, for I was determined that my observations should have a sequel, and I promised myself the pleasure of treating her to my story in its full maturity. "Captain Diamond," I asked, "has no other known means of subsistence?"

"None whatever. He toils not, neither does he spin—his ghost supports him. A haunted house is valuable property!"

"And in what coin does the ghost pay?"

"In good American gold and silver. It has only this peculiarity—that the pieces are all dated before the young girl's death. It's a strange mixture of matter and spirit!"

"And does the ghost do things handsomely; is the rent large?"

"The old man, I believe, lives decently, and has his pipe and his glass. He took a little house down by the river; the door is sidewise to the street, and there is a little garden before it. There he spends his days, and has an old colored woman to do for him. Some years ago, he used to wander about a good deal, he was a familiar figure in the town, and most people knew his legend. But of late he has drawn back into his shell; he sits over his fire, and curiosity has forgotten him. I suppose he is falling into his dotage. But I am sure, I trust," said Miss Deborah in conclusion, "that he won't outlive his faculties or his powers of locomotion, for, if I remember rightly, it was part of the bargain that he should come in person to collect his rent."

We neither of us seemed likely to suffer

any especial penalty for Miss Deborah's indiscretion; I found her, day after day, singing over her work, neither more nor less active than usual. For myself, I boldly pursued my observations. I went again, more than once, to the great graveyard, but I was disappointed in my hope of finding Captain Diamond there. I had a prospect, however, which afforded me compensation. I shrewdly inferred that the old man's quarterly pilgrimages were made upon the last day of the old quarter. My first sight of him had been on the 31st of December, and it was probable that he would return to his haunted home on the last day of March. This was near at hand; at last it arrived. I betook myself late in the afternoon to the old house on the cross-road, supposing that the hour of twilight was the appointed season. I was not wrong. I had been hovering about for a short time, feeling very much like a restless ghost myself, when he appeared in the same manner as before, and wearing the same costume. I again concealed myself, and saw him enter the house with the ceremonial which he had used on the former occasion. A light appeared successively in the crevice of each pair of shutters, and I opened the window which had yielded to my importunity before. Again I saw the great shadow on the wall, motionless and solemn. But I saw nothing else. The old man re-appeared at last, made his fantastic salaam before the house, and crept away into the dusk.

One day, more than a month after this, I met him again at Mount Auburn. The air was full of the voice of Spring; the birds had come back and were twittering over their Winter's travels, and a mild west wind was making a thin murmur in the raw verdure. He was seated on a bench in the sun, still muffled in his enormous mantle, and he recognized me as soon as I approached him. He nodded at me as if he were an old Bashaw giving the signal for my decapitation, but it was apparent that he was pleased to see me.

"I have looked for you here more than once," I said. "You don't come often."

"What did you want of me?" he asked.

"I wanted to enjoy your conversation. I did so greatly when I met you here before."

"You found me amusing?"

"Interesting!" I said.

"You didn't think me cracked?"

"Cracked?—My dear sir!" I protested.

"I'm the sanest man in the country. I know that is what insane people always say; but generally they can't prove it. I can!"

"I believe it," I said. "But I am curious to know how such a thing can be proved."

He was silent awhile.

I will tell you. I once committed, unintentionally, a great crime. Now I pay the penalty. I give up my life to it. I don't shirk it; I face it squarely, knowing perfectly what it is. I haven't tried to bluff it off; I haven't begged off from it; I haven't run away from it. The penalty is terrible, but I have accepted it. I have been a philosopher!"

"If I were a Catholic, I might have turned monk, and spent the rest of my life in fasting and praying. That is no penalty; that is an evasion. I might have blown my brains out—I might have gone mad. I wouldn't do either. I would simply face the music, take the consequences. As I say, they are awful! I take them on certain days, four times a year. So it has been these twenty years; so it will be as long as I last. It's my business; it's my avocation. That's the way I feel about it. I call that reasonable!"

"Admirably so!" I said. "But you fill me with curiosity and with compassion."

"Especially with curiosity," he said, cunningly.

"Why," I answered, "if I know exactly what you suffer I can pity you more."

"I'm much obliged. I don't want your pity; it won't help me. I'll tell you something, but it's not for myself; it's for your own sake." He paused a long time and looked all round him, as if for chance eavesdroppers. I anxiously awaited his revelation, but he disappointed me. "Are you still studying theology?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I answered, perhaps with a shade of irritation. "It's a thing one can't learn in six months."

"I should think not, so long as you have nothing but your books. Do you know the proverb, 'A grain of experience is worth a pound of precept?' I'm a great theologian."

"Ah, you have had experience," I murmured sympathetically.

"You have read about the immortality of the soul; you have seen Jonathan Edwards and Dr. Hopkins chopping logic over it, and deciding, by chapter and verse, that it is true. But I have seen it with these eyes; I have touched it with these hands!" And the old man held up his rugged old fists and shook them portentously. "That's

better!" he went on; "but I have bought it dearly. You had better take it from the books—evidently you always will. You are a very good young man; you will never have a crime on your conscience."

I answered with some juvenile fatuity, that I certainly hoped I had my share of human passions, good young man and prospective Doctor of Divinity as I was.

"Ah, but you have a nice, quiet little temper," he said. "So have I—now! But once I was very brutal—very brutal. You ought to know that such things are. I killed my own child."

"Your own child?"

"I struck her down to the earth and left her to die. They could not hang me, for it was not with my hand I struck her. It was with foul and damnable words. That makes a difference; it's a grand law we live under! Well, sir, I can answer for it that *her* soul is immortal. We have an appointment to meet four times a year, and then I catch it!"

"She has never forgiven you?"

"She has forgiven me as the angels forgive! That's what I can't stand—the soft, quiet way she looks at me. I'd rather she twisted a knife about in my heart—O Lord, Lord, Lord!" and Captain Diamond bowed his head over his stick, and leaned his forehead on his crossed hands.

I was impressed and moved, and his attitude seemed for the moment a check to further questions. Before I ventured to ask him anything more, he slowly rose and pulled his old cloak around him. He was unused to talking about his troubles, and his memories overwhelmed him. "I must go my way," he said; "I must be creeping along."

"I shall perhaps meet you here again," I said.

"Oh, I'm a stiff-jointed old fellow," he answered, "and this is rather far for me to come. I have to reserve myself. I have sat sometimes a month at a time smoking my pipe in my chair. But I should like to see you again." And he stopped and looked at me, terribly and kindly. "Some day, perhaps, I shall be glad to be able to lay my hand on a young, unperverted soul. If a man can make a friend, it is always something gained. What is your name?"

I had in my pocket a small volume of Pascal's "Thoughts," on the fly-leaf of which were written my name and address. I took it out and offered it to my old friend. "Pray keep this little book," I said. "It is one I am very fond of, and it will tell you something about me."

He took it and turned it over slowly, then looking up at me with a scowl of gratitude, "I'm not much of a reader," he said; "but I won't refuse the first present I shall have received since—my troubles; and the last. Thank you, sir!" And with the little book in his hand he took his departure.

I was left to imagine him for some weeks after that sitting solitary in his arm-chair with his pipe. I had not another glimpse of him. But I was awaiting my chance, and on the last day of June, another quarter having elapsed, I deemed that it had come. The evening dusk in June falls late, and I was impatient for its coming. At last, toward the end of a lovely summer's day, I revisited Captain Diamond's property. Everything now was green around it save the blighted orchard in its rear, but its own immitigable grayness and sadness were as striking as when I had first beheld it beneath a December sky. As I drew near it, I saw that I was late for my purpose, for my purpose had simply been to step forward on Captain Diamond's arrival, and bravely ask him to let me go in with him. He had preceded me, and there were lights already in the windows. I was unwilling, of course, to disturb him during his ghostly interview, and I waited till he came forth. The lights disappeared in the course of time; then the door opened and Captain Diamond stole out. That evening he made no bow to the haunted house, for the first object he beheld was his fair-minded young friend planted, modestly but firmly, near the door-step. He stopped short, looking at me, and this time his terrible scowl was in keeping with the situation.

"I knew you were here," I said. "I came on purpose."

He seemed dismayed, and looked round at the house uneasily.

"I beg your pardon if I have ventured too far," I added, "but you know you have encouraged me."

"How did you know I was here?"

"I reasoned it out. You told me half your story, and I guessed the other half. I am a great observer, and I had noticed this house in passing. It seemed to me to have a mystery. When you kindly confided to me that you saw spirits, I was sure that it could only be here that you saw them."

"You are mighty clever," cried the old man. "And what brought you here this evening?"

I was obliged to evade this question.

"Oh, I often come; I like to look at the house—it fascinates me."

He turned and looked up at it himself. "It's nothing to look at outside." He was evidently quite unaware of its peculiar outward appearance, and this odd fact, communicated to me thus in the twilight, and under the very brow of the sinister dwelling, seemed to make his vision of the strange things within more real.

"I have been hoping," I said, "for a chance to see the inside. I thought I might find you here, and that you would let me go in with you. I should like to see what you see."

He seemed confounded by my boldness, but not altogether displeased. He laid his hand on my arm. "Do you know what I see?" he asked.

"How can I know, except as you said the other day, by experience? I want to have the experience. Pray, open the door and take me in."

Captain Diamond's brilliant eyes expanded beneath their dusky brows, and after holding his breath a moment, he indulged in the first and last apology for a laugh by which I was to see his solemn visage contorted. It was profoundly grotesque, but it was perfectly noiseless. "Take you in?" he softly growled. "I wouldn't go in again before my time's up for a thousand times that sum." And he thrust out his hand from the folds of his cloak and exhibited a small agglomeration of coin, knotted into the corner of an old silk pocket-handkerchief. "I stick to my bargain no less, but no more!"

"But you told me the first time I had the pleasure of talking with you that it was not so terrible."

"I don't say it's terrible—now. But it's damned disagreeable!"

This adjective was uttered with a force that made me hesitate and reflect. While I did so, I thought I heard a slight movement of one of the window-shutters above us. I looked up, but everything seemed motionless. Captain Diamond, too, had been thinking; suddenly he turned toward the house. "If you will go in alone," he said, "you are welcome."

"Will you wait for me here?"

"Yes, you will not stop long."

"But the house is pitch dark. When you go you have lights."

He thrust his hand into the depths of his cloak and produced some matches. "Take these," he said. "You will find two can-

dlesticks with candles on the table in the hall. Light them, take one in each hand and go ahead."

"Where shall I go?"

"Anywhere—everywhere. You can trust the ghost to find you."

I will not pretend to deny that by this time my heart was beating. And yet I imagine I motioned the old man with a sufficiently dignified gesture to open the door. I had made up my mind that there was in fact a ghost. I had conceded the premise. Only I had assured myself that once the mind was prepared, and the thing was not a surprise, it was possible to keep cool. Captain Diamond turned the lock, flung open the door, and bowed low to me as I passed in. I stood in the darkness, and heard the door close behind me. For some moments, I stirred neither finger nor toe; I stared bravely into the impenetrable dusk. But I saw nothing and heard nothing, and at last I struck a match. On the table were two old brass candlesticks rusty from disuse. I lighted the candles and began my tour of exploration.

A wide staircase rose in front of me, guarded by an antique balustrade of that rigidly delicate carving which is found so often in old New England houses. I postponed ascending it, and turned into the room on my right. This was an old-fashioned parlor, meagerly furnished, and musty with the absence of human life. I raised my two lights aloft and saw nothing but its empty chairs and its blank walls. Behind it was the room into which I had peeped from without, and which, in fact, communicated with it, as I had supposed, by folding doors. Here, too, I found myself confronted by no menacing specter. I crossed the hall again, and visited the rooms on the other side; a dining-room in front, where I might have written my name with my finger in the deep dust of the great square table; a kitchen behind with its pots and pans eternally cold. All this was hard and grim, but it was not formidable. I came back into the hall, and walked to the foot of the staircase, holding up my candles; to ascend required a fresh effort, and I was scanning the gloom above. Suddenly, with an inexpressible sensation, I became aware that this gloom was animated; it seemed to move and gather itself together. Slowly—I say slowly, for to my tense expectancy the instants appeared ages—it took the shape of a large, definite figure, and this figure advanced and stood at the top of the

stairs. I frankly confess that by this time I was conscious of a feeling to which I am in duty bound to apply the vulgar name of fear. I may poetize it and call it Dread, with a capital letter; it was at any rate the feeling that makes a man yield ground. I measured it as it grew, and it seemed perfectly irresistible; for it did not appear to come from within but from without, and to be embodied in the dark image at the head of the staircase. After a fashion I reasoned—I remember reasoning. I said to myself, "I had always thought ghosts were white and transparent; this is a thing of thick shadows, densely opaque." I reminded myself that the occasion was momentous, and that if fear were to overcome me I should gather all possible impressions while my wits remained. I stepped back, foot behind foot, with my eyes still on the figure and placed my candles on the table. I was perfectly conscious that the proper thing was to ascend the stairs resolutely, face to face with the image, but the soles of my shoes seemed suddenly to have been transformed into leaden weights. I had got what I wanted; I was seeing the ghost. I tried to look at the figure distinctly so that I could remember it, and fairly claim, afterward, not to have lost my self-possession. I even asked myself how long it was expected I should stand looking, and how soon I could honorably retire. All this, of course, passed through my mind with extreme rapidity, and it was checked by a further movement on the part of the figure. Two white hands appeared in the dark perpendicular mass, and were slowly raised to what seemed to be the level of the head. Here they were pressed together, over the region of the face, and then they were removed, and the face was disclosed. It was dim, white, strange, in every way ghostly. It looked down at me for an instant, after which one of the hands was raised again, slowly, and waved to and fro before it. There was something very singular in this gesture; it seemed to denote resentment and dismissal, and yet it had a sort of trivial, familiar motion. Familiarity on the part of the haunting Presence had not entered into my calculations, and did not strike me pleasantly. I agreed with Captain Diamond that it was "damned disagreeable." I was pervaded by an intense desire to make an orderly, and, if possible, a graceful retreat. I wished to do it gallantly, and it seemed to me that it would be gallant to blow out my candles. I turned

and did so, punctiliously, and then I made my way to the door, groped a moment and opened it. The outer light, almost extinct as it was, entered for a moment, played over the dusty depths of the house and showed me the solid shadow.

Standing on the grass, bent over his stick, under the early glimmering stars, I found Captain Diamond. He looked up at me fixedly for a moment, but asked no questions, and then he went and locked the door. This duty performed, he discharged the other—made his obeisance like the priest before the altar—and then without heeding me further, took his departure.

A few days later, I suspended my studies and went off for the summer's vacation. I was absent for several weeks, during which I had plenty of leisure to analyze my impressions of the supernatural. I took some satisfaction in the reflection that I had not been ignobly terrified; I had not bolted nor swooned—I had proceeded with dignity. Nevertheless, I was certainly more comfortable when I had put thirty miles between me and the scene of my exploit, and I continued for many days to prefer the daylight to the dark. My nerves had been powerfully excited; of this I was particularly conscious when, under the influence of the drowsy air of the sea-side, my excitement began slowly to ebb. As it disappeared, I attempted to take a sternly rational view of my experience. Certainly I had seen *something*—that was not fancy; but what had I seen? I regretted extremely now that I had not been bolder, that I had not gone nearer and inspected the apparition more minutely. But it was very well to talk; I had done as much as any man in the circumstances would have dared; it was indeed a physical impossibility that I should have advanced. Was not this paralyzation of my powers in itself a supernatural influence? Not necessarily, perhaps, for a sham ghost that one accepted might do as much execution as a real ghost. But why had I so easily accepted the sable phantom that waved its hand? Why had it so impressed itself? Unquestionably, true or false, it was a very clever phantom. I greatly preferred that it should have been true—in the first place because I did not care to have shivered and shaken for nothing, and in the second place because to have seen a well-authenticated goblin is, as things go, a feather in a quiet man's cap. I tried, therefore, to let my vision rest and to stop turning it over. But

an impulse stronger than my will recurred at intervals and set a mocking question on my lips. Granted that the apparition was Captain Diamond's daughter; if it was she it certainly was her spirit. But was it not her spirit and something more?

The middle of September saw me again established among the theologic shades, but I made no haste to revisit the haunted house.

The last of the month approached—the term of another quarter with poor Captain Diamond—and found me indisposed to disturb his pilgrimage on this occasion; though I confess that I thought with a good deal of compassion of the feeble old man trudging away, lonely, in the autumn dusk, on his extraordinary errand. On the thirtieth of September, at noonday, I was drowsing over a heavy octavo, when I heard a feeble rap at my door. I replied with an invitation to enter, but as this produced no effect I repaired to the door and opened it. Before me stood an elderly negress with her head bound in a scarlet turban, and a white handkerchief folded across her bosom. She looked at me intently and in silence; she had that air of supreme gravity and decency which aged persons of her race so often wear. I stood interrogative, and at last, drawing her hand from her ample pocket, she held up a little book. It was the copy of Pascal's "Thoughts" that I had given to Captain Diamond.

"Please, sir," she said, very mildly, "do you know this book?"

"Perfectly," said I, "my name is on the fly-leaf."

"It is your name—no other?"

"I will write my name if you like, and you can compare them," I answered.

She was silent a moment and then, with dignity—"It would be useless, sir," she said, "I can't read. If you will give me your word that is enough. I come," she went on, "from the gentleman to whom you gave the book. He told me to carry it as a token—a token—that is what he called it. He is right down sick, and he wants to see you."

"Captain Diamond—sick?" I cried. "Is his illness serious?"

"He is very bad—he is all gone."

I expressed my regret and sympathy, and offered to go to him immediately, if his sable messenger would show me the way. She assented deferentially, and in a few moments I was following her along the sunny streets, feeling very much like a personage in the

Arabian Nights, led to a postern gate by an Ethiopian slave. My own conductress directed her steps toward the river and stopped at a decent little yellow house in one of the streets that descend to it. She quickly opened the door and led me in, and I very soon found myself in the presence of my old friend. He was in bed, in a darkened room, and evidently in a very feeble state. He lay back on his pillow staring before him, with his bristling hair more erect than ever, and his intensely dark and bright old eyes touched with the glitter of fever. His apartment was humble and scrupulously neat, and I could see that my dusky guide was a faithful servant. Captain Diamond, lying there rigid and pale on his white sheets, resembled some ruggedly carved figure on the lid of a Gothic tomb. He looked at me silently, and my companion withdrew and left us alone.

"Yes, it's you," he said, at last, "it's you, that good young man. There is no mistake, is there?"

"I hope not; I believe I'm a good young man. But I am very sorry you are ill. What can I do for you?"

"I am very bad, very bad; my poor old bones ache so!" and, groaning portentously, he tried to turn toward me.

I questioned him about the nature of his malady and the length of time he had been in bed, but he barely heeded me; he seemed impatient to speak of something else. He grasped my sleeve, pulled me toward him, and whispered quickly:

"You know my time's up!"

"Oh, I trust not," I said, mistaking his meaning. "I shall certainly see you on your legs again."

"God knows!" he cried. "But I don't mean I'm dying; not yet a bit. What I mean is, I'm due at the house. This is rent-day."

"Oh, exactly! But you can't go."

"I can't go. It's awful. I shall lose my money. If I am dying, I want it all the same. I want to pay the doctor. I want to be buried like a respectable man."

"It is this evening?" I asked.

"This evening at sunset, sharp."

He lay staring at me, and, as I looked at him in return, I suddenly understood his motive in sending for me. Morally, as it came into my thought, I winced. But, I suppose I looked unperturbed, for he continued in the same tone. "I can't lose my money. Some one else must go. I asked Belinda; but she won't hear of it."

"You believe the money will be paid to another person?"

"We can try, at least. I have never failed before and I don't know. But, if you say I'm as sick as a dog, that my old bones ache, that I'm dying, perhaps she'll trust you. She don't want me to starve!"

"You would like me to go in your place, then?"

"You have been there once; you know what it is. Are you afraid?"

I hesitated.

"Give me three minutes to reflect," I said, "and I will tell you." My glance wandered over the room and rested on the various objects that spoke of the threadbare, decent poverty of its occupant. There seemed to be a mute appeal to my pity and my resolution in their cracked and faded sparseness. Meanwhile Captain Diamond continued, feebly:

"I think she'd trust you, as I have trusted you; she'll like your face; she'll see there is no harm in you. It's a hundred and thirty-three dollars, exactly. Be sure you put them into a safe place."

"Yes," I said at last, "I will go, and, so far as it depends upon me, you shall have the money by nine o'clock to-night."

He seemed greatly relieved; he took my hand and faintly pressed it, and soon afterward I withdrew. I tried for the rest of the day not to think of my evening's work, but, of course, I thought of nothing else. I will not deny that I was nervous; I was, in fact, greatly excited, and I spent my time in alternately hoping that the mystery should prove less deep than it appeared, and yet fearing that it might prove too shallow. The hours passed very slowly, but, as the afternoon began to wane, I started on my mission. On the way, I stopped at Captain Diamond's modest dwelling, to ask how he was doing, and to receive such last instructions as he might desire to lay upon me. The old negress, gravely and inscrutably placid, admitted me, and, in answer to my inquiries, said that the Captain was very low; he had sunk since the morning.

"You must be right smart," she said, "if you want to get back before he drops off."

A glance assured me that she knew of my projected expedition, though, in her own opaque black pupil, there was not a gleam of self-betrayal.

"But why should Captain Diamond drop off?" I asked. "He certainly seems very weak; but I cannot make out that he has any definite disease."

"His disease is old age," she said, sentimentously.

"But he is not so old as that; sixty-seven or sixty-eight, at most."

She was silent a moment.

"He's worn out; he's used up; he can't stand it any longer."

"Can I see him a moment?" I asked; upon which she led me again to his room.

He was lying in the same way as when I had left him, except that his eyes were closed. But he seemed very "low," as she had said, and he had very little pulse. Nevertheless, I further learned the doctor had been there in the afternoon and professed himself satisfied. "He don't know what's been going on," said Belinda, curtly.

The old man stirred a little, opened his eyes, and after some time recognized me.

"I'm going, you know," I said. "I'm going for your money. Have you anything more to say?" He raised himself slowly, and with a painful effort, against his pillows; but he seemed hardly to understand me. "The house, you know," I said. "Your daughter."

He rubbed his forehead, slowly, awhile, and at last, his comprehension awoke. "Ah, yes," he murmured, "I trust you. A hundred and thirty-three dollars. In old pieces—all in old pieces." Then he added more vigorously, and with a brightening eye: "Be very respectful—be very polite. If not—if not —" and his voice failed again.

"Oh, I certainly shall be," I said, with a rather forced smile. "But, if not?"

"If not, I shall know it!" he said, very gravely. And with this, his eyes closed and he sunk down again.

I took my departure and pursued my journey with a sufficiently resolute step. When I reached the house, I made a propitiatory bow in front of it, in emulation of Captain Diamond. I had timed my walk so as to be able to enter without delay; night had already fallen. I turned the key, opened the door and shut it behind me. Then I struck a light, and found the two candlesticks I had used before, standing on the tables in the entry. I applied a match to both of them, took them up and went into the parlor. It was empty, and though I waited awhile, it remained empty. I passed then into the other rooms on the same floor, and no dark image rose before me to check my steps. At last, I came out into the hall again, and stood weighing the question of going upstairs. The staircase had been the scene of my discomfiture be-

fore, and I approached it with profound mistrust. At the foot, I paused, looking up, with my hand on the balustrade. I was acutely expectant, and my expectation was justified. Slowly, in the darkness above, the black figure that I had seen before took shape. It was not an illusion; it was a figure, and the same. I gave it time to define itself, and watched it stand and look down at me with its hidden face. Then, deliberately, I lifted up my voice and spoke.

"I have come in place of Captain Diamond, at his request," I said. "He is very ill; he is unable to leave his bed. He earnestly begs that you will pay the money to me; I will immediately carry it to him." The figure stood motionless, giving no sign. "Captain Diamond would have come if he were able to move," I added, in a moment, appealingly; "but, he is utterly unable."

At this the figure slowly unveiled its face and showed me a dim, white mask; then it began slowly to descend the stairs. Instinctively I fell back before it, retreating to the door of the front sitting-room. With my eyes still fixed on it, I moved backward across the threshold; then I stopped in the middle of the room and set down my lights. The figure advanced; it seemed to be that of a tall woman, dressed in vaporous black crape. As it drew near, I saw that it had a perfectly human face, though it looked extremely pale and sad. We stood gazing at each other; my agitation had completely vanished; I was only deeply interested.

"Is my father dangerously ill?" said the apparition.

At the sound of its voice—gentle, tremulous, and perfectly human—I started forward; I felt a rebound of excitement. I drew a long breath, I gave a sort of cry, for what I saw before me was not a disembodied spirit, but a beautiful woman, an audacious actress. Instinctively, irresistibly, by the force of reaction against my credulity, I stretched out my hand and seized the long veil that muffled her head. I gave it a violent jerk, dragged it nearly off, and stood staring at a large fair person, of about five-and-thirty. I comprehended her at a glance; her long black dress, her pale, sorrow-worn face, painted to look paler, her very fine eyes,—the color of her father's,—and her sense of outrage at my movement.

"My father, I suppose," she cried, "did not send you here to insult me!" and she turned away rapidly, took up one of the candles and moved toward the door. Here she paused, looked at me again, hesitated,

and then drew a purse from her pocket and flung it down on the floor. "There is your money!" she said, majestically.

I stood there, wavering between amazement and shame, and saw her pass out into the hall. Then I picked up the purse. The next moment, I heard a loud shriek and a crash of something dropping, and she came staggering back into the room without her light.

"My father—my father!" she cried; and with parted lips and dilated eyes, she rushed toward me.

"Your father—where?" I demanded.

"In the hall, at the foot of the stairs."

I stepped forward to go out, but she seized my arm.

"He is in white," she cried, "in his shirt. It's not he!"

"Why, your father is in his house, in his bed, extremely ill," I answered.

She looked at me fixedly, with searching eyes.

"Dying?"

"I hope not," I stuttered.

She gave a long moan and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, heavens, I have seen his ghost!" she cried.

She still held my arm; she seemed too terrified to release it. "His ghost!" I echoed, wondering.

"It's the punishment of my long folly!" she went on.

"Ah," said I, "it's the punishment of my indiscretion—of my violence!"

"Take me away, take me away!" she cried, still clinging to my arm. "Not there"—as I was turning toward the hall and the front door—"not there, for pity's sake! By this door—the back entrance." And snatching the other candles from the table, she led me through the neighboring room into the back part of the house. Here was a door opening from a sort of scullery into the orchard. I turned the rusty lock and we passed out and stood in the cool air, beneath the stars. Here my companion gathered her black drapery about her, and stood for a moment, hesitating. I had been infinitely flurried, but my curiosity touching her was uppermost. Agitated, pale, picturesque, she looked, in the early evening light, very beautiful.

"You have been playing all these years a most extraordinary game," I said.

She looked at me somberly, and seemed disinclined to reply. "I came in perfect good faith," I went on. "The last time—

three months ago—you remember?—you greatly frightened me."

"Of course it was an extraordinary game," she answered at last. "But it was the only way."

"Had he not forgiven you?"

"So long as he thought me dead, yes. There have been things in my life he could not forgive."

I hesitated and then—"And where is your husband?" I asked.

"I have no husband—I have never had a husband."

She made a gesture which checked further questions, and moved rapidly away. I walked with her round the house to the road, and she kept murmuring—"It was he—it was he!" When we reached the road she stopped, and asked me which way I was going. I pointed to the road by which I had come, and she said—"I take the other. You are going to my father's?" she added.

"Directly," I said.

"Will you let me know to-morrow what you have found?"

"With pleasure. But how shall I communicate with you?"

She seemed at a loss, and looked about her. "Write a few words," she said, "and put them under that stone." And she pointed to one of the lava slabs that bordered the old well. I gave her my promise to comply, and she turned away. "I know my road," she said. Everything is arranged. It's an old story."

She left me with a rapid step, and as she receded into the darkness, resumed, with the dark flowing lines of her drapery, the phantasmal appearance with which she had at first appeared to me. I watched her till she became invisible, and then I took my own leave of the place. I returned to town at a swinging pace, and marched straight to

the little yellow house near the river. I took the liberty of entering without a knock, and, encountering no interruption, made my way to Captain Diamond's room. Outside the door, on a low bench, with folded arms, sat the sable Belinda.

"How is he?" I asked.

"He's gone to glory."

"Dead?" I cried.

She rose with a sort of tragic chuckle.

"He's as big a ghost as any of them now!"

I passed into the room and found the old man lying there irredeemably rigid and still. I wrote that evening a few lines which I proposed on the morrow to place beneath the stone, near the well; but my promise was not destined to be executed. I slept that night very ill—it was natural—and in my restlessness left my bed to walk about the room. As I did so I caught sight, in passing my window, of a red glow in the north-western sky. A house was on fire in the country, and evidently burning fast. It lay in the same direction as the scene of my evening's adventures, and as I stood watching the crimson horizon I was startled by a sharp memory. I had blown out the candle which lighted me, with my companion, to the door through which we escaped, but I had not accounted for the other light, which she had carried into the hall and dropped—heaven knew where—in her consternation. The next day I walked out with my folded letter and turned into the familiar cross-road. The haunted house was a mass of charred beams and smoldering ashes; the well-cover had been pulled off, in quest of water, by the few neighbors who had had the audacity to contest what they must have regarded as a demon-kindled blaze, the loose stones were completely displaced, and the earth had been trampled into puddles.

SHADOWS.

A ZEPHYR moves the maple-trees,
And straightway o'er the grass
The shadows of their branches shift—
Shift, Love, but do not pass.

So, though with time a change may come,
Within my steadfast heart
The shadow of thy form may stir,
But cannot, Love, depart.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "AMERICA."

It seems as wild as Constance, as eerie as Undine, as far as Morte d' Arthur, as big as Robinson Crusoe, as hard as Jonah.

I sit upon the jutting lava rocks of Eastern Point, and say it seems impossible.

Lazily upon the rich and tortured hues which the beating water and the bursting fire opened for my pleasure ages ago, falls the liquid August sunlight, as only Gloucester sunlight falls, I think the wide world over. Through it, the harbor widens, gladdens to the sea. The tide beats at my feet, a mighty pulse, slow, even, healthy and serene. Scant weeds of umber shades and green, with now and then a dash of carmine, are sucked in by the olive-green barnacles, or wash idly past me through the lava gorge. The near waves curve and break in quiet colors; across the harbor's width they deepen and purple, if one can place the eyes, beneath the blaze of the climbing sun, upon them. A shred or two of foam, curling lightly against the cliffs of the western shore, whispers that far across the broad arm of the Point, the sleeping east wind has reared his head to look the harbor over. Beneath the bright shade of many-hued sun-umbrellas the dories of the pleasure-people tilt daintily. At the distance nearly of two miles—the harbor's width—I can see the glitter of the cunners caught sharply from the purple water; as well as the lithe, light drawing of a lady's hand over the boat's side against the idle tide. All along the lee shore from the little reef, Black Bess, to the busy town, the buoys of the mackerel nets bob sleepily; in and out among them, with the look of men who have toiled all night and taken nothing, glide the mackerel fishers, peaceful and poor. The channel, where the wind has freshened now, is full. The lumber-schooner is there from Machias, the coal-bark bound for Boston, the fishing-sloop headed to the Banks. The water-boat trips up and down on a supply tour. A revenue cutter steams in and out importantly. The Government lighter struts by. A flock of little pleasure sails fly past the New York school-ship, peering up at her like curious canaries at a solemn watch-dog. A somber old pilot-boat, indifferent to all the world, puts in to get her dinner after her morning's work, and the heavily weighted salt-sloops tack to clear the Boston steamer turning Norman's Woe. And Norman's Woe, the fair, the cruel,—

the Woe of song and history,—can it ever have been a terror? Now it is a trance. Behind it the blended greens of the rich inhabited shore close up softly; upon it the full light falls; the jagged teeth of the bared rock round smoothly in the pleasant air; the colors known to artists as orange chrome, and yellow ochre, and burnt Sienna, caress each other to make the reef a warm and gentle thing.

Beyond it, stirs the busy sea. The day falls so fair that half the commerce of the Massachusetts coast seems to be alive upon its happy heart. The sails swarm like silver bees. The black hulls start sharply from the water-line, and look round and full like embossed designs against the delicate sky. It is one of the *silver days*, dear to the hearts of dwellers by the shore, when every detail in the distance is magnified and sharp. I can see the thin fine line of departing masts, heads, far, far, far, till they dip and utterly melt. Half-way Rock—half-way to Boston from my lava gorge—rises clear-cut and vivid to the unaided eye, as if brought within arm's-length by a powerful glass. And there the curved arm of the Salem shore stretches out, and Marblehead turns her fair neck toward us: in the faint, violet tinge of the outlines I can see pale specks where houses cluster thickly.

Beyond them all, across the flutter of uncounted sails, which fly, which glide, which creep, which pass and repass, wind and interwind, which dare me to number them and defy me to escape them—dim as a dream and fair as a fancy—I can distinctly see the long, low, gray outline of Cape Cod.

Cape Cod? I will take the "Sandpiper" and row over there after dinner. Nothing were easier.

I say as much to the Ancient Mariner who sits below me in the lava gorge, bracing his foot against the death of half a hundred green and golden snails, engaged, as Mr. Coleridge, you remember, tells us, in the honorable, if prosaic, occupation of cleaning cod. The Ancient Mariner is of a literal turn of mind, and, to my innocent metaphysical attempt to "conceive the inconceivable," superciliously and succinctly makes answer:

"Think so!"

And indeed, after some moments of reflection, the bold idea seems so to work upon

his feelings that he turns slowly around, as far as he ever allows himself to turn around when honoring me with his society, for he considers it a point of gallantry that he keep his busy shoulder broad across the range of vision which interposes between the cod and me; and for that knightly instinct, may all the cod in Gloucester harbor take it as a pleasure-trip to come into his net and be cleaned! He turns slowly, half-way round, and articulates distinctly:

"Think so! Cape Cod! The Sand-peep!"

No language can express the immense atmospheric pressure of scorn to the square inch of accent, contained in this irreverent remark. I catch my breath with horror. The "Sandpiper"—the dignified, the delicate, the dear; the "Sandpiper" that skims the glowing bay, now to the measure of Celia Thaxter's poem, now to the beat of swift and tiny wings above my head—now to the throb of the rower's own unspoken and unspeakable fancies—my boat—the "*Sand-peep*"!

It may be that my breathless silence penetrates the superb superiority below me with a dim sense of desire to make amends for an uncomprehended but palpable injury; for, after a certain pause, in the serene slow voice peculiar, I believe, to an old salt about to spin an intricate sea-yarn, there float to me the words:

"Did ye ever hear about the schooner 'America'?"

In an instant I forgive him. He might have called it, as the reporter did, the "*Sand-scraper*"—I could have forgiven that, yea, unto seventy times seven. I clamber into the softest corner of the lava gorge; I court the tenderest embrace of my Himalaya shawl; I fix my eyes upon the violet horizon and the silver sea. The Ancient Mariner, sitting still, impervious, between his honorable occupation and my own, gestureless, unimpassioned, half-hidden, tells the tale with the serenity and insistence of an old Greek chorus; and between the pauses of his unvaried voice, the rising tide beats restlessly.

"Wal, I'll tell you about that if you'd like to hear. Times I've sat in the chimbley-corner and heerd my grandfather tell it, aint skerce. You see my grandfather was one of 'em. We used to consider it a great honor in our days, folks did, to be one of that there crew. True? It's true as Bible. And I'm an old-fashioned man that believes in Bible. Mebbe because I was brought up

to, and it's handy coming by your religion in the course of natur', as it is by your eye-brows or your way of walking. Then, mebbe it's the way a man's made up. Some folks take to religion, and some folks take to shoes, and it may be fishing, or, perhaps, it's rum. My grandfather was a pious man.

"It was nigh a hundred years ago; in Anne Dominoes 1779, as my grandfather used to say, that the schooner 'America' weighed from this port bound for the West Indies on a trading voyage.

"There was five in the crew, and my grandfather he was one. They were Gloucester boys, as I remember, grow'd up around here. And Cap'n Elwell, everybody knew *him*; he was postmaster. They sailed the last of July, 1779.

"We sailed the last of July," says my grandfather, 'seventeen hundred and seventy-nine,' says he, and if I've heerd him say it once I've heerd it fifty times. I was a little shaver. I used to sit on stormy nights and hear him talk. The only thing I ever had against my grandfather was the time he took to steer through family prayers. I whittled out a dory rudder once before he got through praying. But when it come to yarns, you couldn't find his beat. And that's what perplexes me. Why, if a man can tell a good yarn to folks, can't he tell a good one to the Lord? For that a prayer's no more nor less than that, to my mind—a mighty yarn—so big you believe it when you're telling it because you can't help yourself, and other folks believe it when they listen because they can't help themselves. Eh? Well, I don't know; that's the way it seems to me.

"There was one chap among the boys booked for that voyage in the 'America' that I must mention. The boys they called him Bub. He was a youngish fellow—the youngest of the lot. And I've heerd tell he was palish in his make, and slight, sort o' like a girl; and how he had a pretty face and that his hair curled. Light hair, grandfather said, and blue eyes. I can remember once his sitting up against the kitchen boiler and saying how that fellow's eyes remembered him of a little sister that I had about that time. But her name was Dorothy, and she died of scarlet fever.

"Now, you see, this young chap that they called Bub, he'd just got married. Barely nineteen, says grandfather, was that boy, and married to a little girl mebbe a year the less. And the cutting thing about it was these poor young things hadn't been married

not more than six weeks when the 'America' set sail.

"I don't know if folks took things a hundred years ago as they might take 'em now. Suppose so. Don't you? Seems somehow as if they was made of different dough. Now, I've seen women, and women, and the way wives take on, you know, when their men set sail from Gloucester harbor. Fishing folks are used to that. Them that go down to the sea in ships get used to bitter things. It aint so much taking your life in your hands, as other matters that are wuth more than life to you to think on and remember of. If you've married a good woman and set anything by her, and she set anything by you, a man takes her eyes along with him as they looked with tears in 'em; and her hands along, as they felt when they got around his neck; and her voice, the sound it had, when it choked in trying to say good-bye that morning; and the look of the baby in her arms as she stood agin the door.

"Women-folks are plenty, but they're skerce in their ways. One don't do things like another. You'll never find two fish jump on the hook in the same manner, not if you fish to the next Centennial. I've seen a little measly cunner make fuss enough as it hed been the sea-serpent; and I've seen a three pound mackerel slip int' the dory polite and easy, as if he'd only come to dun you for a little bill.

"Some women they take on like to make you deaf. Screech. Have highsterics. Some they follow him to the wharf and stand sobbin', sort of quiet. There's others that stay to home, and what they says and what they suffers no man knows but him that they belong to. That's the way my wife always done. Never a messmate of mine saw that woman cry. Once I saw a woman at the laundry over there, doing clothes among a lot of folks, and a man steps up and says to her before them all—and if I'd been nigh enough seems I should have knocked him down—and says he: 'Your husband's drowned; and your son Tom.' Like that! Wal, she just put her apron over her head, that woman did, threw it across without a word, and she dropped her irons, and she put and run. She run right through us all, and up the streets, and straight for home. And in she went and shut the door, and let no one behind her.

"Nigh as I can make out, this young fellow's wife I'm talkin' of, was some like

that. Folks say she was a pretty creetur, with that look some women have when they're just married: as happy as an angel, and as scarey as a little bird—I've seen 'em; shy of everybody but him; and think themselves too well off to care if ever they speak to other folks again. I like to see a woman have that look. It wears off quick enough. So doos the shine on a fancy bait; but all the same you want your bait to *shine*; you don't go trading for a dull one, if only of respect to the feelings of the fish.

"Now, of all the p'int's that have been forgotten in that affair, it's never been disputed to my knowledge, what the name was of that poor young woman. Cur'ous, aint it? Her name was Annie. I've seen men sit and wrangle over bigger matters in the story, as how the wind was on a certain day, or who it was that picked them up, and so on; but I never heerd one yet deny that the young woman's name was Annie.

"You see they was mostly older and settled down; used to their wives by that time. And then it turned out so with Bub. The chap was musical too. I've heerd tell, and folks had it, that he called her Annie Laurie. I suppose you've heerd a song called 'Annie Laurie'? Eh? Didn't sing 'Annie Laurie' those days as they sing it these'n? I don't know. All I know is what folks said.

"It was a blazing hot July, I've heerd, the July the 'America' set sail. Night before they was to sail, it was dead-still, and hot like to weaken you to rags. My grandfather he was out a little late, to get a sou'-wester that he had mending up in a little old shop that used to stand over there beyond Davis's Fish Dinners—tore down long ago. His house, you see, was there—about there, acrost Front street; and them two young things, they lived in a little alley, long since made away with, and he had to pass their house in going home. And because they was so young, and because of what come after, I suppose, he said, says he, 'I shall never forget to the day I die,' says he, 'the sight I saw in walking by poor Bub's,' says he.

"It was so hot, he says, that the curtain was rolled up, and they'd set the light off in an inner room, thinking, mebbe, that no one would see. Or mebbe, in their love and misery, they didn't think at all. But the light shone through acrost, and there they sat, he says, half indistinct, like shadows, in one another's arms.

"He thought she must have had some

wrapping-gown on, he said, of a light color and thin, because it was so hot; but not considering it quite proper to reflect upon, and half ashamed to have looked in, although not meaning to, he couldn't say. But the poor young woman she sat in her husband's lap, and Bub, poor fellow! was brushing of her hair. She had long yellow hair, folks say, most to her feet. So there sits poor Bub, brushing of it for her, and just as grandfather went by, she put up her little hand—the way a woman has, you know—against her husband's cheek.

"To the day he died, my grandfather never mentioned that outside the family. It seemed a wickedness, he said. He jammed his hat across his eyes, and hurried home to his own folks. It was an old story to him and grandmother, he said.

"But," says he, "I felt as I'd have taken a five year voyage," says he, "if them two young things, just six weeks married, could have been let alone a little longer. They was living," says my grandfather very solemn, "what never comes but once to no one. They'd ought to have been let be. That kind of thing's too scarce in this world to be easy spoiled. God pity us!" says grandfather.

"Wal, so the next morning down the crew come, when the tide made, to the old wharf—rotted away, that wharf did, fifty year ago—where the 'America' lay at anchor. And the young man that they called Bub was among 'em—pale as one twelve hours dead, folks said; and about as still. But he spoke no word to nobody.

"The boys said she seemed to have said good-bye within the door; and when she'd let him go, repented of it or found it more than she could bear. And how she foller-ed after him a step or two—but he, never knowing, didn't turn. And when she saw the boys, and folks about, she stood a minute looking scared and undecided; and then they say she turned and ran—and never spoke; and that he never knew, for no one had the heart to tell him. And as she ran, she flung her hands above her head, and that long hair she had fell down and floated out, I've heerd. But she never spoke nor cried. And Bub walked on; and the boys they looked the other way.

"They had a likely voyage, I've always understood, and made their port in safety; although in war times, and feeling, I suppose a little nervous all the while. I forget the place. It was somewhere in the West Indies. They took in a cargo of cocoa and

rum. 1779, you know, was in the Revolutionary War. I had a great-uncle that was killed in Stony Point that year.

"Wal, the 'America' she sailed for home on the 25th of November. Cap'n Elwell, he calculated to be home, some folks said by New Year's, some by Christmas; but that seems to me onreliable, though the facts come nigh enough to it. They sailed in particular good spirits. Sailors are like horses headed for home. Seems as if they'd take the A'mighty's wind and weather like bits between their teeth, to get there.

"In particular, I've heerd tell, it was so with the young chap that they called Bub. On the out voyage he'd moped like a molting chicken; said nothing to nobody; never complained nor fretted; just moped. He hung round grandfather a good deal, who was civil to him, I guess, being sorry for the lad. Once he drew him on to talk about her, of a quiet evening, when they were on watch together; and he told him how he'd find when he got back, the comfort that she'd taken in counting of the days, and how women he had known grew quiet after a while, and contented like, and how the first voyage was the worst, and what grandmother said to him when he come back, and things like that. I guess he cheered the creetur up.

"From the hour they weighed for home, folks say, you never saw another like him. It seemed as if the 'America' wasn't big enough to hold him. He said nothing to nobody, even then—only he began to sing. They say he had a beautiful voice. Of nights, the boys set out on deck to hear him.

"About half seas home, the 'America' she entered on a run of foul weather. There was fogs, and there was head-winds, and there was some rain and sleet. And there come a spell, turned cold as a woman when her fancy's set agin you—a chilling, crawl-in', creepin', offish sort of cold, that of all things is most onpleasant when on sea or land.

"Howsomever, they made good fight against it, though discouraged, till they got a'most to Cape Ann. Then come up an awful storm.

"There's a hymn I've heerd my boys sing to Sunday-school. They sing it this way:

"Safe, safe at home!
No more to roam;
Safe, safe at home!"

I tell you, now, it takes a sailor to sing the sense into them words. There's no other

callin' that I know of where the nigher you come to home the bigger your danger. Most folks when they're going anywhere feel safer nigher that they come to it. At sea it's different. The very rocks you played acrost when you was a baby, the old reefs and beaches and cliffs you know by inches, and love like brothers,—they'll turn on you and gore you to death of a dark night, as if they'd been bounding bulls gone mad. And the waves you've learned to swim in, and plashed about and paddled in, and coaxed your father's heavy dory through when your hands wasn't big enough to hold an oar—those waves will turn agin you, as if you'd been their deadly foe, and toss you up as if you was a splinter, and grind you to pieces on the cliff, five rods mebber from your own front door, with your children's shadows on the window-curtain before your eyes.

"There's an old proverb we used to have round Gloucester: 'A sailor's never got home till he's had his dinner,' meaning, I take it, that same idea.

"Wal, you see, when the 'America' was hove just off Cape Ann, then come up this storm I speak of. They was within a few hours' sail of home. They'd had east by sou'-east winds, and a fine, drivin' snow-storm, squally and ill-tempered. That was about the first of January, most folks say. My grandfather he said it was the 27th of December, two days after Christmas, by his reckoning. That was off over the P'int—in that direction. He was up the mainfo'sail. Grandfather was trying to tie a reef-point, with his fingers nigh frozen to't, and the bitter wind a-blinding him. All at once there comes a dead shift. The wind she veered to the nor'ard at one awful bound, like a great leopard, and struck him like to strike him down. Through the horrid noise he hears Cap'n Elwell shouting out his orders like a man gone mad; but whether it was that they didn't understand, or whether because so many of the crew had froze their fingers, I can't say. Anyhow, it all went agin them, and the mainsail froze, and the jib balked, and scoot they went under full canvas, headed out to sea before that dead north wind.

"Wal, by the time they'd furl'd and come to their wits again, and strove to look about 'em, and crawled up gaspin' from the deck where the wind had hammered of 'em down as flat as dead, they made a horrible discovery, for when the blow was lightened more or less, the 'America' she began to

flop hither and yon in that manner that you wouldn't think much of if you didn't understand it; but if you was a seafaring man your heart would stand still to see.

"'What, in Death's name!' cries Cap'n Elwell, turning pale, I've heerd, for the first time upon the voyage, 'has happened to the rudder?'

"Then up steps one of the boys,—him that had the helm,—and tells him, short, like this:

"'Sir! we've lost our rudder. That's what's happened.'

"Wal, there's disarsters and disarsters, and some are as much wuss than others as the small-pox is wuss than the chicken. I've been to sea a good part of my life. I've been wrecked four times. I've been in Death's jaws till I could feel 'em crunch upon me times again, and I give it as my personal opinion, I'd rather lose my mainmast, or I'd rather run aground, or I'd be stove in aft, or I'd take my chances most anyhow, before I'd lose my rudder.

"Wal, the 'America' she lost hern, and there they was. It was the fust of January, 1780. Cold. Cold as the eternal grave. On an almost onsailed sea, five poor freezin' fellows by themselves. Almost in sight of home, too.

"There they was. No more power to manage her than if they'd been five young ones put to sea in a wash-tub. Just about as if you and the 'Sand-peep' was to put out here int' the harbor and leave your oars to home.

"I've heerd my grandfather sit and tell how she behaved. Possessed as if she'd been a human creetur, fust she'd start and put like mad for sea, head down and keel up, as she'd scour the ocean over. Then again she'd back, and go for home, like to dash herself agin the coast just for temper. Then she'd change her mind, and seem to draw herself up and step along, stately, like a lady out on a pleasure-trip, and minding her own business. Then mebber she'd strike chop-seas, and just set these waddlin' like a mighty, helpless, dull old duck. Then more like she'd take the notion and make for the highest breakers like a bee.

"Hey? No. I never read about her. Constance, did you say they called her? I had a second cousin of that name. Put aboard without a rudder on the Mediterranean? Lived five year? We—all. I don't know. That's a bigger yarn than mine. Did you have it from any of the lady's relations?

"If you're acquainted with any folks that tell a yarn like that, you'll take it easy about the 'America.' Most folks don't. I've seen men sit and tell my grandfather and Cap'n Elwell to their face they lied.

"You see Cape Cod yonder—that grayish streak. Can't see it every day. Wal, it was the fust of January when the 'America' lost her rudder. *It was the fust of August when she was picked up.* As true as St. John wrote the Gospel before he lost his head, that there schooner drifted about in these waters mostly somewhere between Cape Ann and Cape Cod from January until August next. And of all the souls aboard her, only one—but I'll tell you about him presently.

"No; in all that while no living sail come nigh 'em. That shows, I take it, how on-sailed the waters were in them days. Though what with the war and trade, I could never understand it only on the ground of luck. They'd got the Devil's luck.

"First month, they couldn't none of 'em understand how bad the position was. Expected to be picked up, I suppose. Or thought, they'd run the chance of wreck, and come out uppermost. And then their provisions held.

"But it come to be February, and there they was; and March, and there they was; and it wore to be April, and it settled to be May; and then it come June, and July.

"About along spring-time the provisions they began to give out. Then, I take it, their sufferings began. So they took the cocoa and they boiled it down, and lived on it, with the rum. But they suffered most for water. I take it, what those men didn't know of misery aint much worth knowing.

"When the fuel give out, they tore out the inside of the boat. When they were picked up, I've heerd the inside was most gone, scooped out, bare timber enough left to hold her together.

"When you come to think of it, how all that time the schooner was drivin' up and down like a dead cop at the mercy of the wind and tide, it seems to me it must have give them a feeling enough to make a man go mad. It gives me a sensation to the brain to think on't sometimes safe at home. I've seen my grandfather after all those years set in our setting-room and tell, with the tears a-streaming down his cheeks, to remember of the suffering that they had.

"Once I've heerd, one April day, there'd been a fog, and it lifted sudden, peeling off

with a nor'-wester, and the men were lying round upon the ruined deck—they say they used to spend their time that way mostly, lyin' in the sun or rain, stupid like a sleepy dog—and all at once there come an awful cry among 'em. It was the young man Bub. He was standing in the bows with his hands above his eyes to look.

"And all the boys crawled up to see. And there was Gloucester shores before 'em, far, and looking peaceful like, and blessed, as you might think heaven would look to souls in hell. But the wind it shifted, and the tide set out shortly after. And when the night-fall come, they had drifted out of sight again.

"From that hour, folks say, the poor lad kind of battened out. He couldn't eat the cocoa as the rest did, and the rum it disagreed with him, and the drought fell on in June, and the heat come. He crawled into a little corner forward that he took a fancy to, and set, this way with his hands about his knees, and his eyes kind of staring from his head. Times they tried to talk to him, but nothing could they get. Only now and then he talked a jumble in a gentle way, but mostly all they could make of it was the poor young woman's name.

"'Annie? Annie?' softly over like that, as he was asking her a question. 'Annie?' he'd say, says grandfather. Nigh as I can make out, I think the heat must have gone harder by 'em than the cold.

"The blazin' of the sky above your head, says grandfather, and the deck blisterin' in little blisters, and feeling along with the tips of your fingers beside you, as you lay with your head upon your arms, to count 'em, not having other thoughts, and seeing the sky take on cur'ous colors, as green and purple, and seem to break up in flying solid bits, and spin before you, as you'd see it in a mighty dark kaleidoscope, and the gnawing like a thousand claws throughout your vitals, and the loathing of the cocoa, and the cur'ous way in which you'd feel, as you hadn't eaten anything for swallowing of it. And how, when you was lying there a-tossing up and down, crazy mebbe (for some of 'em was crazy as a loon, or dead drunk like with the miserable rum), a starving, thirsting, sickening, dying and deserted creatur,—sudden you'd seem to see the supper-table spread to home, and a piece of ice melting slowly at the edges down into the water-pitcher; and a bit of bacon mebbe, and the kind of muffins that your wife made best, and her pouring of the coffee out, and the children teasing

you for scraps and tastes, and of having had so much, you stopped to feed the kitten with the gristle. And then its coming to you all at once how fat that kitten was, and well-to-do, and your own folks feeding her while you was starving. 'I can understand,' says my grandfather, 'forever after how the fellow felt in Scriptor, when he said the servants in his father's house had bread enough, and some to spare. It was a very natural state of mind,' says grandfather.

"One chap, he says, was mostly troubled to know who his wife would marry after he was dead. They was a fellow he'd been jealous of, and it bothered him. It was a second wife, too.

"I don't know how it was about the fishing. Whether it was lines they lacked or luck. Nigh as I can remember, it was both, but there was a net, and they got a mortal few.

"About the middle of July, there happened a curious thing. The cocoa was gone. The day was hellish hot. They was perishing for water and for food. Then up the Cap'n rises, slow and solemn, like a ghost among a crew of ghosts, and, says he: 'Let us pray.'

"I can't say if it had just occurred to him, or if he'd ever said the same before. All I know is, how he said: 'Let us pray,' says Cap'n Elwell. Well, they say the poor creeturs crawled out' their knees, such as had the power left, and all began to say their prayers in turns, like children, beginning with the Cap'n, and so down. And one, he said, 'Our Father,' and some they prayed a reglar meetin' prayer, and one said, 'Now I lay me,' till it come to Bub.

"The poor lad lay upon the fore quarter-deck, all coiled up like a cable, and panted for his breath. One of the boys he nudged him.

"'Come, Bub,' says he, 'it's your turn. Everybody's tried his hand but you.'

"And you wouldn't believe it, but up that creetur got, and kneeled onsteady, and rolled his great blue eyes upon 'em, and folded his hands together—and his hands was that worn you could see through 'em—and then he lifted up his head and began to sing. And the words he sung was the words of 'Annie Laurie.'

"No man, I've heerd say, who saw that sight, forgot it to the day he died.

"Sang poor Bub:

"'Her face is aye the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on.'

"'And she's a' the world to me,
She's a' the world to me!'

"They say you could have heard him a full mile across the blazin' awful waters, singing there among them kneeling men:

"'She's a' the WORLD to me!'

"Him that made the heart of man to cling to woman, so deep and so mysterious, He knows; and Him that made the heart of man to turn to Him so weakly and so helpless, He may judge. The feelin's that a clean-natured young man will bear to his wedded wife aint so far removed from a pious spirit, to my thinking. But, as for poor Bub's prayer, I aint a judge, nor wishing to be one. I can't say what all that had to do with the fish. Folks have their personal opinions about that fish, as about most things that come up. All I know is, and this is a living fact, that very mortal evening, as they floated sickening unto death upon the horrid calm that fell upon the sea, there jumps an enormous fellow from the water—clean out—and up, and over, and on deck among them. And they fell upon him like wild creeturs, not waiting to cook the flesh, but eating of it raw. And they feasted on him many days, and he kept them from starvation, I never heerd a doubt expressed. But, Cap'n Elwell, I've been told, he thought it was the prayers. There was a little shower come up that evening, too, and the men they saved a little water, and got poor Bub to drink it. I never could get my grandfather nor any one of 'em I knew, to talk much of what took place upon the 'America,' after that. Up to that p'int, he'd talk and talk. But there he stuck. I take it the sufferings they suffered from that time to the rescue was of those things that no mortal man can jabber of. It's much with misery as it is with happiness, I think. About so far, you're glad of company, and you like to cry a sort of boat ahoy! to other folks's joys or sorrows; but there you stop; you draws in, and holds your tongue and keeps your counsel. Other folks don't matter.

"Most I know is, how they'd drifted someway nigh Long Island when they was taken off. It was the second day of August, 1780. The boat that sighted them was bound from Dartmouth, over to England, to New York City. Seems to me, her Cap'n's name was Neal. At any rate, she set eyes on the 'America,' driftin' helpless up and down; and those men, like dead men set-

ting on the deck; and whether they made signals I don't know, but my impression is, they'd lost the strength to use their voice. But, Neal, he lowered his boat, and he went to see. And there they was before him. And he took 'em off, and brought 'em home.

"And all the town turned out to greet them when they come. Some folks I've heerd they shouted, but others stood and sobbed to see 'em. And mostly, I think, they took 'em to their wives and children, and never stopped to ask no questions, but shut the door and went about their business.

"Years and years, when I was a little chap, I've seen those men about our town. Folks looked on 'em as folks may have looked, I often think, on the fellows that come out of the tombs when Christ was crucified, and walked and talked among the livin'. I used to have a feeling, as I was afraid of 'em, and must speak softly, for fear I'd wake 'em up. And Cap'n Elwell, he lived to be ninety—being postmaster—and his wife very nigh the same.

"No; I was coming to that. I always hate to, when I tell the story. But gospel's gospel, and gospel-true you can't manufacture nor make over, no more'n you can the light of sunrise, or a salt east wind.

"Of all them men on the 'America,' six months tossing on the tides, and starved, and crazed, and tortured as they was, one only died. They all come back but just that one. And he was the poor young lad that they called Bub.

"Now, there's a singular thing about that p'int. The men that come home you never could get them to tell of that poor young creetur's last hours. Of the time and manner of his death, no man would speak. Some say it was too dreadful to be talked of, that he suffered so, and raved about his wife enough to break the hearts of them that heard. Some say he got delirious and jumped into the water. Others have it that he just wasted on and pined away, and that he lay and begged for water, and there was a little in a dipper, but that the boys were stupefied, as you might say, and out of their own heads, and nobody noticed it to give it him. And others say another thing.

"One night I come home and found my grandfather there, I can remember just as plain, setting on the settle by the fire-place.

"Grandfather," says I, walking up and setting down and opening of my jack-knife, I remember, while I asked the question: 'Grandfather, what become of Bub?'

"Bub died," says the old man, short enough; 'we've talked enough of Bub.'

"Wal," says I, 'what I want to know is, you didn't draw for him?'

"WHAT?" roars the old man, turning on me, like to knock me over.

"Folks say," says I, 'how the men on the 'America' drew lots when they was starving, to eat each other up; and I heerd say the lot fell on Bub. I said I knew better than that,' says I, 'and so I thought I'd ask. You didn't eat him, did you, grandfather?' says I, as innocent as that.

"I remember I was whittling a thole-pin with my jack-knife, and I remember how I whittled it all round smooth before that old man spoke or stirred. Then, up he come, and shook me till the breath was nigh out of my impudent little body, and glares down at me, till I'm frightened so I begin to cry.

"If ever I catch you listening to such damned stuff again," says grandfather, 'I'll have your father flog you till he's like to break every bone you've got!' Although he was a pious man, my grandfather did say, 'damned stuff.' And, after that, he wasn't pacified with me for a year to come.

"In all that miserable story, now, there's one thing I like to think of. The poor young woman never lived to know. Whether it was the oncertainty and distress—but something went wrong with her, everybody agrees on that; and she and her baby, they both died before the boys come home without him. There used to be an old nurse, a very old creetur, about town, that folks said took care of her, and told about it; and how, at the very last, she set erect in bed, with all that hair of hers about her, and says, quite gentle and happy in her mind:

"My husband's coming home to-night," says she; and up she raised her arms and moved one hand about, though feeble, as she was patting some one on the cheek, acrost the empty pillow; and so died.

"Wal, I've talked a powerful while. It's getting hot. Have dinner about this time, at your house, don't ye? If you didn't, I was going to say there's a lady that I know, can give you information of the 'America'; she's got a copy of the records. They've got the records over to Squam, and, if you find yourself so minded, I'll take the 'Sand-peep' some time when it's cooler, and row you up to see them. No trouble. Just as lieves. She's a pretty plaything, and you keep her clean. I wouldn't have you think I'd hurt your feelin's and meant a disrespect to-ward the 'Sand-peep.'"

The Ancient Mariner's tale, I am well convinced, is, for the most part, history; and it is proper for me to add that I owe to the kindness of "the lady that he knew,"—and to that of a local writer of Cape Ann, who, some time since, I am told, published in a local paper a fictitious version of these facts,—an exact copy of the records upon which the popular faith in the story leans.

These are the old parish records of Aninsquam, and were kept by one Rev. Obadiah Parsons; upon whose authority we have the following facts:

"The schooner 'America,' Capt. Isaac Elwell, sailed from Gloucester, the last of July, 1779, for the West Indies, which she left Nov. 25, bound for this town. She met with remarkably severe weather off this coast, and about ye first of Jan., 1780, when within a few hours' sail of Cape Ann, ye wind suddenly put into ye north-west, he

lost ye vessel's rudder and was drove off ye coast again, and driven hither and thither on the ocean till ye second day of August last, when they were taken off ye wreck by Capt. Henry Neal, of N. York, on his passage from Dartmouth, Eng., to N. Y. Who, when near Long Island, Aug. 10th, gave a boat to Capt. Elwell, in which he and the survivors of his crew, viz.: John Woodward, Sam'el Edmundston, Jacob Saney, and Nath'el Allen came alongshore and arrived at Cape Ann, Aug. 26, 1780. Many were ye hardships Capt. Elwell and his crew endured for six months and seventeen days; they had no bread nor meat to eat; they lived on parched cocoa and N. England rum burned down, and sometimes they ate fishes raw; in their greatest extremity, a large fish providentially leaped on ye vessel's deck, which served them for several days. They were frequently in great distress for want of water."

"A WOUNDED ONE WILL READ MY RHYME."

A WOUNDED one will read my rhyme,
And oh, her hurts shall all be healed—
The ruder foot on the wild thyme
Shall make it sweeter fragrance yield.

Though boldly struck my lyre of love,
Her heart will hear beneath the sound;
For every stream which runs above,
A thousand murmur underground.

I trust not much to joys unborn,
I've seen how often hopes deceive;
The dove which takes her wing at morn,
Perchance will not return at eve.

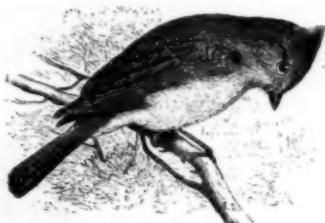
But ah, there is, there is a power
Can clear all shadows from the sight;
Firm Faith with finger on the hour,
Knows not if it be noon or night.

Better a life above the world,
Though like the insect's, for a day;
Better be smoke that's heavenward curled,
Than rock which wears to earth away.

Who keeps his tent and fears the field,
A woman's word may make him bold—
Love, with thy favor on my shield,
I go to shame the knights of old!

SOMETHING ABOUT BIRDS.

I HAD almost written, unconsciously, Beautiful Birds, for they have become symbols to us of all that is blithesome and free.



TUFTED TITMOUSE.

No one of all the classes of animals is more worthy of attention, or more easily studied. Including within their number every variety of costume and shape; present everywhere, and at all times; making us their confidants by coming to our door-steps, or awaiting us with newer and newer surprises if we go to the remote woods, the pathless ocean, or snowy mountain; marshaling their ranks over our heads, coming and going with the seasons, and defying our pursuit;—surely, here is something for the poet and artist, as well as the naturalist, to think upon.

But a bird is something more than a flitting fairy, or an incarnation of song. It has

TITMOUSE, OR
CHICKADEE.

substance and form; it moves swiftly, mysteriously from place to place, and looks out carefully for its own protection and subsistence; it cunningly builds a home, where it raises its young and teaches them to care for themselves. The how and why of some of these incidents of bird-life I want to tell you,—I say some,

for, after all, many of the ways of our familiar birds are unexplained.

The most prominent fact about a bird is a faculty in which it differs from every other creature except the bat and insects,—its power of flying. For this purpose, the bird's arm ends in only one long slender finger, instead of a full hand. To this are attached the quills and small feathers (coverts) on the upper side, which make up the wing. Observe how light all this is: in the first place, the bones are hollow, then the shafts of the feathers are hollow, and, finally, the feathers themselves are made of the most

delicate filaments, interlocking and clinging to one another with little grasping hooks of microscopic fineness. Well, how does a bird fly? It seems simple enough to describe, and yet it is a problem that the wisest in such matters have not yet worked out to everybody's satisfaction. This explanation, by the Duke of Argyle, appears to me to be the best: An open wing forms a hollow on its under-side like an inverted saucer; when the wing is forced down, the upward pressure of the air caught under this concavity, lifts the bird up, much as you hoist yourself up between the parallel bars in a gymnasium. But he could never in this way get ahead, and the hardest question is still to be answered. Now, the front edge of the wing, formed of the bones and muscles of the fore-arm, is rigid and unyielding, while the hinder margin is merely the soft flexible



BOBOLINK.

ends of the feathers; so when the wing is forced down, the air under it, finding this margin yielding the easier would rush out here, and, in so doing, would bend up the ends of the quills, pushing them forward out of the way, which, of course, would tend



SONG-SPARROW.

to shove the bird ahead. This process, quickly repeated, results in the phenomenon of flight.

The vigor and endurance that birds upon the wing display is astonishing.

Nearly all the migratory species of Europe must cross the Mediterranean without resting. Many take the direct course between the

coast of Africa and England, which is still farther. Our little blue-bird pays an annual visit to the Bermudas, six hundred miles from the continent, and Wilson estimated its apparently very moderate flight at much more than a mile a minute. Remarkable stories are told of the long flights tame falcons have been known to take,—one going a thousand three hundred miles in a day. Yarrell mentions carrier-pigeons that flew from Rouen to Ghent, one hundred and fifty miles, in an hour and a half, but this speed is surpassed by our own wild pigeons which have been shot in New York before the rice they had picked in Georgia had been digested. It is ascertained that a certain warbler must wing its way from Egypt to Heligoland, one thousand two hundred miles, in one night, and it is probable that martins endure equal exertion every long summer's day, in their ceaseless pursuit of insects. Taking, then, one hundred miles per hour as the rate of flight during migrations, we need not be surprised that representatives of more than thirty species of our wood-birds have been shot in the British Isles, since they could well sustain the sixteen hundred miles between Newfoundland and Ireland.

"A good ornithologist," says White of Selborne, "should be able to distinguish birds by their air, as well as their colors and shape, on the ground as well as on the wing, and in the bush as well as in the hand." Almost every family of birds has its peculiarities of manner. Thus, the kites and buzzards glide round in circles with wings expanded and motionless; marsh-hawks or harriers fly low over meadows and stubble-fields, beating the ground regularly. Crows and jays lumber along as though it were hard work, and herons are still more clumsy, having their long necks and longer legs to encumber them. The woodpecker's progress is in a series of long undulations, opening and closing the wings at every stroke. Our thistle-loving goldfinch also flies this way, but the most of the *Fringillidae* (finches, sparrows, etc.), have a short, jerking flight,

accompanied with many bobbings and flittings. Warblers and fly-catchers fly high up, smoothly and swiftly. Swallows and night-hawks seem to be mowing the air with scimitar wings, and move with surprising energy. On the ground, most small birds are hoppers, like the sparrows, but a few, like the water-thrush, truly and gracefully walk. The group of "shore-birds," however, are, emphatically, runners. Among all sorts, queer movements are assumed in the love-season, not noticeable at other times.

There is no part of the world where the feathered tribe is not represented, but no two quarters of the globe, and scarcely any two places a hundred miles apart have precisely the same sorts of birds, or in similar abundance. There are several reasons for this: first, the influence of climate. Birds provided with the means of resisting the extreme cold of northern regions, would be very uncomfortable under a southern sun. The geographical distribution of plants has long been recognized, but it is only recently that a like distribution of birds has been proved to exist. Moreover, oceans and high mountain chains limit the range of many kinds. Europe and America have scarcely any species in common, save of water-birds and large hawks. Those from the Pacific coast are essentially different from those found in the Mississippi Valley. Each district has a set of birds—and other animals as well—peculiar to its peculiar geography. Another great circumstance which determines the presence or absence of certain birds in the breeding season, is the abundance or scarcity of suitable food, not only for themselves, but also for their young; as



ROSEATE TERN.



BROWN CREEPER.



GREAT NORTHERN SHRIKE.

the food of birds at that time is often very different from their ordinary diet, it requires a close acquaintance with them to prophesy confidently what birds would be likely to be found breeding at a given point.

But few birds remain in the same region all the year round. Out of about 275 species occurring in New England or New York



MARBLED GODWIT.

in June, only 25 or 30 stay throughout the year; of these 40 or 50 come to us in winter only, leaving us 225 species of spring birds, half of which number merely pass through to their northern breeding-places. With this disparity, no wonder that we look for the return of the birds, and hail with delight the blue-bird calling to us through clear March mornings, the velvet-coated robins, the battalions of soldierly cedar-birds, the ghostly turtle-doves sighing their surging refrain, the pewees, and thrushes, and golden-orioles, and at last amid the bursting foliage and quickness of May life, the full host of brilliant choristers holding jubilee in the sunny tree-tops.

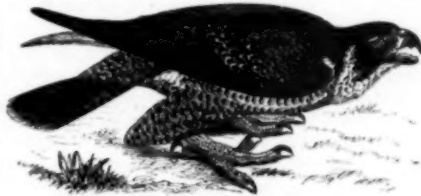


BLACKBURNIAN WARBLER.

In a very few days, as suddenly and mysteriously as they came, half the gay company has passed us going farther north to breed. Could we follow this army we should find it thinning gradually, as one species after another found its appropriate station,—a part in upper New England and Canada, many about Hudson's Bay, while not a few (water-birds especially) would lead us to the very shores of Arctic fjords. For them the summer is so short that ice and snow start them south before we have any thought of cold weather. On their way they pick up all the Labrador and Canada birds, reinforced by their young, so that an even greater army invades our woods amid the splendor of October, than made them ring in the exuberance of June. Then our own birds catch the infection, and singly, or in squads, companies and regiments, join the

great march to the savannas of the Gulf States, the table-lands of Central America, and on even to the jungles of the Orinoco. What a wonderful perception is that which teaches them to migrate; tells them just the day to set out, the proper course to take, and keeps them true to it over ocean and prairie, and monotonous forests, and often in the night! That the young, learning the route from the parent, remember it, would be no less remarkable were it true, which it probably is not; for many species seem to go north by one route, as along the coast, and return by another west of the Alleghanies, or *vice versa*. In proceeding northward, the males go ahead of the females a week or so; returning in the fall, the males again take the lead, and the young bring up the rear. Yet there are many exceptions to this rule, for with not a few birds, the males and females travel together; and with some, old and fully plumaged males are the last to arrive. All birds migrate more or less, even such, like the crow and song-sparrow, as stay with us through the year; for we probably do not see the same individuals both winter and summer. Even tropical birds move a little way from the equator and back again with the season; and in mountainous regions most of the birds, and many small animals, have a vertical migration only, descending to the valleys in winter, and re-ascending to the summits in summer,—difference in altitude accomplishing the same results as difference in latitude.

We can see various causes of these migrations, some of which have already been suggested, but the chief cause seems to be the necessity of their accustomed food. We find that those birds which make the longest and most complete migrations, are insect and honey-eaters; while the graminivorous and omnivorous birds, and such, like the titmouse and nut-hatch, as subsist on the young of insects to be found under the bark of trees, go but a short distance to escape



DUCK-HAWK, OR PEREGRINE FALCON.

inclement weather, or do not migrate at all. Sportsmen recognize the fact that the snipe and woodcock have returned, not because



MOUNTAIN QUAIL, OR PLUMED PARTRIDGE.

the rigorous winter days are wholly passed, but because the frost is sufficiently out of the ground to allow the worms to come to the surface; and know that in warm, springy meadows, these birds may often be found all through the year. Man no doubt influences the migratory habits of birds. To many he offers inducements in the shelter, and in the abundance of insects which his industry occasions, to linger later in the fall than was their wont, and return earlier in the spring. While, on the contrary, the persecution which the shy wildfowl have received, has



PUFFIN.

caused them generally to repair to secluded breeding-places, far north of their haunts of fifty years ago. But the migrations of most birds are somewhat irregular, and we have so few reliable data that we can hardly yet fully determine the laws

which govern their seasonal movements. The true home of a bird, then, is where it rears its young, even though it be not there more than a third of the year, and everywhere else it is merely a traveler or *migrant*. Should you then, after say two years of observation, want to write down a list of the birds inhabiting your district,—and you would thus be doing a real service to science,—it is important that you mention whether each bird breeds there, passes through spring and autumn, or is only a winter visitor.

Perhaps there is no animal in the world that comes nearer to man's heart, and seems more akin than the bird, because of its

beautiful home-life, and the loving care with which it anticipates and provides for its brood. There is a charm about the nest of a bird that doesn't linger about the hive of the wild bees, the burrow of the woodchuck or the dome of the musk-rat. It is more a home than any of them. The situation varies as much as the birds themselves. Trees, however, form the most common support, in the tip-top branches of which warblers will fix their tiny cradles; to the outer drooping twigs of which orioles and vireos will swing their hammocks; upon the stout horizontal limbs the thrushes and tanagers will come and build; against the trunk, and in the great forks, hawks and crows and jays will pile

their rude structures, and in the cracks and crannies, titmice, nut-hatches and woodpeckers will clean out old holes, or chisel new, in which to deposit their

eggs. But most of the large birds of prey inhabit lone crags, making an eyrie which they repair from year to year for the new brood. The ground, too, bears the less pretentious houses of sparrows and larks, and the scattered eggs of sand-pipers, gulls and terns; the marshes are occupied by rails, herons and ducks; the banks of rivers are burrowed into by kingfishers and sand-martins. So that almost every conceivable position is adopted by some kind or another,



GOLDEN PLOVER.



NIGHT-HAWK.

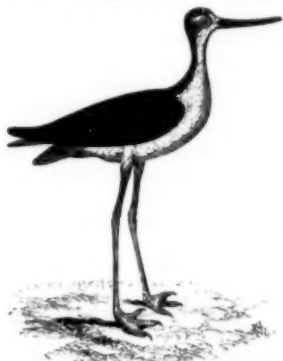


COMMON HOUSE-WREN.

and its peculiar custom usually, though not by any means invariably, adhered to by that species. A curious instance of change in this respect, is shown by the two barn-swallows and the chimney-swallow, which, before the civilization of this country, plastered their nests in caves and in the inside of hollow trees, as indeed they yet do in the far north-west. In the materials used and the construction of the nest, birds adapt themselves largely to circumstances. In the Northern States, for example, the Baltimore oriole uses hempen fibers, cotton twine, *et cetera*, for its nest; but in the heat of Louisiana the same pouch-shaped structure is woven of Spanish moss, and is light and cool. The intelligence and foresight that some birds exhibit in their architecture seem reason rather than instinct, as we popularly use these words; while others are so stupid as to upset all our respect for their faculties of calculation. Both sexes usually help in building the nest, and work industriously at it till it is ready for the eggs,—sometimes finishing it even after the female has begun to sit. I don't know where you can more easily watch this busy beginning of their domestic life, than in that little war which is sure to take place around your garden bird-box, where there are blue-birds and wrens. The former, arriving first, take possession; but the pugnacious wrens will often drive the blue-birds out and replace their grassy bed with their own coarse material. Then when the nest is done and the chatter and worry of its construction are over, and the female is seen no more except for a moment morning and evening when she leaves her vigil for a brief ramble, you shall see a picture of watchfulness and conjugal care on the part of the parent surpris-

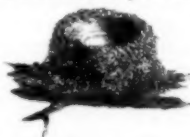
ing and beautiful. The quiet comfort and pretty little graces of refined bird-life which you lost in the expulsion of your blue-birds, you will find made up in the ceaseless activity and restless diligence and vivacity of that little bobbing bunch of brown excitement that calls itself a wren.

The best known birds probably are such famous songsters as the nightingale and the sky-lark; and because these and our canaries are foreign, most persons suppose that we have no equally fine songsters of our own. Let a doubter go into the June woods only once! June is harvest-month for the ornithologist. Then the birds are dressed in their best, are showing off all their good points to their lady-loves, are building their nests, and—being very happy—are in full song. Morning and evening there is such a chorus as makes the jubilant air fairly quiver with melody, while all day you catch



BLACK-NECKED STILT.

the *yeap* of pigmies in the tree-tops, the chattering and twittering of garrulous sparrows and swallows, and the tintinnabulation of wood-thrushes. I cannot even name all these glorious singers. Perhaps the many-tongued mocking-bird stands at the head of the list; possibly the hermit thrush, whose song is of "serene religious beatitude," or the blue grosbeak or winter wren. As you choose. The bird you think preëminent to-day will be excelled to-morrow, and you will refuse to distinguish between them for the love and admiration you bear them all.



HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

THE BRIDE OF THE RHINE.—III.

TWO HUNDRED MILES IN A MOSEL ROW-BOAT.

DURING our stay at Trier we had engaged a skillful boat-builder to remodel the interior fittings of the "Nancy," giving her a drier floor, a locker, and wider seats,—making her in all respects a comfortable and home-like little skiff for our further use,—and the time had at last come for our embarkation.

Some friends had kindly offered to go with us as far as the country-seat of friends of theirs, five miles down the river, at Quint; and our last act was to buy and fill a fruit-basket for the journey. It was a market morning, and the little square was literally crammed with peasants having all manner of products for sale. Such a display of fruit, and in such endless variety, I have never seen elsewhere, nor have I seen even ordinary fruit sold at such prices as were asked for the best here. Golden and purple plums as large as eggs, magnificent-looking (but tasteless) peaches, perfect pears of the best French and Belgian varieties, apples, and various grapes,—enough for our two days' supply,—cost, in all, only twenty-eight cents. The quantity was greater, and the quality better than could be bought for five dollars at the fancy fruit stores in Broadway.

At last, we were afloat, five persons and a little dog,—the cockswain at the tiller ropes, and the writer at the oars,—sliding gently down the stream, taking a last look at the towers and house-tops of the city, and at the picturesque old bath-house that marks its limit on the river's bank. We were greeted with the universal cry of "Ingeländer, Ingeländer," from the children on the shore, who condemn as Englishmen all of the occasional skiff tourists of the Mosel,—hailing them with this half-derisive cry at every village from Trier to the Rhine.

As far as Quint, the valley remains only less broad than it is below Metz, but the hills are higher and they draw together in front of us, closing the plain as in a basin. At Quint there is one of the most celebrated iron-works of Germany, and it and its buildings constitute the whole village,—a clattering, smoking, noisy, grimy village, with sweating, half-naked men, seething red-hot rolled iron, panting engines, and vomited smoke, filling the recollection of all who have landed at its cinder-made wharf.

A little wicket at the side of the works

opens into the charming garden of the proprietor's country-house,—a long, high, and imposing stone house of the last century, with a broad, elevated porch sheltered under heavy clustering vines, which cover a roof-like trellis, and ramble on to the very house-top. The porch is approached by broad steps, which are flanked to the very ends of the house with solid slopes of superb geraniums in full bloom. Under these vines, and at the brink of this hill-side of blossom, we took our afternoon coffee with our gracious and kindly hostess, and afterward walked through the exquisite hill-side park, over well kept paths leading to the height above, with a sunset view over the valley, and the city, and the convents, and the cathedrals, and the church towers,—and still on, over Monaise and the Chartreuse, to the hills near Igel, beyond the mouth of the Saar, nine miles away,—and still farther on to the hazy blue horizon of Luxemburg.

It was deepening twilight when we had wandered to the valley, and bade good-bye to our friends,—leaving them to return by rail, and setting out at last quite by ourselves for the real beginning of our Mosel tour,—our *solitude à deux*.

As we glided into the stream, there was just enough left of twilight to show its dimpling eddies, and vaguely to define the banks, where there glinted and glowed here and there the lamps and the hearth-fires of the little snug-lying villages. The air was full of the voices of men and women, and of the shouts and laughter of boys and girls, hidden under the dusky shadows on either hand, or perhaps watering a horse at the river's brink, or coming home from the fields along the river-side road. The belching chimneys of Quint poured out their dark red flame, and sent a curtain of black smoke floating off over the hill-tops, toward which the young moon was slowly setting.

The course of the river lay almost directly across the broad valley. It seemed in the dusk like a long and dimly defined lake, stretching from the high black hills of Quint to the higher and blacker hills which open to give it passage, at Kirsch. On either hand lay the low banks of the fertile plain, with rows and groves of nut-trees and fruit-

trees standing in silhouette against the deepening sky and the thick-studded stars. A fisherman's boat with a torch at the bow, shot swiftly past us, moved by the quick-falling, short stroke peculiar to Mosel oarsmen.

For the first time, and on the warmest, calmest, sweetest and darkest of early September evenings, we were quite alone, floating rather than rowing, down the Mosel,—its smooth-flowing stream leading us mysteriously along its unknown course,—pausing to listen to the strange sounds and to dream over the strange suggestive shadows and outlines of closing night. The slowly rolling water gave us all the impulse we wished, and could we have consumed the whole night in the idyllic passage of the two short miles to Schweich, we could have asked no better recompense for all our journey; even had not our journey been filled with delight from its very outset.

But, even at the snail's pace of the unaided current, our short trip drew to an end,—and such an end! Though we traveled the whole length of the navigable river and wandered at will among its outlying hills, and through its charming side valleys; though it may be given to us to wander in other lands and float down other streams, none of our experiences have effaced, and none can ever efface, the ineffable charm of our approach to the ferry at Schweich. It first manifested itself by the clattering of oxen's feet and the rumbling of wheels over the rattling planks of the ferry-boat, and by the calls and replies of voices from either unseen shore; then, far away among the hills to our left, came the faint sounding of a well rung post-horn, made silvery by distance and by the heavy evening air. Then lanterns were hung at the river-side towers, and preparations were made for receiving the lumbering Koblenz post-coach. Ever nearer and nearer came the winding horn,—growing, as it approached, into a ringing, twanging cadence, ending as the coach swung down the hard hill-side road and clattered upon the boat. Then came the clearly audible salutations between the ferry-men and the postman, and the delivery of the freshest news from down the river,—with jokes and laughs in a merry round until the mail rolled off on the floor-like road to Trier,—the high close-lying hills echoing the horn with a never-ending refrain. A fresh team was taken aboard and the boat started on its return trip as the "Nancy" hove in sight through the gloom. Then came a loud "*Bewahr!*" and we were cautioned to look

out for the chain,—a caution that came all too late, and which, indeed, conveyed no meaning to our minds, until, with a sharp hissing sound, the thin iron links sprung from the river and carried away the top rail of our canopy frame. Luckily, this was all; a few feet more and it would have carried our skiff itself out of the water, for the strong tide had taken full hold of the ferry-boat, tightening its stout support like a tendon of steel. The danger was passed before it was realized, but its possibilities gave a heart-beat that recurs to this day.

On either shore stands a high, round, whitened stone tower, capped with a sharp extinguisher-shaped roof, built by the last Elector of Trier,—Kurfürst Clemens Wenceslaus. Behind these towers and braced by them, tall ship-masts of wood stretch up to hold the guy rope of the ferry. On this guy runs a pulley wheel, from which depends the stout long-linked chain which holds the craft to its course. One end or the other of the boat is headed slightly up-stream and the moving current gives it its forward propulsion. It was on this chain that depended so nearly the safety of the "Nancy" and her crew.

The ferry-man took charge of our craft and our heavy luggage, and a young peasant shouldered our smaller parcels and led us over the long road to the village, where we were to get our first experience of a Mosel *gasthaus*, at the "Hotel Johannettes." Here we had a comfortable supper of kalbsbraten, with wine and seltzer water. We had good spring beds on mahogany bedsteads, perfectly clean linen crash sheets, and the smallest modicum of washing water possible, even to the German estimate of what ablution requires. Abundant white table linen and a sufficiently good service, an obliging landlady, and unmistakably good coffee with our rye bread and jelly in the morning, impressed us, from beginning to end, with the difference between a Mosel *gasthaus* and a well reputed hotel in one of our own Eastern college towns at which we had recently passed a night of torture, and struggled with an impossible breakfast.

At any ordinary time we should have been entirely comfortable and at our ease, but we had fallen on the period of the annual pilgrimage to the Healing Saint of Kloster Klausen. Late into the night, heavy peasant foot-falls belabored the stair-case and poured into the rooms above us, which must have been literally packed with pious humanity. Even the stable loft, across the little court

from our window, was filled with pilgrims; and beer flowed, the whole night through, in the public room below us. At the earliest dawn, these people started on their way, and throng after throng passed through the village, chanting pious anthems as they went.

The stern rule of the new Empire has shorn these frequent pilgrimages throughout Cath-

town of two thousand inhabitants, without a single fine house, and with more than a fair proportion of old and tattered cottages. It was noticeable to us, chiefly, from being the first, as it was one of the least interesting, of the Mosel villages that we saw. It lies too far from the river to have the added fascination that the Mosel,



THE "NANCY" AND HER CREW.

olic Germany of much of their picturesqueness. It is no longer permitted to carry the decorated banners of former times, nor may the pilgrims even march in regular processions, but they wander on in groups,—those from each village by themselves,—trudging over weary miles of road, chanting as they go, and tending from every corner of wide regions toward the central shrine to which they offer up their annual devotions. Picturesque they no longer are, the more is the pity, but they are led by a simple and unquestioning devotion which carries obvious peace to their minds, and which offers a gentler phase of religious enthusiasm,—a simpler trust and a quieter and more persistent faith,—than can be found in the pious demonstrations of the more enthusiastic Protestant sects among us and in England. Here and there, throughout all our Mosel tour, we frequently met bodies of pilgrims going to this shrine or to that; as though taking, in their quiet way, a recreation, which the closing of the vineyards, before the vintage begins, allows to the laboring classes of all wine-growing countries. Apart from all other uses, these pilgrimages serve, in a way, the purpose of our own Eastern clam-bakes, which give an "outing" at a dull season to our hard-worked farmers.

Before breakfast, I wandered through the village. It is an old, tumble-down, unimproved, peaceful, busy little valley

and its constant beauty and life, give even to the smallest and most unpretending of its little dorfs.

We were early afloat, and turned our backs for the last time upon the magnificent valley which enshrines the city of Trier, a turn of the river carrying us through a narrow gorge of the mountains,—the gate-way to one of the few mediæval lands from which modern improvements and modern conveniences and modern advancement have kindly withheld their hand.

Our view reached scarcely three miles, yet we had in sight the quaint old church towers and irregular house-tops of six villages, nestling under the vineyard-terraced hill-sides, or stretching through orchards and gardens over the narrow intervalle which lies at the feet of high hills and shaded slopes. No foot of the land is wasted; no ray of sunshine but pays tribute in wine. Only where the surface is turned too much from the sun, and where even costly terracing cannot give it a fair exposure, is anything else than the vine allowed a foot-hold on the hill-sides. Where the vine cannot be grown, there we find fruit-trees or forest-trees, or grass or arable land, according to the needs of the minute and thorough agriculture of the people.

At the time of our visit, the vineyards were closed by law, against even their owners,—awaiting the ripening of the grapes. This

gave more life to the villages and increased, somewhat, the river-side gossiping and lounging of both men and women. It had, indeed, much to do with our impression of the pleasantness and activity of the village life of the peasants, who at other seasons are working in the fields, or high up in the vineyards, returning late at night to their clustering homes, and seeking an early couch. On our earlier trip down the river, the women had seemed almost universally occupied with their field-work, which consisted, too often, in trudging up the steep vineyard paths, their back-baskets heavily laden with manure for the vines. The men followed them, with a rake or a hoe over the shoulder, and a pipe in the mouth.

Now, a certain amount of field-work of various sorts is being done; casks are being hauled, fagots are being stored for the winter's fuel, hill-side woodland is being cleared and burned, and the men generally are pretty steadily and leisurely occupied in work of secondary importance. The women flock generally, one would almost say chiefly, to the Mosel, where, from Monday morning until Saturday night they chat and scold and laugh and wash. Whether all of the washing of a wide back-country is done at the Mosel side during these few weeks, I cannot say; but from Metz to Koblenz our course lay through an almost uninterrupted succession of women washing, scrubbing, pounding, rinsing, drying, sprinkling and transporting some form of *wäsche*.

Possibly, in all, five miles of the river bank were spread with heavy home-made linen cloth, bleaching in the sun, Mosel water (which, of course, has distinguished virtues for this use) being flung upon it with long scoops, sprinkled upon it with garden watering pots, or spattered over it with wet brooms. From these thousands of yards of new-made cloth, house linen and shirts, and garments of every washable description, branched off as from a main stem. As a matter of statistics it seemed simply impossible that even the crowded population of these frequent villages could possibly use, or even own, the enormous laundry work displayed along our route.

Nothing would seem to offer less interest for a tourist than the wash of the people through whom his tour lies; yet, on reflection, I think that we are more indebted to the women by whom this Mosel-side washing is done for the impression of life and activity that appears so fresh in our reminiscences, than to any other element, save

the innumerable children; and these latter were hidden from our view during the long school hours by the operation of an inex-



A HOUSE-FRONT IN BERNCASTEL.

orable law,—appearing in all their vivacity, and noise, and impudence, and jollity only during the late afternoon and the early evening.

I have sometimes wondered, too, whether one whose ear had not been trained to the peculiar dialect of the Mosel people would get from these sturdy and light-hearted washerwomen the same running accompaniment that cheered our delightful trip. Elsewhere in Germany the language of the people called for my studied attention, but here, where the speech of Dudeldorf,—learned at Ogden Farm,—flows in a steady stream from Trier to the Rhine, the constant and varied light gossip of the hard-working and often half-immersed river-side washerwomen was observed without an effort, and gave to the voyage an element of the simplest and lightest human sentiment, such as must be lost to the average traveler. It was at first almost startling, and it was always instructive, to note the degree to which human nature, pure and undefiled, finds its development among these people,—who are so shut out from the influences which have molded American village life. The same joys and sorrows, the same jealousies and small ambitions which we know at home, are constantly developed over the pounding-boards

and sprinkling-pots of the Mosel; and we soon come to see that the distinction that divides our neighbors at home from the people along our route is one of degree only,—not at all of kind.

This is probably less true in the one important matter of honesty. I make no question that these people will lie to each other; that they will cheat their blood relations; nor that they are capable of meanesses which find no higher development even among the meanest of our own race; but in matters affecting the possession of personal property, the people of the upper Mosel are, undoubtedly, more than scrupulously honest. Stealing, or rather pilfering, except within certain well defined limits, is absolutely unknown. We several times asked whether it would be safe to leave our small effects in charge of the ferry-man, on quitting our boat, and the question seemed, at first, not to be understood. When understood, the affirmative answer was given, almost with an air of astonishment. So marked was this, that I asked information about it from a Bonn professor whom I had the good fortune to meet on the river. He said that these people are absolutely without the vice of thieving, and that, even in the large city of Trier, it is a much disregarded formality to lock the street-door of a house at night; and that especially in the villages, any article of personal property, of however slight value, and however hardly identified, may with safety be left lying at the river-bank. The idea of taking the property of others seems never to enter the simple and primitive minds of these peasants. Learning this, we grew careless of our smaller "traps," and were, at last, somewhat startled to be told, as we neared the Rhine, that our trifles would be safer under lock and key, than if left exposed to tempt the poorer people of these more sophisticated Rhineland villages.

This was my first day at the oars,—the first for many years,—and it seemed an especial advantage of the Mosel that its river-side attractions were so great and so frequent that one could have constant reason for abandoning the skiff to the current while examining, and discussing, and wondering over the changing novelty of the river-side life, questioning the people along the banks, chatting with ferry-men, giving assurances that we were not "Ingeländer," remarking upon the age and the universal picturesqueness of every building, from the meanest cottage to the leaning church towers; and at times estimating the strokes

that would be needed to land us within the eddies of the next series of jetties,—where the narrowed and rushing current would sweep us down a rapid.

During the whole day, our course lay through one of the narrowest parts of the Mosel valley. On one side or the other, the little intervale was filled with village, and field, and orchard, and on the opposite side, always, a high steep hill was terraced with vineyards in the sun, or overgrown with forest-trees in the shade. It is not easy to carry relative heights in one's eye, and the width of water has much to do with apparent elevation; but, with no statistics to guide me, I should say that the hills that inclosed the Mosel, here as throughout nearly the whole of its lower course, are as high, as abrupt, and as varied as are the banks of the Hudson for the few miles between Peekskill and West Point, with all the difference that vineyard cultivation, the frequent ruins of towers and castles, the better kept forests, and thick clustering mediæval villages can give;—a difference which, at least when helped by the sensation of entire novelty and strangeness, is all in favor of the less familiar scene.

It is, perhaps, more creditable to my interest in a new land than to my industry and endurance as an oarsman, that, with a favorable and often rapid current it took us from nine in the morning until two in the afternoon to cover a distance of ten miles; but, as we look back over the experience of that delightful morning, we have no other regret than that we failed to stretch out our trip to night-fall. At two, we had still twenty miles to make to reach our destination at Bernkastel, and I yielded to the unflattering suggestion of the cockswain that we should call for help. Inquiring at the grass-grown and gravel-edged wash-house of Koeverich, where one might find a man to row us to Bernkastel, a stalwart young laundress offered her own services, but yielded in favor of the husband of her companion, and he was quickly brought from the field where he was at work.

He was a wiry young *bauer*, dark-eyed, thin and active, and withal, a pleasant-looking, intelligent fellow, and quick and enduring as a steel spring. His strokes were at least sixty to the minute, and they were kept up, minute after minute, and almost hour after hour, without intermission. At long intervals, he would stop to light his pipe with flint and steel, and, late in the day, when the plank on which he sat seemed to

become as hard as his own flinty thighs, he took off a thin linen jacket, folded it into the smallest suggestion of a cushion, and pulled steadily on.

A long bend in the river brought us in view of the beautiful old village of Trittenheim, noted in the guide-books as the birth-place of Johannes Trithemius, who, born "of poor but honest parents" (in 1462), sought opportunities for study at the more noted seats of learning, became a man of profound philosophic lore, and, afterward, a conspicuous teacher and philosopher at Frankfurt, and subsequently at Cologne.

With the constant strong impulse of our cheaply-hired oarsman, we pressed on through a valley full of beauty to Neumagen. Here, too, Constantine is said to have seen in the sky the fiery cross which led him to Christianity, and here in the high-lying hills, his army sank into the earth to come forth again at the last day. The old German legend, however, relates that not Constantine, but the reigning Emperor of Germany, sank with his army into the earth on the mountain-top. Here, to this day, he sits, deep in the ground, sleeping at a red sandstone table. When his beard shall have grown three times around the table, then will he come forth with his army, march to the Zweibäckerhof at Neumagen, and conquer the Turk. When this happens, then antichrist will come, and the world will end. This is the Mosel "Friedrich Barbarossa."

There are left at Neumagen no remains of the "god-like" castle of Constantine but the rural and majestic beauty that Ausonius so well describes has not lessened. However,—what with the accumulated appetite that our day's journey had supplied was to us more important,—there is a snug little vine-clad arbor in front of the Hotel Claeren, where one is served with as comfortable a dinner, and as comforting a bottle of good Mosel wine as a tired and happy traveler need ask in this world.

We left Neumagen at five. The sun soon sunk behind the hills, but appeared again as our course swept around beneath the noted vineyard slope of Piesport,—the uppermost of the celebrated Mosel wine grounds. Later, but before the twilight had perceptibly deepened, the moon came out over the mountains and kept us constant company throughout our remaining trip, lending, if possible, an even greater charm to the continued beauty of every step of our way; and later, after night had fairly fallen,

adding its sparkle along the water to the reflection of the lights and hearth-fires streaming through the windows and open doors of the villages we passed.

Our whole day's row of thirty miles led us past more than thirty villages on the banks, and in view of others nestling back in the narrow gorges and valleys opening into the river from either side.

Passing under the fine modern bridge at Bernkastel,—a sad disfigurement after the picturesque old chain ferry that had served so well for centuries,—we landed at the ferry pier, and sent for the porter of the "Three Kings" to dispose our boat safely and load our movables upon his truck. We paid our oarsman a pittance for his twenty-mile row, and he started cheerily home over the hills, by a far shorter route than we had followed. A slight addition of *trinkgeld* made him happy, and he evidently thought lightly of the long walk that would bring him to his house in the small hours of the night.

The "Three Kings" at Bernkastel is one of the few somewhat pretentious houses along the river; but its pretension comes of its old fame, and its somewhat hotel-like appointments, rather than from any interference with its simplicity and homeliness. Its landlord, Herr Gassen, has had an English training, speaks the language well, and shares with his English-speaking wife the care of the tourist class of guests. We remained here from Saturday night till Tuesday night, with parlor and bedroom, capital food and good wine in plenty, for a total charge of \$13; a large share of which was paid for our education in the matter of various Mosel wines, including especially the celebrated Bernkasteler Doctor, one of the best of the still wines and famed in German song.

A retainer of Bishop Bohemund carried on his back to him, for his cure from a fatal illness, a barrel of this golden wine. The bishop cast the medicine glass aside and drank from the spigot until the wine ran dry. Then he sang:

"The wine, the wine has cured me quite.
It is the best of doctors."

Being in sound health, we did not deem it necessary to carry our trial quite to the prescribed extent, but we were ready to believe that many an ill might be as surely, and far more pleasantly, healed by this doctor than by another.

If one could visit only one of the Mosel

towns, I should by all means hold up Bernkastel as the most characteristic and the most charming. As seen from the river, much of its old character has been destroyed by the bridge,—which elsewhere would be admired as a fine one, but which here has hidden one or two of the finer façades, has destroyed the river-side garden of the parsonage, and has turned the old shore sadly out of grade,—and by a few fine new houses being built below the town. But the moment we pass back from the river-side street we plunge at once into an almost inconceivably quaint, picturesque and curious mass of mediæval houses overhanging narrow crooked streets, and offering, one after another, an endless variety of the best of the village architecture of the Gothic age. The old city of Chester is meager and modern compared with this crowded little village. "God's Providence House" in the former city, where the ornamental plastering and carving of the interior decoration of an old building are paraded on the façade of its modern successor, is too small and too obviously new to carry that suggestiveness of real Gothic work that we here see on every side.

The front of carved timber and plaster, with broad windows filled with little leaded panes, as in our illustration (p. 697), is by no means exceptional in Bernkastel. It is as a whole the finest thing of its kind to be seen there, but it is of a kind of which there are very many capital examples. Not only is the wood artistically arranged with reference to the intervening masonry, but it is most liberally and delicately carved; and, as it stands, it would hardly be amiss for the interior decoration of a baronial hall. The houses quite generally overhang at each story, and two or three extremely quaint specimens, standing by themselves, have for their foundation the merest little elongated tower of masonry with huge corbels of stone or carved wood, supporting the projecting frame of the superstructure. The interiors, too, of all of these houses that we examined, are quite worthy of their outward look. Narrow, winding stone stair-cases, ponderous division walls, floors rising and falling with varied undulation, windows and doors awry and askew,—all fall short of dilapidation by the solidity of their material and the richness of their workmanship. Curiously forged iron and brass knockers and bell-pulls, and door-handles and hinges and escutcheons abound on every hand. The ruddy-looking, bright-eyed, cheerful and

industrious people, with hordes of chubby red-cheeked children, have about them in their dress and in their manner as little that is modern as the most enthusiastic antiquarian could ask for.

My first look at the town was by moonlight, late on the Saturday night of our arrival, and surely the moon could serve nowhere a more picturesque office than in gilding the façades and in deepening the shadows of these friendly old houses of Bernkastel, which lean so cozily against each other for support, and nod so cordially to each other across the narrow crooked streets. The streets themselves were well-nigh deserted, and the town had mainly gone to rest; but, here and there, through a low deep casement, one heard the noisy mirth, and saw the high stone beer-mugs in the hands of weather-beaten peasants, such as we have been taught by the older Dutch painters to locate in the Netherlands, in the olden time. It was like awakening from a dream to be greeted in modern language, on returning to the hotel.

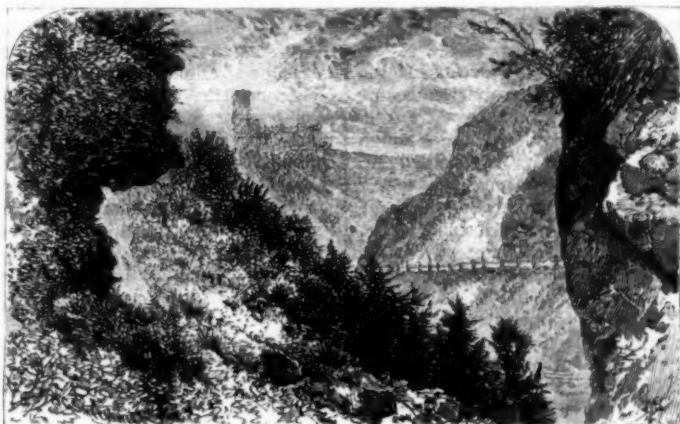
Sauntering through the town, late on Sunday morning when the people were at church, and the streets almost deserted, it was surprising to see how little, after all, the picturesqueness of the architecture had depended on the moonlight. What was lost in boldness of light and shadow was quite compensated for by the frequency with which the detail of rich workmanship discovered itself. I could not learn that Bernkastel had ever been an especially prosperous town, nor that it was ever the seat of a luxurious, rich people, but it seemed incredible that a simple peasantry, or even the bold retainers of the robber knight, whose old castle of "Lands-hut" still sits grandly on the hill above the town, could have been rich enough to provide themselves with houses built at such cost of skilled labor. The best of the work dates back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the work then done was so solid and substantial, that few, if any, of the more modern houses vie, except in the regularity of their lines, with their older and more ornamented neighbors.

If it is possible for such a little town as this to have in its suburbs a charm even greater than that of its streets, Bernkastel may boast of that good fortune. The Dief-bach, a busy, noisy, useful stream, tumbles down from the high hills behind, through a narrow and rock-hung gorge, where mill-wheels cling to the shelves of the projecting slate and swing their huge wet arms in

the drip of the brook, and where, for mile after mile, the views up and down the gorge are hardly inferior to the one we show, where, looking through a chasm of rock fringed with the drooping branches of trees, and overhung by a forest-clad mountain-side, one sees, in the full evening light, the majestic old castle which has been in ruins since the time of Louis XIV., a ruin which for simple dignity and for grandeur of situation has few equals in the Rhineland.

As I stood leaning over the side-rail of

There was obviously no less faith and trust in the all-important power and influence of the church, and no less willing obedience to the slightest behests of its time-honored customs. On the other hand, there seemed to be far more devoutness, and a much more intelligent understanding of what adherence to a fixed form of religion implies. A very large part of the service consisted in congregational singing, there being apparently no official choir,—only an organist. With the eyes closed to the decorations



LANDSHUT—FROM THE DIEFBACH ROAD.

the road, dreaming over this view and the historic associations it suggested, my attention was attracted by a low monotonous chant far down the valley. Presently, there came in sight what was evidently a peasant family, father and son, mother and several small children. They were walking well apart from each other, with a slow and measured tread, their hands folded and their eyes cast down, chanting an evening anthem as they went on their picturesque way home from church.

My ramble ended with a long, slow stroll through the ever-interesting streets of the town. Later, there came into our windows the flowing and swelling music of the vesper service in the church near by. Making my way through the edges of the crowd that filled the building to its very threshold, I stood for some time in interested observation of the Roman Catholic service as performed before a congregation of villagers and peasants who, for some generations, have had much more instruction than the similar classes of Southern Europe.

of the altar, the robes of the priest, and the usual tawdry pictures of the Passion, one might easily fancy himself in a densely packed Orthodox church in New England, to the congregation of which there had been given a degree of musical tact, such as it is not usual to find here. It would be an extravagance to say that the music, as music, was especially fine, or that the rough people by whom it was rendered were artistic, but a thorough union of heart and soul and tolerably well attuned voice made the evening anthems more than ordinarily impressive.

I took advantage of the sunset hour to climb the weary way that leads to Lands-hut, along the base of whose rough and time-worn masonry a little path leads to its old entrance portal. Within, all is a blank undefined open space inclosed by thick walls, more or less battered down, and flanked at one corner by the enormous round tower, whose summit commanded every approach to the stronghold. Far below, in the narrow valley of the Diefbach, the quaint old roof-tops of Bernkastel huddled themselves

together in their tortuous rows and clusters, close under the steep rising hill-sides on either hand,—threading their way back into the gorge, until they string themselves out into scattering picturesque old mills. There is little in the whole range of travel that so poorly compensates the tourist as the climbing to high points; but the view from the ruin of Landshut, over the villages, and hill-sides, and fields, and gardens, and orchards of the winding Mosel, gives to the American a panorama thickly studded with suggestions such as he finds nowhere at home, and such as he is too apt not to seek, and therefore not to see, in ordinary European travel.

It is not the least of the charms of the charming Diefbach valley that it leads one by its steadily rising and always winding course, past deep side valleys, under rough hills, along sweet-smelling hay-fields, and past groups of picturesque peasants seated at their midday meal under the shade of rich trees. Farther on, in a broken slate-hill country, traces of the greatest age are flanked by marks of the freshest cultivation, that stretches well up to the heights of the Hunsrück,—a long outreaching spur of the Vosges, which fills the whole angle between the Mosel and the Rhine, and gives a view across the broad and sharply notched valley of the Mosel over the plain and peaks of the volcanic Eifel, toward Andernach and Remagen.

Our road soon dropped from the extreme height, where arid plains and dismal villages prevailed, first along the brow of the hill, and then, little by little, by a zigzag easy grade, wound in and out, now among the trees of a narrow gorge, and now around the spur of a naked hill-point, with a view growing constantly less remote, and, if possible, more lovely as we rolled down and down over the smooth macadam through the sweetest of all valleys, Thal Veldenz, and out into the little village of Mulheim, on the plain.

Our landlord had told us that we might lunch comfortably at the Gasthaus, in Mulheim, and we did indeed lunch, not only comfortably, but extremely well, in the tidy little upstairs parlor of a common-looking village inn, half farm-house, and half beer-house. The parlor walls were hung with very tolerable prints, and a large pile of bound volumes of the "*Gartenlaube*" entertained us pleasantly during our hour's stay. It seems absurd, but for food and wine, practically constituting a dinner, for

stabling and food for two horses, and for luncheon and beer for our hearty young driver, Peter (please pronounce Payter), the charge was exactly ninety-five cents.

To one seeking a charming impression of the innermost quiet and rural simplicity and beauty of the hidden provinces of Germany, I commend the five minutes while horses are being put to, in the middle of the street at the side of the Mulheim Gasthaus, with the face turned toward the Veldenz valley,—where the shimmering, warm air of a clear September noonday casts the faintest suggestion of a veil over the rich inclosed plain, the hazy, dark, far recesses, and the distant, blue, embracing hills, which hold up to view the ruined remnant of the immemorial old Veldenz castle. To give the needed touch of a present human interest, group in the near corner of the plain, just beyond the thatched shed-roof of an old farm-house, the queer pole-made wagon of the Mosel farmer, drawn by head-yoked cows, and being filled by a group of ruddy, cheery men and women, armed with clumsy scythes and wooden forks and rakes,—gathering in the rich aftermath, whose aroma fills the still air.

At Mulheim we crossed the ferry, landing at the very foot of the world-famed Brauneberg, whose wine is the best and the dearest of all grown along the Mosel. We drove up the river as far as Kesten, hoping to meet a wine-taster to whom we had letters, and to glean horticultural information. Our visit failed of its immediate purpose, but a drive along the Mosel, especially when it leads through Kesten, and Lieser, and Cues, and ends at Bernkastel, can never lack full compensation.

On the following day, by previous appointment, we paid a visit to our friends of Trier and Monaise, who had come for an inspection of their vineyards. It seemed almost just to envy the fortunate possessors of Monaise this crowning good fortune of an old family house at Lieser,—at least, one of whose most interesting collections of bric-à-brac and china has received no additions since a hundred years ago, and whose entirely novel character and simplicity have given us one of our pleasantest Mosel recollections.

A chief purpose of this visit was to get an insight into some of the details of the Mosel wine industry. The vintage had not yet begun, and we were not even permitted to enter the vineyards, nor was, indeed, the proprietor himself. He could only conduct

us along the foot of the hill, and explain the method of cultivation as we walked. Pending the ripening of the grape, the vineyards are, by a custom that is stronger than the right of ownership, "locked." Even the owner of a large tract must make application to the burgomaster of his village, and be accompanied by a field-guard, if he wishes to investigate the condition of his own grapes. After all, the condition of his own grapes is not allowed to determine his time for beginning the vintage. This determination is made by the vote of the commune, of which, however large an owner he may be, he counts as but one. When the majority decides that the grapes are ripe and that the vintage shall begin, then not only may it begin, but, practically, it *must* begin; for, scrupulously honest though the people are concerning the fruit while guarded by the custom of locking-out, after the vineyards have once been thrown open, should an owner set up his opinion as of more value than that of his commune, it is considered a venial offense to assist him with his harvest. The great inconvenience and disadvantage of all this is, that the poorer proprietors, who cannot hope to make the finest wine, and who care more for quantity than for quality, are not willing to wait until the grapes reach the important condition of dead ripeness before they begin to pick. The great growers of the best wines are obliged to protect themselves more or less against pilfering during the few days they deem it wise to delay their harvest.

As an industry, the growing of fine Mosel wines is hazardous, save to one who not only has the necessary knowledge and experience, but who has also sufficient capital to live independently of the returns from his vineyards.

For example, the years 1847 to 1856, inclusive, were all bad years. 1857 was a good year, and there have been five good years since then; but every year was again bad from 1869 to 1873. 1874 was a good year, and 1875 (our year), although it had been full of promise, had turned to a failure by the time of our visit.

However, if one has the capital and the patience, the good years compensate for all the loss. In the spring of 1875, my informant had exposed in the open market at Trier a very large product from his vineyards at Brauneberg, Lieser, Graach, and Zeltingen. Professional buyers or "commissioners," representing all the principal wine dealers of Germany, attended the sale,—all of them

skillful wine-tasters. The wine was exposed for inspection for one week. The whole crop was sold at auction for an average of about three dollars per gallon,—the best Brauneberger bringing one thousand five hundred thalers per cask of about nine hundred liters; equal to four and one-half dollars per gallon.

In the bad years, the expenses are quite as great as in the good ones, and the wine is sold—at the vineyards and without name—for a very trifling sum. It is bought chiefly by the "wine doctors," who, by skillful chemical manipulation, convert it into the high priced "Moselwein" of the restaurants of Europe and America, or into the always headache and unreliable fizzing compound known as "Sparkling Moselle."

Pure Brauneberger wine is sold in bad years as low as fifty-five thalers per cask,—equal to about sixteen cents per gallon.

There is a great difference in the quality of the vines (or of their product) at different spots on the same hill-side. On the Brauneberg, the best vineyards are worth about two dollars per vine, or \$10,000 per acre; while the poorest,—perhaps within a few hundred feet of the best,—are worth not more than \$1200 per acre. The Mosel wine soil is a deep mass of bits of slate, through which the roots penetrate to a great depth, and which are supposed to derive their chief merit from their power of absorbing and retaining heat. Animal manure, in considerable quantity, is very important, but the refuse of slate quarries, and of tunnel work in the slate hills, is of great value, so much so that the whole cost of driving a large cellar into the hill-side at Lieser was fully repaid by the value of the material taken out for dressing the vineyards.

As one floats slowly down this river, and continues his journey along the Rhine, the prevalent theory that all Europe could not produce the wine that is drunk in America alone, gives way to the question as to where in the world all the people come from to drink the wine these vineyards produce,—and the question seems quite settled by the fact that our journey brings us in view of only a part of the vineyards of Germany, and of the farther fact that France produces a vintage equal to ten times the amount of the German.

One great merit of the Mosel vines is that they last in full bearing for from sixty to sixty-five years, while those along the Rhine run out in from twenty-five to thirty

years. It was somewhat interesting to learn that almost the only quality which gives its great value to the wine of the best years is their "bouquet." Considered chemically, or with reference to their wholesomeness as a beverage, the wines of the bad years and of the good ones are much alike; but the delicacy of flavor that gives value in the epicure market marks the wide difference between the two products. Practically, we get but very little of the best Mosel wine in this country, and we can get it only at a very high cost. A gallon of wine that costs four dollars and a half in the cask at the vineyard, accumulates, before it is ready for bottling and sale, a mass of charges for transportation, handling, racking, leakage, evaporation and interest, which fully doubles its cost. To this double cost, the considerable profits of the wholesale and retail dealers must be added, so that these very fancy wines can hardly be bought in Germany for less than two dollars and a half to three dollars per bottle; certainly such wines cannot be sold by the single bottle in America for less than five dollars, and one can hardly hope to taste the really superior and more delicate Mosel wines at any of our restaurants.

The traveler begins by ordering "Piesporter," "Zeltinger," "Bernkasteler Doctor," etc., but he soon learns, if he really gets the best, that he is paying an inordinate price for a delicacy that he has hardly been educated to appreciate, and he falls back, after a few days, to the universal beverage of rich and poor along the whole line of the river,—namely, the young wine of the country, which is drawn from the wood and bottled only as it is brought to the table. This is everywhere an excellent, satisfactory and wholesome beverage, and its price is always very low,—so low that the drinking of beer among the well-to-do classes is very limited.

It was with real regret that we left Bernkastel, with all its picturesqueness and with its not unimportant advantage of good Herr Gassen's hotel. As it was already nearly night, we hired a man to pull us to Trarbach,—only an hour distant by the foot-path, but fourteen miles by the winding course of the river,—a beautiful course of a beautiful river, and well worthy, like all of our preceding journey, of careful examination, and full of picturesque and legendary interest.

Trarbach was burned in 1856 by a crazy incendiary. He first ran over the hill to Bernkastel and fired that, to its great lasting

injury; and when the Trarbach people had gone *en masse* to the assistance of their neighbors, he literally destroyed this whole town, which, from all description, and from such illustrations as remain, was doubtless



AN OLD COURT IN BERNKASTEL.

even more picturesque in its architecture than Bernkastel itself. It is now a dull new town,—the richest on the river, with the riches that have come from the manufacture of "wine that is no wine,"—notably of Sparkling Moselle.

We stopped at a snug gasthaus across the ferry, at the river side of the village of Trarben, where the moon came full into our windows over the high opposite hills, crowned by the extremely picturesque ruin of Gräfinburg,—the old castle of the Countess Lauretta von Salm,—making a combination of moonlit sky, and sparkling river, and ruin-crowned mountain in black silhouette, that we nowhere else saw equaled.

The next morning we set out alone, and had barely rounded the bend of the river, when we came in sight of the most picturesque of all the smaller of the Mosel villages, Litzig, which begins with a little tumble-down thatched cottage nearly overgrown with vines, the shadow of whose sunlit leaves blackened the open casement, where stood pots of bright flowers. Before we had passed the hamlet, we had marked four other houses, of more pretension, but of no less remarkable mediæval, overgrown beauty.

Five miles out, tempted by the smooth grass of a shaded shore, we were glad to abandon our struggle against a strong head-wind, and to sit under the trees eating our lunch, and drinking our last bottle of good Saar wine from Trier, until the breeze abated.

It was altogether a lazy day, and the protracted idleness of our stay at Bernkastel made rowing a labor; so, at Punderich, less than half our way to Alf, we contracted with an oarsman to pull us the remaining eight miles. Punderich is opposite the high hill on which stands the ruined convent of Marienburg, crowning a sharp high rock which is washed at its other side also by the returning course of the Mosel. Our oarsman counted on a twenty minutes' walk over the hill for his return from Alf to Punderich.

Here, as everywhere, villages lay to the right and left; women were washing and bleaching linen cloth and manifold garments, in almost uninterrupted succession, and our whole way was crowded with the evidences of a thick and prosperous population. Zell, which we passed, is rather a fine little town, with several remarkable mediæval houses of considerable pretension; indeed the best house that we had thus far seen stands on the bank opposite the town. It is large and high, with a middle gable facing the river, and with a huge slate-covered oriel window, whose pointed roof reaches above the eaves of the house. The timbering of the sides is most artistically arranged. It lacks the fine carving of some of the Bernkastel houses, but it is far grander, and is indeed one of the best existing examples of its style, equal to many of the finer specimens which have within a few years past given way to the march of "improvement" in the towns along the Rhine.

We reached Alf an hour before sunset, and there met Herr Gassen's carriage, which, with Peter for coachman, we had been glad to engage for our trip through the Eifel. We drove at once up a steep and rugged mountain road, past the well-placed ruin of Burg Arras to the magnificent height of Marienburg, where we had the Mosel almost at our feet on either hand, its grand bend far in front of us, hidden in valley, whose light-hanging blue haze was thickened with the smoke of Zell and its adjacent villages, and of the brushwood burning on the mountain-side. From our position, we could see even the earth-works made by Napoleon above Bernkastel, and to the north the far-away volcanic peaks of

the Eifel; glimpses of the river, as our view struck its lengthened course on one side or the other, set off the dark green of the vineyards and the woods with the bright glintings of its rippled waters.

Alf is a busy and untidy town, whose commercial inn is none too good. Its chief interest to the traveler, in spite of the wonderfully picturesque church of Bullay on the opposite shore, comes of the fact that it lies at the mouth of the beautiful valley that leads to Bad Bertrich—the pleasantest entrance to the Eifel, and the shortest approach to its more remarkable volcanic features.

If the Wissabickon, at Philadelphia, were bordered by a narrow flat valley, its potato-fields set here and there with traps to catch wild boars, and its road brought to a perfect grade and hardened by the best macadamizing, it would give a fair idea of the hour's drive back through the wild hills and along the noisy water-course to the nestling little village of Bertrich,—whose thermal waters attract enough semi-fashionable continental invalids of a mild type, during the leisure summer months, to give the village an agreeable society. It is an extremely pretty little watering-place, with tolerable hotels, and with a scale of prices that is very much in its favor. Near by are charming walks leading to the usual cascades, to rustic bridges, to collections of Roman antiquities, and especially to a quite remarkable basaltic formation, called the "Cheese cellar,"—a hole in the hill-side walled with basalt blocks piled up like Stilton cheeses. Within a short walk, too, is the Falkenlei, whose high precipitous side shows its geological structure,—at the bottom solid masses of lava, and above these slag and scorie filled with clefts and caves. From its summit one looks over the wide volcanic plain, and across the sunken craters of the Eifel, to the higher peaks far to the north.

Breakfasting at Bertrich, we left before noon and drove the whole day long and until eight at night, save for a halt to dine at Manderscheid, through a country of which no adequate impression can be given by a short description, and which, as a whole, may be regarded as a slightly undulating, high-lying plain, almost without visible villages, and with an agriculture that indicates only a fair return for the most persistent labor, the most rigid economy and the most careful manuring. This plain is crossed in all directions by superb roads, of which we at home have hardly an example; but it is

mostly treeless and to the casual eye dismal. At the same time, it is a dismal land, filled with objects of the greatest interest, and occasionally of great picturesqueness.

At one point, our road led along the edge of a deep, extinct crater, probably more than a mile in diameter, and with sides so steep that the road entering it takes a very oblique direction. Deep in the bed of this crater lie a couple of villages, and its sloping sides are laid off in parallelograms and rhomboids of geometric precision, and all brought to a high state of cultivation. Again, we passed near the edge of another crater, the Pulver Maar, whose sides are clothed with a grand forest of beeches, reaching down to its circular lake, which is of the clearest deep water. There are nearly a hundred acres of water, three hundred and fifty feet deep. The banks are of volcanic sand, tufa and scorïe, and at one side rises a prominent volcanic peak.

From the Pulver Maar, we pushed on, through Gillenfeld, where a cattle market was going on,—very poor cattle,—toward the village of Manderscheid. Just before reaching the valley of the Lieser we turned into the wood, and presently came out on the point of a hill known as the Belvedere,—and a *belvedere* it is, indeed. The distance is bounded by the low mountains which inclose the valley of the Kyll,—chief among them the grand round-backed Mauseberg. Between them and us, the country is broken, well wooded, well cultivated and attractive. Almost at our very feet, far down in the deep valley of the Lieser, on two ridges of rock, which hook together like two fingers, leaving room only for the deep brook to pass between their interlocked points, stand the gray old twin castles of the Counts of Manderscheid. Viewed from the adjoining village, or from the bed of the stream, or from their own court-yards, these castles are picturesque and in every way attractive; but as seen from the height of the Belvedere, they have the unequalled charm that belongs to gray, old, traditional ruins breaking suddenly upon the sight, amid all the rich surroundings of deeply wooded hill-sides which stretch slowly away to a picturesque distant horizon. One rarely sees a ruin which excites at once such curiosity as to its origin, and such admiration for its beauty, as do these castles perched on their steep cliffs, far down in a deep valley. Was it enmity or friendship, war or peace, love or envy, mutual thieving or robber rivalry between the lords of these two

castles? If love, what venturesome passages across the dividing chasm! If war, what a weary way around the attacking party must have gone,—exposed to the slaughtering shafts of the enemy. Although the towers of these two castles can hardly be two hundred yards apart, the steepest and most dangerous scaling is needed to pass from one to the other, and, even now, the nearest foot-path connecting them runs for a weary mile or more along the hill-side. The castles of Manderscheid, coming as they did all unforgettably, and without a word of information or introduction, were by far the most interesting feature of our first trip in the Eifel.

We dined at Manderscheid, we slept at Daun, and we drove the next day to great Gerolstein and back. The comical absurdity of “La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein” can never be fully appreciated until one drives through the sloping, sloppy, foul-smelling Eifel village that gives it its name. The Kyllthal, at the side of which Gerolstein lies, is, for miles, a beautifully picturesque valley, now traversed by a railroad, but unspoiled, nevertheless. Beautiful nooks and hills and bends and many ruins give it charm at every step, and its hill-side brooks are filled with trout, as are its woods with game.

Our own pleasantest recollection is connected with the very good restaurant at the railway station, where we had capital food and service, and where we were accosted, in English, by Dr. Van der Velde,—of the district,—who gave us information, drove with us a part of our way back, and then, having to take a patient *en route*, went by the short foot-path to the grand old castle of Kasselburg, near Pelm, where he met us and showed us through the ruin,—a ruin now belonging to the Prussian Government, and being only sufficiently restored for its preservation. It is better worth a halt and a visit by those traveling over the rail from Trier to Cologne than ruins generally are. These are often finest as seen from below, but Kasselburg can be by no means appreciated except on close examination; and its crowning charm is the view from its tower-top, over the beautiful valley of the Kyll, and to the right and left from beyond the Rhine to the distant heights of Luxemburg.

Our doctor is the official medical attendant of all the villages within a radius of about three miles from his house. His district includes forty-five villages, and so great is their healthfulness that he finds himself easily able to perform his duties. The land

is poor in almost every direction, but it is cultivated with great care, and there is a uniform thrift among the agricultural population so great that in all these forty-five villages, but six families have to receive medical attendance at the cost of their commune.

We returned the same day to Daun, and at twilight visited the several crater lakes lying near it, bringing up long after dark in the little village of Mehren. Bädeler had indicated the badness of the hotel in the next village and had not named Mehren at all. Our landlord at Bertrich had told us that we might stop at the house of one Knoth in Mehren, but our Daun landlord had shrugged his aged shoulders. We were, as all travelers are, naturally, fearing that each night would bring us into impossible lodgings, and every indication pointed to Mehren as our fated foul resting-place.

Frau Knoth received us at the threshold of her cleanly hall, and patiently submitted her rooms, her beds, her dining-room and her maid-servant to our inspection. Certainly we had nowhere seen a little inn more tidy or more tasteful, nowhere a landlady more friendly, and nowhere a hand-maiden more acceptable than Fraülein Knoth,—fresh from the embroidery, and French, and piano-forte of a boarding-school in Hanover. Nowhere else in Germany did the question arise in our minds whether it would do to give our attendant a fee,—of course the doubt was groundless here. We had dined at Gerolstein, and so ordered only a simple supper. One item of its simplicity was an excellent *omelette soufflée*, and another a bottle of French champagne with Appolinaris water. With our morning coffee we had capital rolls (every village has a skilled baker), unsalted butter and a toothsome jelly.

Mehren is a very uninteresting village, and the wonders of the crater lakes behind it are hardly enough to lead to a second visit; but I sometimes think that our pleasant experience of a night at its hotel would almost induce me to return. Yet the Knoths were modest, and evidently had no idea that every other collection of peasants' houses in all the Eifel, or along the river, had not as comfortable accommodations for travelers,—and perhaps they have. Knoth is a farmer, and his hotel, with its wine and beer-room, is only an accessory to his agricultural operations; but he and his family evidently get much pleasure and improvement out of their occasional guests. Our entertainment here cost two dollars and a half.

Every village through which we passed gave its prominent indication of the completeness and minuteness of the Prussian civil and military system. Each one had a plainly painted black and white sign conspicuously posted, similar to this:

"D. Mehren:
3d Comp., 2 Bat. (Trier II.):
8 Rheinischer Landw.
Regt. No. 70.
Kr. Daun. R. B. Trier."

Thus every man in Prussia has constantly before him in his village the information as to the division of reserve, or Landwehr, and of the civil department to which he belongs, and every subsequent step into the whole organization seems to be as simple and complete. It is largely this that gives the ability for the sudden massing of the entire force of the country whenever occasion demands.

The Eifel is naturally a very poor country, and it suffers very much from drouth. Irrigation is available for only a small part of the land. Formerly, poverty was extreme, though without much absolute suffering,—simply the sort of poverty that leads to the most hardening and harrowing economy of living, and to a degree of pence-counting of which we are, happily, ignorant. However, since the recent activity in the iron districts of Westphalia, the young men of the Eifel have gone largely to work at its mines and furnaces, have earned good wages, and have literally put the whole region on a comfortable footing, while the Westphalian demand for food has led to such an increase in the value of the soil products,—and especially of meat,—as has caused a real advance in civilization.

We drove pleasantly back by a different road to Bertrich, where we bathed and breakfasted, and where we chatted with a Cologne lawyer and a Brazilian pastor. Toward evening we drove back down the same beautiful valley to Alf, ending a most memorable week full of the strange and most charming experiences,—a week which now, at distance, seems to include the events of a long month.

Peter and his team were discharged. They had been in our exclusive service from Monday morning until Saturday night at a total cost, everything included, of \$22.

We stood long at our window, watching the play of the moonlight over the hills and about the tower of the Bullay church, and then went quietly to bed,—all innocent of the experience which the next day had in store for us.

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

CHAPTER XXV.

COUNTERMARCH.

Berenice. " 'Tis done!
 Deep in your heart you wish me to be gone.
 And I depart. Yes, I depart to day.
 —' Linger a little longer?' Wherefore stay?
 To be the laughing-stock of high and low?
 To hear a people gossip for my woe?
 While tidings such as these my peace destroy
 To see my sorrows feed the common joy!
 Why should I stay? To-night shall see me gone."

RACINE.

EUNICE slept upon the girl's ejaculation, and the next morning she was determined. She went at once to her brother's brother-in-law, and said to him that their visit had lasted nearly a year, that the very circumstance impended by which her brother had limited it, and that frankly she must ask him for such escort as he could give her to Nachitoches. Once at Nachitoches, she would trust herself to her own servants' care, as they should float down the Red River.

The Major was careworn,—evidently disliked to approach the subject; but, with the courtesy of a host and of a true gentleman, tried to dissuade her. He asked her why a breeze between Bonaparte and his Sovereign should affect two ladies in the heart of America. Was this affectation? Had he heard that Louisiana was to be French again? Did he want to come at her secrets?

Eunice looked him bravely in the eye before she answered. She satisfied herself that he was sincere; that he did not know that great State Secret which had been intrusted to her, and which would so easily explain her anxiety.

"I do not know when my brother will sail on his return. Suppose the First Consul of France chooses to say that he shall not return?"

"Then your niece will be here under the protection of her nearest American relations."

"Suppose General Victor, with this fine French Army of which you tell me, passes by St. Domingo and lights upon Orleans. How long will my friend Casa-Calvo defend that city, with a French people behind him, and a French army and fleet before him?"

"He will defend it quite as long without the aid of the Mlles. Perry as with," was Barelo's grave reply; made as if this contingency were not new to his imaginings.

"And if my brother and my nephew be with General Victor,—if they land in Orleans, surely they will expect to find us there," said poor Eunice, quite too eagerly.

"My dear sister," said the Spanish gentleman gravely, "do not let us argue a matter of which we know so little. I am only anxious to do what you wish; only I must justify myself to Don Silas Perry, in event of any misfortune. I cannot think that he would approve of my sending you two ladies into a scene of war."

"Then you believe that war impends!" cried Eunice,—more anxious than ever. "My dear, dear brother, what madness it was that we ever came!"

This was not a satisfactory beginning. It was the determination, however, as it happened, of the route which the little party took, and took soon,—by one of those chances wholly un hoped for when Eunice approached the Major. On the very afternoon of that day, the monotony of the garrison life, which had become so hateful to both the ladies, was broken up by the arrival of an unexpected party. Mr. Lonsdale had returned, with a rather cumbersome group of hunters, guides, grooms, and attendants without a name, with whom he had made a long excursion to the mines of Potosi. The arrival of so large a party was a great event in the garrison.

Greatly to the surprise of Miss Perry and her niece, who had excused themselves from a little re-union which called together most of the garrison ladies, a visitor was announced, and Mr. Lonsdale presented himself. Inez was fairly caught, and, at the moment, could not escape from the room, as she would have done gladly. She satisfied herself, by receiving him very formally, and then by sitting behind him and making menacing gestures, which could not be seen by him, but could be seen perfectly by her aunt and Ma-ry. With such assistance Eunice Perry carried on the conversation alone.

With some assistance, he was fired up to tell the story of what he and his party had

done, and what they had not done; to tell how silver was mined and what was a "conducta." He told of skirmishes with Indians, in which, evidently, he had borne himself with all the courage of his nation, and of which he spoke with all the modesty of a gentleman. But as soon as Eunice paused at all, Mr. Lonsdale, as his wont was, shifted the subject and compelled her to talk of herself and her own plans. Not one allusion to poor Nolan. That was too sad. But of American politics, many questions—the politics of the world more. Who was this man, and why was he here?

"When I was in Philadelphia and New York, they called Mr. Jefferson the pacific candidate. Will he prove to be the pacific president?"

"You know more than I know, Mr. Lonsdale. It was President Adams who made peace with the First Consul."

"I know that, and I know the Mles. Perry are good Federalists,"—here, he attempted to turn to see Inez, and almost detected her doubling her fist behind his back. "I had a long talk with Mr. Jefferson, but I could not get at his views or convictions."

"He would hardly mention them to a—to any but an intimate friend," said Eunice, rather stiffly, while Inez represented herself as scalping the Englishman.

"No! no! of course not! Yet I wish I knew. I wish any man knew if the First Consul means war or peace with England, or war or peace with America."

Eunice saw no harm here in saying what she knew.

"General Bonaparte means peace with America, my brother says and believes. My nephew has been intimate at Malmaison, and my brother has seen the First Consul with great advantages. He thinks him a man of the rarest genius, for war or for peace. He is sure that his policy is peace with us,—with America I mean."

"You amaze me," said Mr. Lonsdale. "I supposed this General was one more popinjay like the others,—a brag and a bluster. I supposed his history was to be strung on the same string with that of all these men."

And in saying this, Lonsdale did but say what almost every Englishman of his time said and believed. Nothing is more droll, now it is all over, than a study of the English caricatures of that day, as they contrast "the best of Kings," and "the Corsican adventurer." How pitiless history chooses to be!

In one of these caricatures, George III. figures as Gulliver, and "*General Buona-parte*" is the King of Liliput!

Eunice could well afford to be frank at this time, whether Lonsdale were Conolly, Chisholm, Bowles or any other English spy.

"My last letters from my brother are very late. He was certain then of peace between England and France; and of this I have spoken freely here."

Lonsdale certainly was thrown off guard. His whole face lighted up with pleasure.

"Are you sure? are you sure? Let me shake hands with you, Miss Perry. This is indeed almost too good to be true!"

Eunice gave him her hand, and said:

"Let us hope the new century is to be the century of peace, indeed. Shall we drink that toast in a glass of rain-water?"—and, at a sign from her, the White Hawk brought him a glass of pure water from a Moorish-looking jar of unglazed clay.

"Ma-ry, my dear child," said the Englishman slowly, with the tears fairly standing in his eyes, "do you know what comes to those who give others a cup of cold water?"

Eunice had never seen such depth of feeling on his face or in his manner; and even Inez was hushed to something serious.

As he put down the glass, he passed Miss Perry, and, in a low tone, he said—

"May I speak with you alone?"

Eunice, without hesitation, sent the girls to bed. Who was this man, and what did he come for?

"Pardon me, Miss Perry, you know of course how much you can trust of what is secret in this cursed web of secrets to our young friends. You may call them back, if you please. You may tell them every word I tell you. But I supposed it more prudent to speak to you alone. As I came across the Rio Grande I learned, and am sure, that Gov. Salcedo has gone to Orleans. That means something."

Of course it did! The transfer of Salcedo to the government of Louisiana must mean more stringent and suspicious government of Orleans. Did it mean war with America? Did it mean war with France?

"I thought," continued the taciturn Englishman, stumbling again now, "I thought,—I was sure—you should know this, and I doubted if our friends here would tell you. In your place, such news would take me home; and therefore I hurried here to tell you. We made short work from the river, I assure you."

"How good you are," said Eunice frank-

ly, and smiling, even in her wonder why this impassive Englishman, this spy of Lord Dorchester or of Lord Hawksbury, should care for her journey.

"How good you are. You are very right! Yet to think that I should want to go nearer to that brute Salcedo? For, really, it is he, Mr. Lonsdale, it is he who murdered our friend. But I do—I do want to go home. Oh! why did I come? I asked my brother that, this morning."

"The past is the past, dear Miss Perry. Your question is,—not, Why did you come, but, How shall you go?"

"And how, indeed," said she sadly. "My brother virtually refuses me an escort. I do not know why. He wants to keep us here."

"Major Barelo hates, dreads, despises this Salcedo,—this cruel, vindictive, 'moribund old man,'—as I overheard him say one day, as heartily as you do, or as I do. But all the same, he is a soldier. De Nava or Salcedo may have ordered every man to be kept at this post, or within this intendency."

"They have ordered something," said Eunice, and she mused. Then frankly,— "Oh, Mr. Lonsdale, you are a diplomatist, I am a woman. You know how to manage men; for me, I do not know how to manage these two girls. They manage me," and she smiled faintly. "Forget you are an official, and for twenty-four hours think and see what an English gentleman can do for a friend."

She even rose from her chair in her excitement; she looked him straight in the face, as he remembered her doing once before, and she gave him her hand loyally.

Lonsdale was clearly surprised.

"Why you call me a diplomatist, I do not know. That I am a gentleman, this you shall see. Miss Perry, I came into this room only to offer what you ask. Because the offer must be secret, if you decline it, I asked you to send the young ladies away."

Then he told her, that he had reason to believe,—he said no more than that,—he had "reason to believe" that a little tender to an English frigate would be hanging off and on at Corpus Christi bay, on the coast below San Antonio. He knew the commander of this little vessel, and he knew he would comply with his wishes in an exigency. Wherever the "Fire-fly" might be, her boats could push well up the river.

"Your brother will give you escort in this command, without the slightest hesitation; and, once on a King's vessel, you need no more," he said, eagerly.

Eunice was surprised indeed.

"Could we wait for her, down yonder on the shore? What would these girls do in such a wilderness?"

"There will be no waiting," he said quietly, but firmly. "The moment I suspected your danger,—I beg your pardon,—your anxiety,—I sent two of my best men down the coast to signal Drapier. His boats will be at La Bahia if you determine to go. They will be there, on the chance of your determining."

"Mr. Lonsdale! how can I thank you? I do thank you, and you know I do. Let me call Ransom. Major Barelo shall give us the escort; nay, we really need no escort to Bahia. The girls shall be ready, and we will start an hour before sunset to-morrow."

She called the old man at once. She gave her orders in the tone which he knew meant there was to be no discussion. She said no word of a secret to be preserved. She had determined at once to trust the English spy's good faith. She and her doves would be out of this Franciscan and Moorish cage before the setting of another sun. Better trust an English spy than the tender mercies of Nemisio de Salcedo, or the ingenious wiles of Father Jeronymo, and his brothers!

Major Barelo was surprised of course, but clearly enough he also was relieved. Lonsdale was right when he guessed that Elguezabal and he could easily give escort between the fort and the bay, while they might not send any troops as far away as the Red River. "With my consent not a bird should leave Texas for Louisiana;" this was always Salcedo's motto. The wonder was that he himself crossed that sacred barrier!

And by five o'clock of the next day the dresses were packed and the good-byes were said. Old Ransom had drawn the last strap two holes farther up than earlier packers had left it. He had scolded the last stable-boy, and then made him rich for life by scattering among all the boys a handful of rials—bits as he called them. He had lifted the girls to their saddles, while Miss Eunice more sedately mounted from the parapet of the stairs, and then the two troops, one English in every saddle and stirrup, the other French as well in its least detail, filed out into the plaza. Both were extraordinary to a people of horsemen, whose Spanish equipments were the best in the world. Major Barelo and dear Aunt Dolores stood on the gallery, and he flung out his handkerchief and said, "Good-bye."

"Just as dear papa said on the levee! Oh, dearest auntie, if he could only be there to meet us! Why, auntie, it was a year ago this living day!"

Sure enough, it was just a year since the little Inez's journeyings had begun. She was a thousand years older.

An hour's ride out of town, and then the sun was down; but here were the tents pitched and waiting for them. So like last year! but so unlike! No old Caesar, alas! Inez's last care had been to visit him in the lock-up, and to promise him all papa's influence for his release! No Phil Nolan, alas! and no Will Harrod! Eunice confessed to Lonsdale that if she had had imagination enough to foresee the wretched recollections of the camp she could not have braved them. But Inez, dear child, was truly brave. She said no word. She was pale and thoughtful; but she applied herself to the little cares of the encampment, which a year ago she would have lazily left to her cavaliers, and she made the White Hawk join her.

Lonsdale also was eager and careful. But oh, the difference between the elaborated services of this man, trained in cities, and the easy attentions of those others, born to the wilderness, and all at home in it!

Ransom, with all his feminine sympathy, felt the lack of what they had last year, and managed, in his way, to supply it better than any one else could. His vassals had served the supper better than could have been hoped, the beds were ready for the ladies, and as soon as the short and quiet meal was over they retired.

Lonsdale lighted a cigar, called the old man to him, and invited him to join him. No, he would not smoke, never did; but when Lonsdale repeated his invitation he sat down.

"You are quite right, Mr. Ransom. The ladies like this camp life better than any quarters they would have given us yonder."

He pointed over his shoulder at some little buildings of an outpost of the "Mission."

Ransom did not conceal his disgust as he looked round.

"See the critters farther," said he, "treat us just as they treated them red-skins last spring when they got um. They would ef they wanted to. See um farther. Et's them cussed black goats 'n' rope-yarn men that's at the bottom o' this war agin the Cap'n—Cap'n Nolan. The Cap'n couldn't stand um, he couldn't; he told

um so, he did. He gin um a bit of his mind. Cussed critters never forgot it, they didn't—never forgot it. Cap'n gin um a bit of his mind, he did. Cussed critters is at the bottom of this war. See um farther!"

"But you have to see them a good deal at Orleans, Mr. Ransom, do you not? There is no Protestant church there, is there?"

"Guess not. Ain't no meetin'-house there, and no meetin'. Ain't nothing but eyedolaters, 'n' immigis, 'n' smoke-pans 'n' boys in shirts. See um! guess we do, the critters. Bishop comes round to dine. Likes good Madeira and Cognac 'zwell 'zanybody, he does. Poor set, all on um. Ignorant critters. Don't know nothin.' No! ain't no meetin' house in Orleans!"

"Do they give Mr. Perry or Miss Perry any trouble about their religion? Do they wish them to come to church, or to the confessional? Did they baptize Miss Inez?"

"Do they? I see um git Mr. Perry to church ef he didn't want to go!" and the old man chuckled enigmatically. "They's ignorant critters, they is, but they knows enough not to break they own heads, they do."

"You have heard of the inquisition?" persisted Lonsdale.

"Guess I have. Seen the cussed critters when I was at Cadiz in the Jehu, that's nineteen years ago last summer. Never had none here to Orleans, never but once!" And this time he chuckled triumphantly. "They didn't stay long then, they didn't. Went off quicker than they come, they did. I know um. Cussed critters."

Lonsdale was curious, and asked for an explanation.

The old man's face beamed delight. He looked up to the stars and told this story:

"Best Guv'nor they ever had, over there to Orleans, was a man named Miro. Spoke English heself most as well as I do. Married Miss Maccarty, he did—pretty Irish girl. Wasn't no real Spanisher at all. Well, one day, they comes one of these dirty rascals with a rope's end round him—brown blanket coat on—comes up from Cuba, he does,—comes to Guv'nor Miro. Guv'nor Miro asked him to dinner, he did, and gin him his quarters. Then the cussed fool sends a note to the Guv'nor, 'n' he says, sez he, that these underground critters, these Inky Sijoon they calls um over there; they'd sent him, they had, says he; and mebbe he should want a file o' soldiers some

night. Says so in a letter to the Guv'nor. So the Guv'nor, he thought, ef Old Nightgown wanted the soldiers he'd better have um. 'N' he sent round a sergeant 'n' a file of men that night, he did, at midnight, 'n' waked up Old Nightgown in his bed. 'N' Old Nightgown says, says he, he was much obliged, but that night he didn't need um. But the Sergeant says, says he, that he needed Old Nightgown, 'n' as soon as the old fool got his rawhide shoes tied on, the corporal marched him down to the levee, 'n' sent him off to Cadiz, he did, 'n' that's the last time the Inky Sijoan men come here—'n' the fust time too. Guv'nor Miro the best Guv'nor they ever had over there. Half Englishman!"

Lonsdale appreciated the compliment. His cigar was finished. He bade the old man good-night, and turned in.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

So they resolved, the morrow next ensuing,
So soon as day appeared to people's viewing,
On their intended journey to proceed;
And overnight whatso thereto did need
Each did prepare, in readiness to be.
The morrow next, so soon as one might see
Light out of heaven's windows forth to look,
They their habiliments unto them took,
And put themselves, in God's name, on their way.
MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

SO SHORT a journey as that from San Antonio to the Gulf seemed nothing to travelers so experienced as Miss Perry and her niece. As for the White Hawk, she was never so happy as in the open air, and especially as on horseback. She counted all time lost that was spent elsewhere, and was frank enough to confess that she thought they had all escaped from a feverish wild dream, or what was as bad as such, in coming away from those close prison walls. The glorious weather of October in a ride over the prairies in one of the loveliest regions of the world could not but raise the spirits of all the ladies, and Mr. Lonsdale might well congratulate himself on the successful result of his bold application to Miss Perry.

As they approached the Gulf he kept some lookouts well in advance in hope of sighting the boat or boats from the "Fire-fly" which he expected. But Friday night came with no report from these men, and although they had not returned, he was fain to order a halt, after conference with Ransom, on a

little flat above a half-bluff which looked down upon the stream. The short twilight closed in on them as they made their supper. But after the supper was finished, as they strolled up and down before going to bed, a meteor far more brilliant than any shooting star could be so near the horizon rose above the river in the eastern distance, and as they all wondered another rose, and yet another. "Rockets!" cried Mr. Lonsdale, well pleased. "Roberts has found them, and this is their short-hand way of telling us that they are at hand. William," he said, turning to the thoroughly respectable servant, who in top-boots and buckskins followed his wanderings in these deserts; "William, find something which you can show to them." The man of all arts disappeared, and while the girls were yet looking for another green star in the distance, they were startled by the "shirr-r" of a noisy rocket which rose close above their own heads and burst beautiful above the still waters. Another and another followed in quick succession, and the reply was thus secure. The White Hawk was beside herself with delight. She watched the firing of No. 2 as Eunice might have watched the skillful manipulations of Madame Le Brun. William was well pleased by her approbation. He did not bend much from the serenity of a London valet's bearing, but he did permit the White Hawk herself to apply the burning brand to the match of the third rocket. The girl screamed with delight as she saw it burst, and as the falling stick plunged into the river.

"To-morrow morning, Miss Inez, your foot is on the deck, and these pleasant wanderings of ours are over forever." Even Inez's severity toward the man she tried to hate gave way at his display—so difficult for a man of his make—of emotion which was certainly real and deep.

"But Mr. Lonsdale, no Englishman will convince me that he is sorry to be on the sea."

"*Cela dépend.* I shall be sorry if the sea parts me from near and dear friends."

"As if I meant to be sentimental with old Chisholm, or Conolly, because he had been good to us!" This was Inez's comment as she repeated the conversation to her aunt afterward. "I was not going to be affectionate to him."

"What did you say?" asked Eunice, laughing.

"I said I was afraid Ma-ry would be seasick," said the reckless girl. "I thought that

would take off the romance for him." None the less could Eunice see that the rancor of her rage and hatred were much abated, as is the fortune often of the wild passions of that age of discretion which comes at eighteen years.

Mr. Lonsdale had not promised more than he performed. Before the ladies were astir the next morning, two boats were at an improvised landing below the tents. Ransom had transferred to them already all the packs from the mules, and there needed only that breakfast should be over, and the ladies' last "traps" were embarked also, and they were themselves on board. A boatswain in charge received Mr. Lonsdale with tokens of respect which did not escape Inez's eye. As for the White Hawk, she was beside herself with wonder at the movements of craft so much more powerful than anything to which the little river of San Antonio had trained her. As the sun rose higher the seamen improvised an awning. The current of the river, such as it was, aided them, and before two o'clock the little party was on the deck of the "Fire-fly" in the offing.

Nothing is prettier than the eagerness of self-surrender with which naval officers always receive women on their ships. The chivalry of a gentleman, the homesickness of an exile, the enthusiasm of a host,—all unite to welcome those whose presence is so rare that they are made all the more comfortable because there is no provision for them in a state of nature. In this case, the gentlemen had had some days' notice that the ladies might be expected.

It was clear that Lonsdale was quite at home among them, and was a favorite. Even the old salts, who stood at the gangway, smiled approval of him as he stepped on board. He presented young Drapier and Clerk, the two lieutenants who held the first and second rank; and then, with careful impartiality, the group of midshipmen who stood behind. Then he spoke to every one of them separately. "Good news from home, Bob? Mr. Anson, I hope the Admiral is well, and how is your excellent father, Mr. Pigot?" A moment more, and a bronzed, black-browed man, in a military undress, came out from the companion. He smiled, as he gave his hand to Lonsdale, who owned his surprise at meeting him.

"Miss Perry," said he at once, "here is one friend more, whom you have heard of but never seen. One never knows

where to look for the General," he said laughing, "or I also should be surprised. Let me present to you General Bowles, Miss Perry. Miss Inez, this is General Bowles,—I think I might say a friend of your father's."

This extraordinary man smiled good-naturedly, and said,

"Yes, a countryman of yours and of your brother's, Miss Perry, and all countrymen are friends. The people in Orleans do not love me as well as I love the Americans who live among them."

Eunice was not disposed to be critical. "Mr. Lonsdale is very kind, and I am sure we poor wandering damsels are indebted to all these gentlemen for their welcome," said she. She had learned long since, that in times like hers, and in such surroundings, she must not discriminate too closely as to the antecedents of those with whom she had to do. Inez could afford to have "hates" and "instincts" like most young ladies of her age. But Eunice had passed thirty, and was willing to accept service from Galaor, if by ill luck she could not command the help of Amadis. The truth was that General Bowles had been known to her only as a chief of marauding Highlanders might have been known to a lady of Edinburgh. For many years he had been, in the Spanish wars against England, the daring commander of the savage allies of the English. He was her countryman, because he was born in Maryland. But as soon as General Howe came to Philadelphia, Bowles had enlisted as a boy in the British army. It was after the most wild life that ever an adventurer led,—now in dungeons and now in palaces,—that she met him on the deck of an English cutter.

His eye fell upon Inez, with the undisguised admiration with which men were apt to look on Inez. When he was presented to Ma-ry in turn, he was quick enough to recognize,—he hardly could have told how,—something of the savage training of this girl. She looked as steadily into his eye, as he into hers. Compliment came into conversation with less disguise in those days, than in these. And so the General did not hesitate to say.

"But for that rich bloom Miss Ma-ry, upon your cheek, I should have been glad to claim you as the daughter of a chief,—a chief among men who have not known how to write treaties, nor to break them."

Ma-ry probably did not follow his stately and affected sentence.

"My name on the prairies is the White Hawk," said she, simply.

"Well named!" cried Bowles; and he looked to Eunice for an explanation, which of course she quickly gave. The passage was instantaneous, as among the group of courteous gentlemen, the ladies were led to the cabin of the Captain, which he had relinquished for them. But it was the beginning of long conferences between General Bowles and the White Hawk, in which, with more skill than Eunice had done, or even Harrod, he traced out her scanty recollection of what her mother had told her of the life to which she was born.

The stiffness of the reception and welcome of the ladies was broken, and all conversation for the moment was made impossible, by the escape of two pets of the girls, from the arms of a sailor, who had attempted to bring them up the ladder. They were little Chihuahua dogs,—pretty little creatures of the very smallest of the dog race,—which Lonsdale had presented when he had returned to San Antonio, as one of the steps, perhaps, by which he might work into Inez's variable favor. The little brutes found their feet on deck and dashed about among swivels, cat-heads, casks and other furniture, in a way which delighted the midshipmen, confounded the old seamen, and set both the girls screaming with laughter. After such an adventure, and the recapture of Trip and Skip, formality was impossible; and when the ladies disappeared into Lieutenant Drapier's hospitable quarters, all parties had the ease of manner of old friends.

Ransom, with his own sure tact, and under the law of "natural selection,"—which was true before Dr. Darwin was born,—found his way at once into the company of the warrant officers. Indeed he might be well described by calling him a sort of warrant officer, which means a man who takes much of the work, and much of the responsibility of this world, and yet has very little of the honor. As the men hauled up the little anchor, and got the boats on board, after Ransom had seen his share of luggage of the party fairly secured, an old sailor's habits came over him, and he could hardly help, although a visitor, lending a hand.

It was not the first time he had been on the deck of an English man-of-war, but never before had he been there as a distinguished visitor. He also, like his mistress, if Eunice were his mistress, knew how to conquer his prejudices. And indeed the order and precision of man-of-war's man's style, after the

slackness, indolence and disobedience of the greasers, was joy to his heart. He could almost have found it in him to exempt these neat English tars from the general doom which would fall on all "furriners." At the least they could not speak French, Spanish or Choctaw; and with this old quarter-master who offered him a lighted pipe, and with the boatswain, who gave him a tough tarred hand, he could indulge in the vernacular.

Hardly were these three mates established in a comfortable nook forward under the shade of the foresail, when an older man than the other Englishmen presented himself and tipped his hat to Ransom respectfully in a somewhat shamefaced fashion.

The old man looked his surprise, and relieved the other's doubts by giving him a hard hand-grip cordially.

"Why Ben, boy, be ye here? Where did ye turn up from?"

The man said he enlisted in Jamaica two years before.

"Jes so, the old story. Can't teach an old dog new tricks. Have some tobaccy, Ben? perhaps all on ye will like to try the greasers' tobaccy. Et's the only thing they's got that's good for anything, et is." And he administered enormous plugs of the Mexican tobacco to each of his comrades, neither of whom was averse to a new experiment in that line. "Woll, Ben, et's a good many years since I see ye. See ye last the day Count Dystang sailed out o' Bostin Harbor. Guess ye didn't go aloft much that v'y'ge, Ben?"

The other laughed, and intimated that people did not go aloft easily when they had handcuffs on. The truth was, he had been a prisoner of war, and under some arrangements made by the Committee of Safety, had been transferred to the French admiral's care.

"'N'when did ye see Mr. Conolly, Ben?" asked Ransom, with a patronizing air.

The man said Mr. Conolly had never forgotten him, that "he was good to him," as his phrase was, and got him exchanged from the French fleet. But Mr. Conolly afterward went to Canada—and Ben had never heard from him again.

"I've heerd on him often," said Ransom, with his eyes twinkling. "Guv'nor o' Kannydy sent him down here to spy out the country. Thort they wa'nt no rope to hang him with, he did. Didn't know where hemp grew. Down comes Conolly, and he sees the Ginerall, that's Wilkinson, up river; 'n' he tells the Ginerall, and all the gineralls, they'd better

fight for King George, he does, 'n' that the King's pay was better nor General Washington's. Darned fool, he was. General Wilkinson fooled him, Major Dunn fooled him, all on um fooled him. Thought he'd bought um all out, he did!" and Ransom chuckled, in his happiest mood; "thought he'd bought um 'n' jest then in come a wild fellow,—hunter—'n' he asked where the English Kurnel was, he did, 'n' he says the red-skins 'n' the English 'd killed his father 'n' mother; 'n' he says he'll have the Kurnel's scalp to pay for it; 'n' after he hollered round some time, old Wilkinson he put him in irons, 'n' sent him away, 'n' then the Kurnel—Conolly—he took on so, 'n' was so afeerd he'd be scalped, that he asked the General for an escort, he did, 'n' so he went home. General gin the hunter a gallon o' whisky, 'n' five pounds of powder to come in there 'n' holler round so."

And old Ransom contemplated the sky, in silent approval of the deceit. After a pause he said,

"They was some on um over there among the greasers, thought this man was Colonel Conolly" (pause again). "They didn't ask me, 'n' I didn't tell um. I knew better. I see Conolly when I see you fust, Ben" (grim smile), "when we put the irons on you, aboard the 'Cerberus' 'fore she went down. I knew Conolly." Another pause. Then somewhat tentatively:

"This man I never see before. But he knows how to saddle his own horse, he does;"—this in approval, Lonsdale being "this man" referred to.

The others said that they took "this man" into Vera Cruz the winter before, with his servants. The talk of the "Fire-fly" was, that while they had been sounding in Corpus Christi bay they had been waiting for him. Who he was, they did not know, but believed he was First Lord of the Admiralty, or may be a son of Lord Anson, or perhaps of some other grandee.

"Ye don't think he's that one that was at New York, do you?" said Ransom. "I mean the Juke, they called him—old King's son. I come mighty near carrying him off myself one night, in a whale-boat."

The men showed little indignation at this allusion to Royal William, the Duke of Clarence, "By England's navy all adored," though that gentleman was said to be. But they expressed doubts, though no one knew, whether Mr. Lonsdale were he. If he were, the midshipmen were either ignorant or bold. For when Inez compelled them to sing that evening, they sang rapturously,—

"When Royal William comes on board
By England's navy all adored,
To him I sometimes pass the word,
For I'm a smart young midshipman!"

The White Hawk proved a better sailor than Eunice had dared to hope. Her wonder at what seemed to her the immense size of the little vessel, and at all its equipment and movement was a delight to Inez and even to the less demonstrative Ransom. The young gentlemen were divided in their enthusiastic attentions to these charming girls, and the three or four days of their little voyage were all too short for the youngsters; when, with a fresh north-west breeze, they entered the south-western mouths of the great Mississippi River, and so long as this breeze served them held on to the main current of the stream. For that current itself, the breeze was dead ahead, and so the "Fire-fly" came again to an anchor, to the grief of the ladies more than of their young admirers.

Eunice Perry and her "doves" had retired to dress for dinner, when, from a French brig which was at anchor hard by, a boat was dropped, which pulled hastily across to the Englishman. In these neutral waters there was no danger in any event, but a white handkerchief fluttered at her bow. A handsome young man, in a French uniform, ran up on the "Fire-fly's" deck. He spoke a word to Captain Drapier, but hardly more; for as they exchanged the first civilities, Eunice and Inez rushed forward from the companion, and Inez's arms were round his neck.

"My dear, dear brother!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME AS FOUND.

"And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South."

TENNYSON.

"Is it not perfectly lovely!" said Inez to her brother, as she ran ashore over the little plank laid for a gangway; "Is it not perfectly lovely!" And she flung her arms about him and kissed him, as her best way of showing her delight that she and he were both at home.

"You are, pussy," said Roland, receiving the caress with as much enthusiasm as she gave it with, "and so is the White Hawk, whom I will never call Ma-ry; and to tell you the whole truth, and not to quarrel with you the first morning of home, dear old Orleans is not an unfit setting for such jewels. Oh dear! how good it is to be at home!"

The young officer seemed as young as Inez in his content; and Inez forgot her trials for the minute, in the joy of having him, of hearing him, and seeing him.

So soon as Mr. Perry had understood the happy meeting at the River's mouth, he also had boarded the "Fire-fly." Matters had indeed fallen out better than even he had planned, and the embarkation planned in grief by Eunice, and in what seemed loyalty by Mr. Lonsdale, proved just what all would have most desired. Mr. Perry had the pleasure of announcing to Lieutenant Drapier and the other English officers, peace between England and France. They had heard of the hopes of this, but till now the announcement had lingered. At the little dinner improvised on the deck of the "Fire-fly," many toasts were drunk to the eternal peace of England and France; but alas, the winds seem to have dispersed them before they arrived at any mint which stamped them for permanent circulation!

With all due courtesies, Mr. Perry had then taken his own family on board the "Antoinette,"—a little brig which he had chartered at Bordeaux, that he might himself bring out this news. Of course he begged Mr. Lonsdale to join them, so soon as he knew that that gentleman's plan of travel was to take him to Orleans. Drapier and Clerk manifested some surprise when they learned of this plan of travel, as they had supposed the "Fire-fly" was to take him to Jamaica. They learned now, for the first time, that Lonsdale had errands at Fort Massac and the falls of the Ohio and Fort Washington. The young officers looked quizzically at each other behind his back, as if to ask how long he might be detained at Orleans. But whoever Lonsdale was, and however good a friend he was, they did not dare to talk banter to him,—as Miss Inez and as Ransom did not fail to observe.

So with long farewells and promises to meet again, the two vessels parted. General Bowles said to Eunice, as he bade them good-bye, that he was the only person on board the "Fire-fly" who was not raging with indignation at the change of plans. "The middies are beside themselves," he said. "So indeed am I; but my grief is a little assuaged by the recollection that Governor Salcedo would hang me in irons in fifteen minutes after the 'Fire-fly' arrived. True, this is a trifling price to pay for the pleasure of sailing along the coast with three charming ladies; but if I do not pay it, I have the better chance to see them again.

"And also," he added more gravely, "I have the better chance to learn something of this Comanche raid, in which your interesting charge was carried from home, of which, Miss Perry, I will certainly inform you."

The "Antoinette" had slowly worked her way up the stream. At night-fall, on the second night, she was still thirty miles from the city. But as the sun rose on the morning of the third day, Roland had tapped at the door of the ladies' cabin and had told them that they were at the levee in front of the town. Of course Inez and Ma-ry were ready for action in a very few moments, and as Roland waited eager for them, they joined him for a little ramble, in which Inez should see his delight as he came home, and both of them should see Ma-ry's wonder.

It is hard even for the resident in New Orleans of to-day to carry himself back to the little fortified town which Inez so rejoiced to see. As it happens, we have the ill-tempered narrative which a M. Duvallar, a Cockney Parisian, gave, at just the same time, of his first impressions. But he saw as a seasick Frenchman eager to see the streets of Paris sees; Inez saw as a happy girl sees, who from her first wanderings returns home with so much that she loves best. The first wonder to be seen was a wonder to Inez as to the others; it was the first vessel ever built in Ohio to go to sea. She lay in the stream proudly carrying the American colors at each peak, and was the marvel of the hour. But Inez cared little for schooners, brigs or ships.

She hurried her brother to the Place d'Armes, which separated the river from two buildings, almost Moorish in their look, which were the public offices, and which were separated by the quaint Cathedral,—another bit of Old Spain. Over wooden walks, laid upon the clay of the *banquette* or sidewalk, she hurried him through one and another narrow street, made up of square wooden houses, never more than a story high, and always offering a veranda or "galerie" to the street front. Between the *banquette* and the road-way, a deep gutter, neatly built, gave room for a little brook, if one of the pitiless rains of the country happened to flood the town. Little bridges across these gutters, made by the elongation of the wooden walks, required, at each street crossing, a moment's care on the part of the passenger. All this, to the happy Inez, was of course; to the watchful White Hawk was amazement, and to Roland all

was surprise, that in so many thousand details he had forgotten how the home of his childhood differed from the Paris of his manly life. The fine fellow chattered as Inez chattered, explained to the White-Hawk as he thought she needed, and was every whit as happy as Inez wanted him to be. "There is dear M. Le Bourgeois. He does not see us. Monsieur! Monsieur! You have not forgotten us, have you? Here is little Inez back again. And how are they at Belmont? Give ever so much love to them!" And then as she ran on, "and there is Jean Audubon! Jean! Jean!" and when the handsome young fellow crossed the street and gave her both hands, "Oh! I have such beautiful heron's wings for you from Antonio; and Ransom has put up two nice chapparral birds for you, and a crane. I made Major Barelo shoot him for me. And Jean! did you ever see a Chihuahua dog? Ma-ry and I have two,—the prettiest creatures you ever did see. This is Ma-ry, Mr. Audubon. How do you do, Madame Fourchet? We are all very well, I thank you."

So they walked back from the river,—not many squares,—the houses were farther and farther apart, and at last a long fence, made of cypress boards, roughly split, and higher than their heads, parted them from a garden of trees and shrubs blazing with color and with fruit. The fence ran along the whole square, and now the little Inez fairly flew along the *banquette* till she came to a gate-way, which gave passage into the garden. Here she instantly struck a bell, which hung just within the fence, and there, protected by a rough shelter,—a sort of wooden awning, arranged for the chance of rain,—she jumped with impatience as she waited for the others to arrive, and for some one within to open. She had not to wait long. In a minute Ransom flung the gate open, and the girl stood within the garden of her father's house. The old man had landed long before them, and had come up to the house to satisfy himself that all was fit for the family and its guests.

"Come, Ma-ry, come!" cried Inez, as she dashed along a winding brick alley, between palm-trees and roses, and myrtles and bananas; oranges in fruit, great masses of magnolia cones beginning to grow red, and the thousand other wonders of a well-kept garden in this most beautiful of cities, in a climate which is both temperate and tropical at a time. "Oh come, Ma-ry! do come Roland! Welcome home! welcome home!"

She dashed up the broad high steps of the pretty house, to a broad veranda, or "gallery" near twelve feet deep, which surrounded it on every side. Doors flung wide open gave entrance to a wide hall which ran quite through the house, a double door of Venetian-blind closing the hall at the other end.

On either side, large doors opened into very high rooms, the floors of which—of a shining cypress wood—were covered in the middle by mats and carpets. The shade of the "gallery" was sufficient in every instance to keep even the morning sun-light of that early hour from the rooms. Ransom's forethought, and that of a dozen negro servants, who were waiting to welcome her, had already made the rooms gorgeous with flowers.

The happy girl had a word for every Chloe and Miranda and Zenon and Antoine of all the waiting group; and then she was beside herself as she tried at once to enjoy Roland's satisfaction, and to introduce Ma-ry to her new home. It was impossible to be disappointed. Roland was as well pleased and as happy as she could wish, and, because she was so happy, the White Hawk was happy too.

"See, Roland, here is the picture of Madame Josephine you sent us, and here is your great First Consul,—and very handsome he is too, though he is so stern. I should think Madame Bonaparte would be afraid of him! See, I hung them here. Papa had hung them just the other way, and you see they looked away from each other. But I told him that would never do. It seemed as if they had been quarreling."

"Madame's picture is not good enough, as I told you, when I sent it. The General's is better. But nothing gives his charming smile. You must make papa tell you of that. I wish we had Eugene's. If he becomes the great general he means to be, we shall have his picture, engraved and framed, by the General's side."

"Oh! there are to be no more wars, you know. Eugene will be a planter and raise sugar, as his father did. We shall never hear of General Beauharnois again."

And then she had to take Ma-ry into her own room, and show her all the arrangements in which a young girl delights. And Ransom was made happy by seeing Mr. Roland again at home. And these joys of a beginning were not well over before the carriage arrived from the "Antoinette" with the more mature elders of the party, who

had not been above taking things easily, and riding from the levee to the house.

But it was impossible not to see at breakfast, that Mr. Perry was silent and sad, in the midst of all his effort to be hospitable to Mr. Lonsdale, and to make his son's return cheerful. And at last, when breakfast was over, he said frankly, "We are all so far friends, that I may as well tell you what has grieved me. Pantom came on board as we left the vessel.

"He tells me that this horrid business yonder has been too much for the poor girl."

Inez's face was as pale as a sheet. She had never spoken to her father of the beautiful lady whose picture Philip Nolan had showed her. She had always supposed that there was a certain confidence or privacy about his marriage to Fanny Lintot, and, as the reader knows, not even to Eunice had she whispered it before they heard of his death. But now it was clear that her father knew. And he knew more than she knew.

"Yes!" continued Mr. Perry. "There is a child who will never remember his father and mother. But this pretty Fanny Lintot, not even the child could keep her alive. 'What should I wish to live for?' the poor child said. 'I shall never know what happiness is in this world. I did not think I should be so fortunate as to join my dear Phil so soon.' And so she joined him!"

Poor Inez. She could not bear this. She ran out of the room and the White Hawk followed her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Who saw the Duke of Clarence?"

HENRY IV.

"AUNT EUNICE," said Roland, with all his own impetuosity, when they had all met for dinner, "there is no such soup as a gumbo filé,—no not at Malmaison. *Crede experto*, which means, my dear aunt, 'I know what I am talking about.' And as Madame Casa Calvo is not here, you may help me again."

"Dear Roland, I will help you twenty times," said his aunt, who was as fond of him as his mother would have been, and, indeed, quite as proud. "I am glad we can hold our own with Malmaison in anything."

"We beat Malmaison in many things. We beat Malmaison in roses,—though Mlle.

Hortense has given me a 'Souvenir' from there, before which old Narcisse will bow down in worship. But we have more than roses. We beat Malmaison in pretty girls," this with a mock bow to the White Hawk, and to Inez; "and we beat her in gumbo."

"How is it in soldiers, Mr. Perry?" said Mr. Lonsdale, with some real curiosity, "And is it true that we are to see the renowned General Victor here with an army?"

"That you must ask my father," said the young fellow, boldly. "He is the diplomatist of the family. I dare say he has settled it all with Madame Josephine, while I was obtaining from Mlle. Hortense some necessary directions about the dressing of my sister's hair. My dear Inez, it is to be cut short in front, above the eyebrows, and to flow loosely behind,—à la Naiade Affranchie."

"Nonsense!" said Inez, "did not Mlle. Hortense tell you that ears were to be worn boxed on the right side and cuffed on the left? She was too kind to your impudence."

"She made many inquiries regarding yours. And, dear Aunt Eunice, she asked me many questions which I could not answer. Now that I arrive upon the father of waters, I am prudent and docile. I whisper no word which may awake the proud Spaniard against the hasty Gaul or the neutral American. I reveal no secret, Mr. Lonsdale, in the presence of the taciturn Briton; all the same I look on and wonder. The only place for my inquiries,—where I can at once show my modesty and my ignorance,—is at the hospitable board of Miss Eunice Perry. She soothes me with gumbo filé, she bribes me with red-fish and pompano; in the distance I see cotelettes and vol-au-vents, and I know not what else, which she has prepared to purchase my silence. All the same, I throw myself at the feet of this company, own my gross ignorance, and ask for light."

"Let me, dear Mr. Lonsdale, answer your question as I can. Many generals have I met, in battle, in camp, or in the ball-room. General Buonaparte is my protector; General Moreau examined me in tactics; General Casa Bianca is my friend; General Hamilton is my distinguished countryman. But who, my dear Aunt Eunice, is General Bowles? and of what nation was the somewhat remarkable uniform which he wore the day I had the honor to meet you, and to assure you that you had grown young under your anxieties for your nephew?"

Now, if there were a subject which Eunice

would have wished to have avoided at that moment, it was the subject which the audacious young fellow had introduced.

In spite of her, her face flushed.

"He served against the Spaniards, at Pensacola," said she, with as much calmness as she could command. Everybody was looking at her, so that she could not signal him to silence, and Mr. Lonsdale was close at her side, so that he heard every word.

"A countryman of yours, Mr. Lonsdale? Where then was the red-coat? Where the Star and Garter?"

Lonsdale was not quick enough to follow this badinage, or he was, perhaps, as much annoyed as Eunice, that the subject was opened.

"General Bowles is not in the King's service," he said. "Yet he is well thought of at the Foreign Office. I dined with him at Lord Hawksbury's."

"At Lord Hawksbury's?" said Mr. Perry, surprised out of the silence he had maintained all along.

Lonsdale certainly was annoyed this time, and annoyed at his own carelessness; for he would not have dropped the words, had he had a moment for thought. His face flushed, but he said:

"Yes. It was rather a curious party; General Miranda was there, who means to free Mexico and Cuba and the Spanish Main,—the South American Washington of the future, Miss Inez. This General Bowles was there, in the same fanciful uniform he wears to-day. There was an attaché of your legation there, I forget his name, and no end of people who spoke no English. But I understood that General Bowles was an American. I did not suppose I should be the person to introduce him to you."

"Why does Lord Hawksbury ask General Bowles to meet General Miranda, sir?" said Roland, turning to his father.

"Why do I ask an élève of the École Polytechnique to meet Mr. Lonsdale? Mr. Lonsdale, that Bordeaux wine is good; but, if you hold to your island prejudices, Ransom shall bring us some port which my own agent bought in Portugal."

"I hold by the claret," said Lonsdale, relieved, as Roland thought, that the subject was at an end. Now, Roland had no thought of relieving him. If Englishmen came to America, he meant to make them show their colors.

"No man tells me," he said, "what nation that is whose Major-Generals wear green frock-coats cut like Robin Hood's, with wam-

pum embroidered on the cuffs. I am only told that this unknown nation is in alliance with King George and General Miranda."

"General Bowles is the chief of an Indian tribe in this region, I think," said Lonsdale, rather stiffly.

"Oho!" cried the impetuous young fellow, "and the Creeks and the greasers, with some assistance from Lord Hawksbury and King George, are to drive the King of Spain out of Mexico. Is that on the cards, Mr. Lonsdale?"

Lonsdale looked more confused than ever.

"You must ask your father, Mr. Perry. He is the diplomatist, you say."

"But, is this what the Governor of Canada is bothering about? Is this what he sent Chisholm and Conolly for, sir?" said Roland, turning to his father. "Not so bad a plot, if it is."

The truth is that Roland's head was turned with the military atmosphere in which he had lived; and, like half the youngsters of his time, he hoped that some good cause might open up, in which he, too, could win spurs and glory.

At the allusion to Chisholm and Conolly, two secret agents of the Canadian Government in the Valley of the Mississippi, Inez turned to look gravely upon her aunt. As, by good luck, Mr. Lonsdale's face was also turned toward Eunice, Inez seized the happy opportunity to twirl her knife as a chief might his scalping-knife. Ma-ry understood no little of the talk, but managed, savage like, to keep her reserve. Mr. Perry felt his son's boldness, and was troubled by it. He knew that all this talk must be annoying to the Englishman.

"The plot was a very foolish plot, Roland, if it were such a plot as you propose. If John Adams had been chosen President again, instead of this man who is called so pacific,—if some things had not been done on the other side which have been done,—I think General Hamilton might have brought a few thousand of our countrymen down the river, with General Wilkinson to show him the way. Mr. Lonsdale can tell you whether Admiral Nelson would have been waiting here with a fleet; they do say there have been a few frigates in the Gulf; as it is, all I know is, that fortunately for us we found the 'Fire-fly' there. Mr. Lonsdale knows, perhaps, whether a few regiments from Canada might not have joined our men in the excursion. But we have changed all that, my boy, and you must take your

tactics and your strategies to some other field of glory."

The truth was that all the scheme of which Mr. Perry spoke had been wrought out in the well-kept secrecy of John Adams's Cabinet. As he said himself once, such talent as he had was for making war, more than for making peace.

As it proved, the majestic, and to us friendly policy of the great Napoleon gave us Louisiana without a blow. But, in the long line of onslaughts upon Spain, which the United States have had to do with, this was the first.

The first Adams is the historical leader of the Filibusters.

Miss Inez did not care a great deal about the politics of the conversation. What she did care for was, that Lonsdale appeared to be uncomfortable. This delighted her. Was he Chisholm? was he Conolly? Her father had hushed up Roland, with a purpose. She could see that. But she did not see that this involved any cessation in that

guerilla war with which he persecuted the Englishman.

"That must have been a very interesting party which you describe, Mr. Lonsdale. Is Lord Hawksbury a good talker?"

"Yes—hardly—no, Miss Perry. He talks as most of those men in office do; he is all things to all men."

"Was the Duke of Clarence there?" said Inez, with one bold, wild shot. Since Ransom had expressed the opinion that their guest was this gentleman, Inez was determined to know.

Lonsdale's face flushed fire this time; or she thought it did.

"The Duke was there," he said, "it was just before he sailed for Halifax."

But here Eunice came to his relief. She looked daggers at the impertinent girl, asked Mr. Lonsdale some question as to Lieutenant Drapier, and Inez and Roland were both so far hushed, that no further secrets of state were discussed on that occasion.

(To be continued.)

CHOICE AND CHANCE.

THREE maidens at a floral fair, one day,
Chose each a flower from out the same bouquet.

One chose a violet; "May my life," said she,
"Like this sweet flower's, be passed in privacy!"

Another—a glad Hebe—defly chose
From the rare cluster an imperial rose:—

"May life for me," she said, "through all its hours,
Be bright like thine, thou Empress of the flowers!"

A third the lily chose. "I mark in thee,
Passion," she whispered, "wed to purity."

The maiden shy who fain had dwelt apart,
Lived Fashion's Queen—though with an aching heart.

She, whose warm soul and yearning hope did crave
A bliss, rich, rose-like,—filled an early grave!

While she who loved the lily,—hapless maid!—
Perished forlorn,—dishonored and betrayed!

PROTESTANT VATICANISM.

ACCORDING to an editorial in the "Christian Intelligencer" for November 4, 1875: "The first Biennial Conference of the American Evangelical Alliance was held in the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.; the session* continuing from Tuesday evening, October 26, until Friday evening, October 29. The attendance of delegates, clergymen and friends of the society was large, and the public audiences which filled the great church edifice three times daily, indicated the deep interest of the people of Pittsburgh in the proceedings. There was but one sensible jar upon the harmony of the meetings, and that was produced by the elaborate paper of the Rev. S. M. Hopkins, D. D., Professor in the Auburn Theological Seminary, on the Sabbath Question. Dr. Hopkins took the broad ground that the Fourth Commandment, as a law, is abolished; that the Puritan Sabbath was essentially Jewish in its nature and observances; that all 'days' as such are abolished, because under the New Testament all time is equally sacred; that the observance of the Christian Sabbath, as to the time, extent and method, is left optional with the individual conscience; that the attempt to secure its sacredness in any way by legal enactments is inconsistent with the rights of conscience;* and that the only and the best means of rescuing the Lord's day from sensual appetite are the Church, the Sunday-school and Christian literature. He said that the propriety of opening public libraries, museums and other places of resort, depends not on the law of the Fourth Commandment, but upon their tendencies to benefit the mind, morals and religious interests of those who may frequent them, etc.

"The essay of Dr. H. was very lengthy, carefully wrought out, and an able presentation of the argument and the literature of that side of the question. But it excited the deepest feeling of regret and disapproval in the Conference and among the audience. It was an intrusion of the argument for the Continental Sunday upon a public body which had a right to expect no

* Here Dr. Hopkins would interject: "I admit the propriety of *legal enactments* to protect the Christian Sabbath from any such desecration as may interfere with its use as a day of rest and of worship."

such blow at its own well-known adherence to the American Christian Sabbath. It took the audience by surprise, and it left them indignant. The author was heard throughout with quiet respect and dignified silence. But when he sat down, amid very slight applause from a few feet and hands, the storm burst. Impromptu replies followed in quick succession from Drs. Atterbury, of the New York Sabbath Committee, Samson, Ganse, Malin, W. J. R. Taylor and others, each on some separate point, but all like a battery of converging guns upon the one object of attack. But for the resoluteness of the President this series of replies would have crowded out other topics of discourse, although the time was twice extended, and the five minutes rule was enforced. The American people are not yet ready to give up their Christian Sabbath, nor the grounds upon which it has been maintained; nor will they tolerate the introduction of the Continental Sunday with its license and its irreligion.

"One of the most telling replies to Dr. Hopkins was made by a German minister, who, in imperfect English, but with profound feeling and solemn emphasis, protested against the propagation of views which have so fearfully degraded the Sabbath in his native land.

"Dr. Hopkins is one of the very few American divines belonging to the Evangelical churches who hold these loose views, of which the late Frederick W. Robertson, in England, and many of the Continental divines, are the recognized advocates. But it is well to know just where our public men stand on this subject, and their inopportune assaults only serve to bring out the deep convictions and strong defenses of the advocates of the Sabbath as it is. It was remarkable that no one volunteered to speak in defense of the author of the paper."

To which we only care just here to add that another Evangelical editor—this time a Presbyterian—recommends that "in order to avoid any such 'outrage' hereafter, no one shall be permitted to take part in the proceedings of the Alliance whose sentiments are not understood in advance to be in harmony with the managers."

All of which very forcibly reminds us of what Prof. Draper tells us of another ecclesiastical conference,—not Protestant,—some

time ago convened—not at Pittsburgh. Prof. Draper says: "On the appointed day the Council opened. Its objects were to translate the Syllabus into practice, to establish the dogma of Papal Infallibility, and define the relations of religion to science. Every preparation had been made that the points determined on should be carried. The bishops were informed that they were coming to Rome, not to deliberate, but to sanction decrees previously made by an infallible Pope. No idea was entertained of any such thing as free discussion. The minutes of the meetings were not allowed to be inspected; the prelates of the opposition were hardly allowed to speak. On January 22, 1870, a petition requesting that the infallibility of the Pope should be defined was presented; an opposition petition of the minority was offered. Hereupon the deliberations of the minority were forbidden and their publications prohibited. And although the Curia had provided a compact majority, it was found expedient to issue an order that to carry any proposition it was not necessary that the vote should be near unanimity; a simple majority sufficed. The remonstrances of the minority were altogether unheeded."

Most assuredly the broad and fundamental features of community still existing, even in this nineteenth century, between a Protestant Ecclesiastical Conference, picked and packed—*e. g.*, in a Presbyterian church at Pittsburgh; and a Roman Catholic Council, picked and packed—*e. g.*, in the Vatican at Rome—are sufficiently brought out in the foregoing extracts to need no further special indications.

And to make this matter worse, so far as all freedom of discussion is concerned, it is precisely in connection with these conferences of the Evangelical Alliance that the highest liberty permissible, or even possible, in any evangelical ecclesiastical body, has been attained. There, according to the doctrinal basis of the Alliance, the only fetters in which discussions need to be confined is that they do not transcend the limits of what is agreed upon to constitute "a summary of the consensus of the various Evangelical Confessions of Faith."

And yet even this apparent latitude of discussion permitted to evangelical theologians on the platform of the Alliance is practically very much abridged by the fact that every member of the Alliance is also a member of some one or another of the various evangelical sects or cliques. So that if,

on the one hand, he is limited in his expressions of opinion in the presence of the Alliance itself only by the above-mentioned summary of Christian doctrine; on the other hand, he is fettered and hampered by all "the minor differences of theological schools and religious denominations." For example, Dr. Scovel, in his closing remarks at Pittsburgh, very bravely said: "I stand here to say that I am first a Christian, and then a Presbyterian. [Applause.] I believe firmly in my heart, I do intellectually respect, and am intellectually convinced of the truth of the blue book, from cover to cover, but I have lost all disposition to enforce its determined propositions upon the consciences of my neighbors. I am perfectly willing to stand upon this Alliance basis with my neighbors, they believing what else they choose."

But suppose Dr. Scovel had instead felt himself in duty bound to declare: "I am first a Christian, and after that in no sense a denominationalist. I am perfectly willing to remain in the Presbyterian communion on the doctrinal basis of this Alliance, but if any man, or any set of men, undertakes to enforce upon my personal and private conscience the determined propositions of the blue book, as distinguished from that doctrinal basis, that movement will, at all costs and hazards, simply be resisted to the bitter end."

Had this speech only been made by Dr. Scovel recently at Pittsburgh, some angry Eastern Prof. Patton might then have well stalked athwart his vision.

Thus, then, it stands with the boasted religious liberty of the Evangelical Alliance. On its narrowest side all discussion is limited by the strictly sectarian relations and obligations of the individual delegate; whereas, on its broadest side, the Alliance itself allows no liberty beyond that of "the Consensus of the various Evangelical Confessions of Faith."

Now, so far as the Evangelical Alliance itself is specifically concerned, our object is not to enter any protest. All things considered, and exceptional instances aside, it is very possible, it is even highly probable, that larger latitude of discussion is not there either desired or desirable. It is not argument alone, it is not free discussion alone, which is to break down, not merely all sectarian limits, but all evangelical limits, to the free and full expression of honest and scholarly religious conviction. That can be done in part, and among the majority of the men composing such bodies, and

represented in such bodies, as the Evangelical Alliance, that can be done perhaps more largely and more rapidly than in any other possible way, simply through personal and fraternal intercourse;—all specific discussion of mooted moral and religious topics being most rigorously confined within the limits of the present doctrinal platform of the Alliance.

But granting all this, the paper read by Prof. Hopkins before the Alliance at Pittsburgh, demonstrates that there exists among the Christian ministry of these United States at least a minority who have far broader and far more catholic convictions concerning Christianity than can honestly be presented, no matter in how able or scholarly a manner, in the presence of the Alliance, without being received with angry demonstrations from that body itself, and without likewise exposing the delegate who ventures to present them to no very inviting prospects of collision with his strictly sectarian authorities at home. For, says Prof. Hopkins in a private letter to the author, "Whether anybody may think it worth while to endeavor to molest or disturb me in my position here on account of the paper referred to I cannot tell. There are at least enough *outside* who are willing to prompt such a course."

And yet full justice must here be promptly done to the motives of the worthy evangelical leaders who undertake to apply all the processes of ecclesiastical gag-law and terrorism to the more advanced Christian thinkers, whether among the clergy or the laity, who are now in one way or another struggling for expression. Thus, speaking in behalf of one of the most numerous and powerful of the evangelical communions in Scotland, Prof. Rainy says: "At present any proposal to reconsider the Confession would be felt in most of the Presbyterian churches as a revolutionary proposal, open-

ing the way to unimaginable possibilities. It may be proposed simply to abridge on the ground that, however scriptural the articles to be omitted may be, they are not fitly introduced into a confession; that the whole document is larger than churches are entitled to use, and makes statements in more detail than is suitable in formularies of this kind. At present this is one of the main points urged with respect to confessions and articles. The question thus raised is a perfectly fair one, but frank and unembarrassed consideration is not easily procured for it. Nor is this surprising. If the point were urged by those only who desire the great characteristic features of the faith of the churches to remain, and to be protected by the best possible kind of confession, an unprejudiced hearing would more readily be accorded. But since those also are in the field who have more serious objections in reserve, and contemplate more sweeping changes, the point before us is naturally treated as only the advanced guard of an invading enemy. Yet it is certainly entitled to be considered and judged upon its own merits."

Now we have it here first of all frankly confessed that so resolute is the determination of the Protestant potentates and powers *par excellence* not to permit the more advanced Christian thinkers of the present epoch to have a calm and candid hearing, that, in order to shut them off, these potentates and powers do not scruple to put the estoppel even upon those less advanced malcontents who undeniably have questions to raise which even the most conservative theologians recognize to be not only perfectly legitimate, but entitled to be considered and judged on their own merits. And, looked at from their own stand-point, the conservative theologians are actuated by the most praiseworthy motives in all this. Better, they reason, not even permit the most legitimate proposals for the reformation of the traditional Confessions of Faith to be discussed among the churches, than to let the discussion get started, and so pass over into the hands of the revolutionists, and thereby endanger even "the great characteristic features of the faith of the churches."

Since, then, the more moderate malcontents among the Christian ministry and laity are interdicted by the conservative theologians from a hearing with their fellow Christians, only because of the existence of the more radical and revolutionary, this

* The most important steps taken in the premises since this note was written are, first, that a formal complaint was addressed by the Alleghany Presbytery to "the venerable Presbytery of Cayuga," of which Dr. Hopkins is a member, charging him with "heretical teachings," and requesting that he be brought before the bar of said Presbytery; and, secondly, the failure of those within "the venerable body," who were in sympathy with the Alleghany Presbytery to get the Professor indicted as a heretic, after the effort was most earnestly made to have him thus indicted; and, thirdly, the equally signal failure of the Alleghany heresy hunters to secure any action hostile to Dr. Hopkins on the part of the late General Assembly convened in Brooklyn.

matter might as well be at once taken by the horns fairly and squarely.

It scarcely needs to be suggested, however, that, as between Christians, there can be neither any desire nor any design to inaugurate any movements tending to endanger the great characteristic features of Christianity. And it is simple justice to that class of Christians who stand ready to propose the most revolutionary revisions of the various Evangelical Confessions of Faith, to say that they do not thereby intend any revolutionary revision of Christianity itself, but only such a revolutionary revision of those Confessions of Faith as shall bring them into at least some general harmony with our present state of Christian thought and light and culture.

Nor can it be questioned that the neglect to do this in time has already, as a foremost and fundamental cause, historically cost the Christian churches most bitterly in Germany. For example, almost indignantly remarks Prof. Christlieb: "What was it that in the last century prepared the way among ourselves for the prevalence of Rationalism? At such a time, when a cold orthodoxy was almost everywhere being substituted for living faith, when slavish adherence to the Church's standards was put in the place of that free inquiry into the sense of Scripture which the first reformers had pursued, and a fresh bondage of the letter was introduced, it became a simple necessity for energetic minds, like that of Lessing, to come to an open breach with traditional Protestantism." "It must then be confessed that the Church theology of the last century deserves the chief blame for the general apostasy which then began from the ancient faith." "Her dogmatic errors supply these enemies with their most formidable weapons of offense against her." And what has already historically happened in Germany, is at this very moment on the verge of happening in all other Christian countries. Thus, says Prebendary Row of England: "Popular ideas of Christian theology create a number of real *σκιάνελλα* in the minds of unbelievers. An attempt to remove them is almost sure to be cried out against by the ignorant as a weakening of the foundations of Christianity itself. The result is an imperfect defense of these great subjects,—shirking rather than going to the bottom of the question. I verily believe that the prejudices of Christians are doing quite as much damage as the direct assaults of unbelievers. They leave the house

empty, swept and garnished, all ready for their entrance. It terribly ties our hands."

Some revision of the various Evangelical Confessions of Faith must therefore inevitably be made, in order to bring them into some general accordance with an altered state of knowledge, and the like.

But these revisions, the conservative Protestant theologians would insist upon confining to the superficial features and the incidental details of these Confessions; whereas the revision which we are here attempting to show to be necessary is of a radical and revolutionary character,—threatening indeed to sweep away even some of "the great characteristic features of the faith of the churches."

And to render our meaning perfectly unambiguous upon this point, we would proceed to state that the features of faith to which we specifically refer are not merely those features which the Evangelical Alliance has agreed upon as constituting a sort of summary of the consensus of belief existing among all traditional Protestant churches, but those still more fundamental features which could be agreed upon as constituting a summary of the consensus of belief existing as between all traditional Protestant churches, on the one hand, and the traditional Catholic church, on the other.

If asked to state our meaning still more explicitly here, we would begin by citing these remarks by Matthew Arnold: "Clergymen and ministers of religion are full of lamentations over what they call the spread of scepticism, and because of the little hold which religion now has on the masses of the people . . . It is the religion of the Bible that is professedly in question with all the churches, when they talk of religion and lament its prospects. With Catholics as well as Protestants, and with all the sects of Protestantism, this is so. What the religion of the Bible is, how it is to be got at, they may not agree; but that it is the religion of the Bible for which they contend, they all aver."

In proof of this position, Mr. Arnold cites these words by that eminent Catholic divine, Dr. Newman: "The Bible is the record of the whole revealed faith; so far, all parties agree." And if more evidence had been called for, Mr. Arnold would have found it at every hand. Thus, when the Pan-Presbyterian Council some time ago convened in London, it distinctly placed at the very foundation of all its proceedings looking toward a world-wide alliance among

those churches which are organized on Presbyterian principles, "the supreme authority of the Old and New Testament Scriptures, in matters of faith and morals." In like manner, when the Evangelical Alliance came into existence, explicit provision was made that all its members should be required "solemnly to re-affirm and profess" their faith "in the divine inspiration, authority and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures." Nor when the late Ecumenical Council convened at the Vatican, was it forgotten to fulminate the following dogmatic decree: "If any one shall not receive as sacred and canonical, the books of Holy Scripture, entire with all their parts, as the holy Synod of Trent has enumerated them, or shall deny that they have been divinely inspired, let him be anathema."

And from all this, it is perfectly apparent that the religion of the Bible—the religion of the entire Bible, from Genesis to Revelation—is that which constitutes, in some sort at least, a consensus of belief between all traditional theologians, whether Catholic or Protestant, and that these theologians are to a man fully determined, by every ecclesiastical combination and appliance at their command, to enforce this consensus of belief on the consciences and practices of men, throughout the Christian world.

And it is down here, at the very bottom, that every so-called Christian Confession of Faith, Catholic or Protestant, written or unwritten, demands revision.

Do we then mean to affirm that the religion of the Bible is not by any means synonymous with Christianity? Most emphatically we do. And in affirming this, we do not allude to the religion of the Douay Bible, as distinguished from the religion of the Protestant Bible, or *vice versa*. We allude to the religion of the Bible, in the broad and fundamental sense in which that term would be employed, whether by Catholics or Protestants, when individually or collectively referring to those portions and versions of the Scripture which they recognize in common.

Drawing our illustration from the same general line with the paper of Prof. Hopkins, on the Sabbath question, we may begin by remarking that among Protestant divines some recognition has always been made of the fact that at least not everything in the Old Testament, or Jewish Scriptures, is of binding force upon the Christian church. Thus we find it stated in Article VII. of the Church of England: "The laws given from

God by Moses, as touching ceremonies and rites, do not bind Christian men, nor the civil precepts thereof ought of necessity to be received in any commonwealth."

And it is well known that Luther, for instance, went even beyond this in dealing with the Old Testament Scriptures, and "taught," as Dr. Forbes observes, "the abolition of civil laws, ceremonies, and *moralia* at once."

But, practically the Old Testament has not only been bound up in the same volume with the New, as if it were an integral portion of the Christian gospel; it has been drawn upon almost *ad libitum* for the determined propositions of the various evangelical confessions of faith, and bodies of divinity; it has been circulated broadcast among all Christian people, and preached from by all Evangelical ministers, precisely as if it were to-day as much the authoritative standard in matters of faith and morals to the Christian as it was aforesaid to the Jew. And that it is thus authoritative has accordingly become a settled popular conviction, not only among the laity, but likewise among the clergy, throughout the Christian world.

But when we have gone so far as to affirm with Article VII. of the Church of England, that the Mosaic requisitions "touching ceremonies and rites do not bind Christian men," and the like, why should we then stop and say: "Yet notwithstanding, no Christian man is free from obedience of the commandments which are called moral."

Because, it will be replied, Jesus himself expressly said: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled."

Indeed from these special words of Jesus, it has actually been contended that he designed not merely to tolerate, but to perpetuate the minutest ceremonial requisitions and prohibitions of the Mosaic legislation.

"But on this supposition," says Strauss, "the plan and entire position of Jesus become absolutely unintelligible." "Different commentators have [therefore] discovered in the passing away of heaven and earth a real limit."

Which affords a very fine example of the average value of the "different commentators," when a little common sense is needed to understand the broad and general teaching of Jesus in the gospels. Why could not "these blind leaders of the blind" have

opened their eyes sufficiently wide to see so plain a thing as this, namely, that Jesus himself, instead of having proclaimed the perpetuity of the Mosaic law for all time, in any of its aspects, expressly limited its continuance, in the all-comprehensive sense of both the law and the prophets, to the moment of its fulfillment by himself? Just so soon, however, as he had fulfilled that law, by making it in some general and suggestive way the mere basic point of his own final and permanent code of moral and religious life, then its divine validity, *ipso facto*, had in his view ceased, and ceased forever.

Let us see if this be not the case. And, to begin with: In giving one day something like a detailed statement of the Old Testament commandments, Jesus instanced barely, first, the prohibitions of murder, adultery, theft, false witness and defrauding, and, secondly, the injunctions: "Honor thy father and mother," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This shows how little Jesus cared that the Old Testament commandments, as such, should be preserved *en masse*, and in a catalogued form, in the memory of his disciples, as Christians still preserve the Decalogue.

Indeed, we must go even further still and distinctly assert that Jesus did not intend that the Old Testament commandments, as such, should ever be preserved *en masse* in the Christian church at all. On the contrary, when he divested the kingdom of God altogether of both its national and civil features, he utterly abrogated for the Christian all those national and civil requisitions originally imposed by Jehovah on the Jews. In like manner, by abolishing from his divine kingdom altogether the ancient Jewish rite of circumcision, and all the temple feasts and sacrifices, and every order of the temple priesthood, Jesus, *ipso facto*, abolished, from the Christian point of view, all the ancient Jehovic commands pertaining to the things abolished. But in place of them came all those special commands of Jesus pertaining to the national and civil relations of his church, concerning Baptism, the Lord's Supper, the Christian ministry, and the like, recorded in our gospels, as contradistinguished from anything recorded to the contrary in either the law or the prophets.

But even when Jesus did not go so far as absolutely to abolish the requisitions or prohibitions of the ancient Jehovic code, and substitute his own requisitions or prohibitions in their stead, he often made therein some revolutionary changes. The Sermon on the

Mount presents an illustration of this whenever Jesus draws a contrast between what "was said by them of old time," as contradistinguished from what he says himself. And if the entire gospel evidence be consulted, it will be found that even in regard to the Decalogue, Jesus either dropped out all mention of a requisition—as, for example, of idolatry—or radically changed the nature of the commandment, as in the specific matters of adultery, murder, the Sabbath, and the like.

Reduced, indeed, to the very bottom thought, Jesus considered that all the law and the prophets might be thus epitomized: first, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;" and secondly, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Jewish idea of a neighbor was limited, however, to begin with, by nationality,—no man being regarded as a neighbor who was not a Jew; and, in the next place, by comity,—no man being regarded as a neighbor, who, though a Jew, was yet an enemy. But Jesus, overriding every consideration alike of nationality and of comity, would have the entire world, and friend and foe alike, to constitute, at the very lowest supposition, but a common neighborhood. So that for Jesus to say: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is so unlike the same thing when uttered in the law and the prophets, that the saying in the lips of Jesus becomes another and a new commandment.

And the same thing is even more strikingly exhibited, if we turn now to consider the disposition made by Jesus of the Old Testament precept concerning supreme love for God. "The God of Jesus," says Renan, "is not the partial despot who has chosen Israel for his people, and protected it in the face of all, and against all. He is the God of humanity." Exception may indeed be taken both to the statement that the God of the Jews was a partial despot, and also to the position that the God of Jesus is the God of humanity, in the sense intended by the extremest schools of modern humanitarianism. At the same time, it cannot be denied that this remark by Renan is suggestive of a most momentous truth, namely, that between the God of the ancient Jewish theocracy, and the God of the new theocracy established by Jesus, there exists in general, the broadest and most fundamental diversity. Take, for example, just here, a salient point or two of contrast existing between the theism of the Decalogue and the

theism of the Sermon on the Mount. In the one case, we have a Lord God bringing up a special people out of Egypt; in the other, we have a Father in heaven accessible alike to every nation of the world. In the one case, we have a "jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers on the children to the third and fourth generation of them that hate him;" in the other, we have a benign Father, who "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." So that in the case of the first and great commandment, the very theism of Jesus, *versus* that of the ancient Jewish Scriptures, is in many most important particulars of another realm and order. It is not so much a new commandment that now arrests attention, as it is a new and radically subversive conception of that Deity to whom the old commandment is to be applied.

Indeed, partly in the direction of abolishing, partly in the direction of altering, Jesus intended to make the most thorough-going work with the entire ancient Jewish faith and system, as a faith and system; so much so, that if at one breath he distinctly recognized the Jews as having been, prior to his personal advent, in possession of averitable kingdom of God, at the next, he explicitly affirmed: "The kingdom of God shall be taken from you;" "The kingdom of God is come unto you." Nor did he ever either commission his disciples to preach or employ the ancient Jewish Scriptures, as a law of Christian faith and practice, or any more design that they should do so, than he designed that they should slaughter bulls and goats in the courts of Christian churches.

Let it therefore be distinctively affirmed that for the indiscriminate uses, as if it were the very Christian gospel, of the ancient Jewish Scriptures, thus far in all ages and everywhere prevalent in the so-called Christian churches, Jesus nowhere gives any greater sanction, explicit or implied, than he does for the indiscriminate uses, as if it were the very Christian gospel, of Confucius or the Koran.

Moreover, it is precisely to this most un-Christ-like custom of still preaching and teaching the Old Testament Scriptures, as if they *were* the very Christian gospels, that the world is most of all indebted for the fact that now for over eighteen centuries, some of the most vital moral and religious traits of Judaism are still perpetuated in the so-called Christian faith and practice—and

Protestant scarcely less than Catholic—which Jesus intended, root and branch, to extirpate for ever from the moral and religious life of his personal disciples.

Indeed, all things considered, it could be devoutly wished that steadily onward from the days of Jesus downward to the present epoch, no so-called Christian preacher, or creed-framer, or commentator, or concocter of a body of divinity, had ever been permitted to have free range for his so-called Christian moral and religious notions, throughout the ancient Jewish Scriptures. And we venture to suggest that if the precise idea of Jesus on many a great moral and religious question ever comes eventually to be accurately apprehended by his followers, they will be obliged to derive that idea of Jesus, primarily, only from the personal teachings of Jesus in the gospels.

But to what important practical point is this discussion tending? It is tending to prove that a minority of the more radical, and even revolutionary Christian thinkers of the present day, may deserve neither to be put down by the Protestant potentates *par excellence*, when they seek to gain a hearing with the churches, nor to be regarded and treated by the churches themselves as "invading enemies." They, indeed, do not wish many of "the great characteristic features of the faith of the churches to remain," and many of those features which are the most pre-eminently Biblical.

Says Dr. Garbett in behalf of the dogmas of the Church of England: "The Scriptures are the teacher, and the Church is only the witness. She challenges all men to judge of her faithfulness to her trust. Here are the Scriptures, and here her articles of belief. Do they correspond or not? If they do not, let us bring them into correspondence. If they do, then the truth expressed is the same in both cases, whether scattered throughout the Divine utterances, or concentrated in the human formula. If it is the same truth, it must have the same authority."

But what we have to protest against is precisely this confounding of an authoritative Biblical theology with an authoritative Christian theology. For, as is shown above,—at least in connection with the Old Testament theology,—so far from being Christian because they are Biblical, articles of faith may be all the less Christian in proportion as they are all the more Biblical.

In a word, it has been now in one way or

another, the great study of the traditional Protestant theologians ever since the sixteenth century, to discover in what a truly Biblical theology consists. Whereas, it is at length high time that the attention of the entire Christian church should be directed to the solution of quite another problem. That problem is this: What is Christian theology,—Christian theology as distinguished from Biblical theology, on the one hand, and from the various modern schemes of anti-Christian thought and speculation on the other? Professor Christlieb well knows, for example, that it was not merely "the Church theology of the last century," and "the dogmatic errors" of the traditional theologians referred to by him above, which conspired to transform Germany from being one of the most pre-eminently Christian nations of the world, into that deplorable condition which he himself depicts in saying: "The great mass of our educated, and yet more, of our half-educated classes is alienated from all positive definite Christianity: our diplomatists, almost without exception, and the great majority of our officers in the army, our government officials, lawyers, doctors, teachers of all kinds, excepting professional theologians, artists, manufacturers, merchants, shop-keepers, and artisans, stand on the basis of a merely rationalistic and nominal Christianity."

But, if it was not merely the Church theology of the last century, and the dogmatic errors of the theologians, which caused this breach between almost the entire intellect and culture of Germany, and Christianity,—what was it? Why, it was at least for one additional reason, the effort to save Christianity to the continued credence of the intellect and culture of Germany on the supposition that Christianity is substantially synonymous with Biblical religion. Says Professor Christlieb, himself: "The objection is very frequently raised, that, side by side with many exalted ideas of God, there are in the Bible, at least in the *Old Testament*, many views unworthy of Him." Nor, as Professor Christlieb, well knows, is this objection raised only by such as the traditional theologians would characterize as "infidels," or "semi-infidels." For example, and as he must himself confess: "Even believers in the Bible are sometimes offended by the manner in which the God of the Old Testament is appealed to in the Psalms as a God of vengeance; and also, generally speaking, by the whole spirit expressed in

those passages in which the poet invokes destruction on his enemies."

Despite all this, however, Prof. Christlieb, in his capacity of Biblical theologian, proposes not only to defend Biblical Theism for a truly Christian Theism, but a Biblical Theism drawn even more conspicuously and essentially from the ancient Jewish Scriptures than from the Christian Gospels.

In view of which we hasten to declare that if any intelligent Christian is in trouble here, he should not go to Prof. Christlieb, in his capacity of Biblical theologian, in order to find a clue out of his theistic difficulties. This clue the Professor rather gives us when, for the moment, turning himself, after the manner of Jesus, into an anti-Old Testament theologian, he observes: "After all, however, we must bear in mind that a certain distinction does exist between the avenging Judge of the Old Covenant and the God of mercy and love of the New Covenant. Not that God alters in his nature: He ever was and is unalterably holy in all his actions. But times and men certainly do alter. Hence in God's educatory dealings with man, everything has its wisely prescribed season."

And in this connection the following remarks by Herbert Spencer are also extremely helpful. He says: "The religious creeds through which mankind successively pass are, during the eras in which they are severally held, the best that could be held, and * * * this is true not only of the latest and most refined creeds, but of all, even to the earliest and most gross. * * * Certainly, such conceptions as those of some Polynesian, who believe that their gods feed on the souls of the dead; or as those of the Greeks, who ascribed to the personages of their Pantheon every vice, from domestic cannibalism downward, are repulsive enough. But, if ceasing to regard these notions from the outside, we more philosophically regard them from the inside; if we consider how they look to believers, and observe the relationships they bore to the natures and needs of such, we shall begin to think of them with some tolerance. The question to be answered is, whether these beliefs were beneficent in their effects on those who held them; not whether they would be beneficent for us, or for perfect men; and to this question the answer must be, that while absolutely bad they were relatively good. For is it not obvious that the savage man will be most effectually controlled by his fears of a savage deity? Must it not hap-

pen, that if his nature required great restraint, the supposed consequences of transgression, to be a check upon him, must be proportionately terrible; and for these to be proportionately terrible, must not his god be conceived as proportionately cruel and revengeful? Is it not well that the treacherous, thievish, lying Hindoo should believe in a hell where the wicked are boiled in caldrons, rolled down mountains bristling with knives, and sawn asunder between flaming iron posts? And that there may be provided such a hell, is it not needful that he should believe in a divinity delighting in human immolations, and the self-torture of fakirs? Does it not seem clear that during the earlier ages in Christendom, when men's feelings were so hard that a holy father could describe one of the delights of heaven to be the contemplation of the torments of the damned—does it not seem clear that while the general nature was so unsympathetic, there needed, to keep men in order, all the prospective tortures described by Dante, and a deity implacable enough to inflict them?"

And looked at from this point of view, would any higher theistic conceptions than those of the Old Testament, taken as a whole, have been either influential or beneficent among the semi-savage Jews, for whom alone, in their to us most offensive features, they ever were designed?

But when Mr. Greg, for example, finds himself so recently as 1850 still called upon as a Christian to believe in, adore and worship a Deity who, as he reads the Old Testament, "selected one favored people from the rest of his children, sanctioned fraud, commanded cruelty, contended and long in vain, with the magic of other gods, wrestled bodily with one patriarch, ate cakes and veal with another, sympathized with and shared in human passions, and manifested scarcely one 'untainted moral excellence'"—what could Mr. Greg do? Why simply revolt at such a shocking theism, still offered to a cultured Christian spirit more than eighteen centuries after Jesus had explicitly striven to displace it by the far different and far higher order of theism developed in his personal teaching?

Now we do not in all this design even remotely to intimate that Jesus did not intend to perpetuate some of the theistic conceptions of the ancient Jewish Scriptures. We merely wish to affirm that he designed root and branch to *abrogate* some of them, and to abrogate them forever. Cer-

tain examples of this latter class of theistic conceptions have already been instanced in connection with the theism of the very Decalogue. And it needs scarcely to be suggested that other examples might be cited in abundance in the direction of Mr. Greg's remarks above.

And if it be more specifically inquired what theistic conceptions of the ancient Jewish Scriptures Jesus designed to perpetuate, and what to abrogate, the evidence we think will bear out the general observation that he designed to abrogate every one of those conceptions which can rightfully prove revolting to the most cultured modern mind.

In saying this, however, we do not forget that Jesus doubtless designed to perpetuate such Old Testament conceptions of the Deity as that He is, symbolically speaking, a personal God—*i. e.*, a God of special providences and the like; conceptions more or less repugnant to not a few in modern times. But these very conceptions of the Deity are still clung to with the utmost ardor and pertinacity by the immense majority, at least in this Christian country. And the fact that Jesus shared them in common with the ancient Jewish Scriptures, and persistently taught and endeavored to perpetuate them, demonstrates them to be at least distinctively Christian conceptions.

And in undertaking at the present religious epoch to vindicate, as against all anti-Christian forms of theism, a truly Christian theism, let the Biblical theologians continue as long as they please their advocacy of a theism drawn from the entire Bible; but let them not interdict those from a hearing likewise in the churches who will undertake as Christians, and for Christians, to vindicate an Old Testament theism only in so far as Jesus perpetuated that theism in the gospel. Many of the best and noblest men and women all over the Christian world are utterly unable to believe in, adore and worship for themselves the Jehovah of the Jews in many of his aspects. Nor did Jesus any more desire or design that they should do so, than he desired or designed that they should believe in, adore and worship for themselves the gods of the Hindoos or the Polynesians. Not the Jehovah of the Jews, but the Heavenly Father of Jesus in so far as He is distinguishable from the Jehovah of the Jews, is the Deity of Christians.

Enough, however, has now been said in some vague and general way to illustrate our meaning when we allege, first, that

Biblical religion is one thing, and Christianity quite another; and, secondly, that the confounding of Biblical religion with Christianity, on the part of both the Protestant and the Catholic theologians, is among the most fruitful causes of that lamentable breach which is to-day everywhere taking place, between the cultured and the thoughtful, and what is supposed to be Christianity.

Other and more vital, not to say startling, illustrations of both these points could easily be adduced here did time and space permit. But it is something, even in this initial way, to have suggested to those who are on the verge of renouncing Biblical religion in many of its fundamental aspects, that they can well afford to pause and settle the preliminary question: What is Christianity *versus* Biblical religion? before they rush headlong either into an absolute rupture with religion in all and every form, or, what is more likely, into an acceptance of one or the other of the various modern religious rivals of Christianity. And it might also here be permissible to say to those who have already actually taken the one or the other of these latter leaps, that they may possibly retrace their steps with profit, at least so far as thoroughly to *consider* the question specified above. For while it would doubtless and rightfully be impossible for such persons ever to return to a truly Biblical belief, they might perhaps be able to come back far enough to occupy common standing ground with Jesus; *i. e.*, to believe in Christianity *versus* the religion of the Bible.

But we are here opening up a vast subject, which it will require more than the combined scholarship and wisdom of the present generation either adequately to discuss or satisfactorily to settle.

Meanwhile both the Catholic and the Protestant potentates and powers *par excellence* would do well not only to hear but to heed these remarks by Pressensé: "A formidable crisis has commenced in the history of Catholicism, and nothing will check it. Grave questions are proposed; it must be ascertained whence the Papacy has derived this vast authority which it has so boldly assumed. * * * Nor has the subject a lower claim on Protestants. Before them also there are serious questions for solution, both in the domain of theology and in that of the Church. There is not a single religious party which does not feel the need either of confirmation or of transformation.

All the churches born of the great movement of the sixteenth century are passing through a time of crisis. They are all asking themselves, though from various standpoints, whether the Reformation does not need to be continued and developed. Aspiration toward the Church of the future is becoming more general, more ardent."

And not only in the direction of the Old Testament theology spoken of above, but, as we have just intimated, in other essential directions not even suggested in this essay, the Christian Church of the future will be widely different alike from the traditional Catholic and the traditional Protestant communion.

Referring to the rise of the latter communion, Prof. Fisher says: "The new type of religion owed its being to the direct contact of the mind with the Scriptures. In them it found alike its source and its regulative form. This distinguishes Protestantism, historically considered, from all movements on the plane of natural religion, and stamps upon it a distinctively Christian character. The new spiritual life had consciously its fountain-head in the writings of the Prophets and Apostles. There was no pretense of devising a new religion, but only of reforming the old, according to its own authoritative standard."

And now the work of reforming Christianity takes this farther stride of making even the Scriptures stand aside for Jesus. Or, as Prebendary Row prefers to say: "The theology of the future will center round the person of Christ and a more enlarged appreciation of his work."

And thus it will be seen that no more in the nineteenth century than in the sixteenth do the most radical revolutionists within the Christian Church propose to found a new religion. They merely propose in place of a Biblical Church to have the Christian Church;—a Church which Jesus himself originally intended to found, and which he would to-day recognize to be the Christian Church, did he appear personally upon the scene.

But it is now time that we more specifically take up another line of thought. We are assured by the "Christian Intelligencer" above, that "such inopportune assaults" as that made by Dr. Hopkins at Pittsburgh, "only serve to bring out the deep convictions and the strong defenses of the advocates of the Sabbath as it is."

Now we must here hasten personally to disclaim an entire harmony of opinion with

Dr. Hopkins on the Sabbath question. There can indeed be no intelligent doubt that Jesus himself neither kept nor instructed his disciples to keep the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment. So far Dr. Hopkins has all the evidence of the gospels with him.* But while Jesus deliberately broke and taught his disciples to break the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment, we submit that the same evidence attests that he both personally observed, and taught his disciples to observe, another kind of Sabbath. This latter is the Christian Sabbath; and this Sabbath we would respectfully suggest to Dr. Hopkins, it is no more "a question left to the individual Christian conscience," whether to observe or not observe, than whether to love or not to love his enemy, is an open question with the Christian.

Or Dr. Hopkins may possibly respond that this view is indeed borne out by reference simply to the teachings of Jesus in the gospels, but not by reference likewise to the Pauline teaching.

But to this we would reply that either Paul could not have designed, in saying what he does—e. g., in Romans xiv., 5—to obliterate that distinction between a Christian Sabbath and the other days of the week which Jesus so plainly makes, or else it is necessary to make a choice between the Sabbatical ideas of Paul and the Sabbatical ideas of Jesus. In which latter case, few Christians will hesitate whether to take their stand with Paul or Jesus.

Be this, however, as it may, it is not to be denied that Prof. Hopkins by his Pittsburgh paper drew out the "deep convictions" of the Fourth Commandment Sabbatarians. But where are we to look for "the strong defenses of the advocates of the Sabbath as it is," which we are assured the paper likewise elicited?

Are we to look for them in the editorial of the "Christian Intelligencer?" So far as that editorial bears on the paper of Prof. Hopkins we have purposely incorporated it in this paper not only *in extenso* but *verbatim et literatim*. And the reader might as well look for the moon in the sea as for any original or scholarly contribution to the literature of the Sabbath question in that quarter, excepting in so far as it correctly recapitulates the paper which it assaults. The

verification of the foregoing remark is to be had by simply looking. Perhaps, however, "the strong defenses" of which we are in search were all exhausted in the Pittsburgh speeches?

If any one suspects so naïve a thing as that, let him quite as naïvely secure the extra "Pittsburgh Commercial" for Nov. 2, 1875. On doing this, he will discover, we predict, first, that the most scholarly and best-tempered responses to Dr. Hopkins were comparatively vapid and pointless; and, secondly, that the vast majority of the evangelical rejoinders were precisely of that character and caliber which are usually let off, "like a battery of converging guns upon the one object of attack," in such conferences, whenever a bomb-shell is thrown unexpectedly into their cut-and-dried deliberations, and "several are on their feet before the applause has subsided."

And since the "Intelligencer" has been at special pains to emphasize and particularize a single speech of exceptional eloquence and pertinence and power, the author begs leave to say that a thoroughly competent and responsible ear-witness of the effort gives this counter-estimate of its relevancy and value: "The 'telling reply' of the German minister was a very ignorant and foolish speech, whose whole force consisted in its being spoken in broken English. He in one breath predicted the certain ruin of every nation that desecrated the Sabbath; affirmed that the paper read corresponded with the German practice, and that it was the piety of King William and his people that had placed them, by God's blessing, at the very head of European Protestantism and civilization! You may have observed that Americanized and 'converted' Germans are often the most narrow-minded of Christians, and the most ignorant or careless in mis-representing the Sunday observance of their father-land."

And the beauty of all this, and the reason why we give space for all this, is that we have here what may be characterized as a typical case of Evangelical Vaticanism, when it comes to dealing whether with troublesome minority men, or with troublesome minority movements. Whether the thing is to be done by the Evangelical conferences or the Evangelical press, or the Evangelical pulpit, the method consists in this, that when valid argument, and thorough scholarship cannot be evoked, mingled gag law and gasconading, and crying up the evangelical side and crying down the un-

* See Matt. xii., 1-9; Mark ii., 23-28; Luke vi., 1-11; xiii., 10-17; John v., 1-18.

evangelical, are together depended upon to complete the victory.

Take another illustration;—now that the uproar and the clamor have long enough, and thoroughly enough subsided, perhaps, for calmness and reason to prevail.

In these pages for August, September and October, 1873, we published certain papers entitled "Modern Skepticism." In those papers, among other things, we charged, in substance, that the Evangelical clergy of this country can take no intelligent part in modern Christian apologetics, as against the transatlantic forms of doubt and objection, without a prolonged, silent and special preparation. In the same papers we further charged that, even after such a preparation, those clergymen will often find that they can do nothing whatever effectually, without doing it extra-professionally; without doing it, in fact, at every professional cost and hazard; and for one very obvious reason, among others, that their determined theological dogmas bind them in all cases to reach an evangelical conclusion, whereas any fair and square and scholarly conduct of the debate will not unfrequently compel them to reach a conclusion which, in a radical and even revolutionary sense, is not evangelical.

As is well known, these allegations were met in a variety of ways by the evangelical editors, preachers, teachers, professors, and the like. Some called for a new editorship of the Magazine. Others rushed into the pulpit and denounced the publication, and exhorted their congregations to withdraw from it their patronage. Others sought to effect combinations powerful enough to "stamp out SCRIBNER." The author on his part was characterized, for example, as an alarmist, a more dangerous foe to Christianity than Comte and Herbert Spencer.

But in the midst of all this brilliant display of Protestant Vaticanism, the evangelical clergy of the entire country most persistently failed to do just those specific things which it was alleged they were incapable of doing. For not one of them, who had not made a prolonged, silent and special preparation, came to the front, and volunteered to take up specified subjects at issue between Christianity and the various transatlantic leaders of anti-Christian movements, in order to demonstrate his personal ability to do intelligent work in behalf of Christianity. No more did any one of those clergymen, who had made such a preparation, step forward and call for specified

questions at issue between modern thought and traditional theology, which he could not, in a fair and square and scholarly way, conduct to an evangelical conclusion.

And under these circumstances we have simply to direct public attention to these important omissions on the part of both these classes of the evangelical clergy, and to reiterate both the charges mentioned, and to demand that either their justness be thus tardily admitted, or else that their unjustness be established by downright honest work, *versus* Protestant Vaticanism.

Who, in either class—now steps forward and clamors for the work?

Nevertheless, it was by no means surprising that it should at the time impress many of the most excellent conservators of the traditional so-called Christian theology, that we were, to put it very mildly, resorting to a somewhat remarkable method of subserving Christianity. Nothing could be more natural, for example, than that Professor Atwater, of Princeton, should have insisted in these columns for February, 1874: "In the eye of all classes, the skeptics, the world and the church, to exhibit the recognized, trained and official defenders of Christianity, as a set of incapables, is a sure way of creating the impression that the cause itself is indefensible. For, so it is, if it cannot be defended by those whom it sets for its defense. Such representations from Christian divines will do more to promote skepticism, than all the assaults of skeptics themselves."

Now, by way of partial explanation, we would begin by affirming, that, in certain directions, no one can possibly place a higher estimate upon the evangelical ministry of this country than does the present writer. For purity, integrity, and elevation of personal character and life they are equaled, and for intellectual capacity they are surpassed, by no other class in the nation. Nor, in the direction of the traditional church theology, is their scholarship in the least behind the traditional scholarship of any other profession.

But, said Froude, to the English clergy in 1863: "In the ordinary branches of human knowledge or inquiry, the judicious questioning of received opinions has been regarded as the sign of scientific vitality, the principle of scientific advancement, the very source and root of healthy progress and growth. If medicine had been regulated three hundred years ago by Act of Parliament; if there had been Thirty-nine Articles

of Physic, and every licensed practitioner had been compelled, under pains and penalties, to compound his drugs by the prescriptions of Henry the Eighth's physician, Dr. Butts, it is easy to conjecture in what state of health the people of this country would at present be found. Constitutions have changed with habits of life, and the treatment of disorders has changed to meet the new conditions. New diseases have shown themselves of which Dr. Butts had no cognizance; new continents have given us plants with medicinal virtues previously unknown; new sciences, and even the mere increase of recorded experience, have added a thousand remedies to those known to the age of the Tudors. If the College of Physicians had been organized into a board of orthodoxy, and every novelty of treatment had been regarded as a crime against society, which a law had been established to punish, the hundreds who die annually from preventable causes would have been thousands and tens of thousands."

And owing to the immense advances in religious thought and information which have been developing during a whole century past, especially in Germany, it is as true in theology, as in medicine, that Dr. Butts & Co. are—a trifle out of date.

And yet this is affirmed of course only from the stand-point of that minority of Christians scattered throughout the American churches who are more or less thoroughly conversant with the advances mentioned. The vast majority of our Christian families, safely sequestered from such things by their moral and religious health-boards, and consequently knowing next to nothing of what has happened in the moral and religious world since the halcyon days of Calvin, Knox and Luther, still, unquestionably, desire Dr. Butts for their physician; and, with minor modifications, Dr. Butts, with his regular old-fashioned evangelical pill-bags. Very few, and these, mostly among the survivors of the past generation, are, indeed, at all particular about the strictly sectarian treatment. The present and rising generation might possibly shrink, moreover, from many of the sharp points of doctrine in the determined propositions of the several denominational blue-books, as they would shrink from the point of a rusted and resurrected lancet. And it might be as difficult in these days successfully to administer a full dose of any given catechism, as to administer a full dose of the regular old-style blue-pill, *e. g.*, to

an entire Sabbath school or Christian association.

And yet, the strictly sectarian doses and dogmas aside, evangelical theology, Biblical religion, is, doubtless what the vast proportion of our Christian people most devoutly desire, alike in sickness and in health. Nor can any intelligent Christian observer, however advanced he may be in his personal religious convictions and needs, have failed to note with pleasure that the evangelical clergy of this country are rapidly adjusting themselves to this altered condition of things,—preaching less and less of the strictly sectarian theology, and more and more of Biblical religion. In so far, these clergymen are not only capable for their calling, and worthy of all honor; they are successfully discharging their providential duties by meeting a great religious demand of these times.

But, as has already been asserted, there is a minority even in this theologically benighted country, whose religious wants these clergymen do not either comprehend or answer. This minority have, in one way or another, and to a greater or less degree, become familiar with the modern progress of religious thought and culture spoken of above. About a dozen years ago the representatives of this minority in England began to betake themselves to Dr. Butts & Co. with their religious troubles. As Froude put the matter at that time: "We go to our appointed teachers as to our physicians; we say to them, 'We feel pain here and here, and here; we do not see our way, and we require you to help us.'"

But, what was the result? According to Froude, again, it was simply this: "As time passes on, and divine after divine is raised to honor and office for his theological services, we find only when we turn to their writings, that loud promises end in no performance; that the chief object which they set before themselves is to avoid difficult ground; and that the points on which we most cry out for satisfaction are passed over in silence, or are disposed of with ineffectual commonplaces." "They do not meet the real difficulties; they mistake them, misrepresent them, claim victories over adversaries with whom they have never even crossed swords, and leap to conclusions with a precipitancy at which we can only smile. It has been the unhappy manner of their class from immemorial time; they call it zeal for the Lord, as if it were beyond all doubt that they were on God's side—as if

serious inquiry after truth were something which they were entitled to resent. They treat intellectual difficulties as if they deserved rather to be condemned and punished than considered and weighed, and rather stop their ears and run with one accord upon any one who disagrees with them, than listen patiently to what he has to say."

And yet the mistake of the English representatives of the minority of American Christians now immediately in question has, from the very first outset, been in going to Dr. Butts at all with their religious ailments. Why? Because, Dr. Butts, knowing himself next to nothing about the fundamental causes of their new diseases, and next to nothing likewise about the new treatment which these diseases call for, could, of course, only do what he was trained and is fit for. Let these Christians simply avoid the blunder of their English cousins, and so at least, escape being treated for hardness of heart when they need relief from intellectual difficulties, and the like.

But, having dwelt at length in the papers on Modern Skepticism upon the fact that the traditional evangelical theologians can only leave their patients in the lurch, when it comes to meeting the urgent demands of that minority of Christians who are a distinctive outgrowth and product of the present religious epoch, we have aimed to dwell more particularly in the present discussion upon two further circumstances, first, that "the cause itself is indefensible" of which those theologians "are the recognized trained and official defenders;" and secondly, that this "cause itself" is quite distinct from that of Christianity.

Moreover, we trust that we have at least made a beginning toward showing that this latter cause is not only quite distinct from that of the determined propositions of the various denominational blue-books, peculiar to the Protestant churches, but equally distinct from Biblical religion, as understood and accepted in common alike by Protestants and Catholics. And, if we have likewise succeeded in making it to any degree apparent that Biblical religion *versus* Christianity is no more defensible than are the dogmatical errors of the traditional Church theology, another portion of our task is most happily accomplished. At a time when the cause of Christianity, on the one hand, is passing through the most radical, crucial, and revolutionary crisis in her entire history, and, as Prebendary Row well observes above, when the scanty band of modern

Christian apologists are, on the other hand, everywhere finding their hands "terribly tied," because they cannot even remove the most scandalous features of the traditional Church theology, without raising the hue and cry that they are attacking Christianity at the very foundation—at such a time, we say, those apologists ought most certainly to care far more for Christianity than they do to escape the anathemas and denunciations of "the recognized trained and official defenders" of that theology. They ought, no matter what be the hue or the cry, or the personal results, to hold up hands before God and man which are absolutely free to remove not only the more scandalous features of the traditional Church theology, but the more offensive features of that Biblical religion, which, having become popularly, and, indeed, almost universally confounded with Christianity, are, even more fundamentally than all the dogmatical errors of the theologians, throttling and strangling out Christianity.

Not arbitrarily indeed should they do this. But they should do it in the name of that Jesus of Nazareth who founded Christianity, and in the precise sense and to that exact degree and extent in which he personally caused Christianity to differ from the religion of that Bible which we possess.

And if we who try to comprehend the mind and will and spirit of Jesus more fully than they were ever comprehended, whether by the Catholic Church before the reformation of the sixteenth century, or by both the Catholic and Protestant Churches combined since the sixteenth century; if we find ourselves in the service of that identical religion which Jesus founded; brought, like himself, into a direct and even deadly collision with all the regularly organized and official forms of orthodoxy—then what? Why we then have simply to decide whether to falter and fail, or to go forward and triumph. And if we chance in going forward, in some such ways as are still possible in this nineteenth century, and for the brief instant that we shall be upon this scene of action, ourselves to become fellow partakers with Jesus of his sufferings, this is not indeed what we would choose, but it is still what, according to his sweet will, shall befall us. And in this latter event, let us nothing doubt and never question that it is as true to-day as it was true eighteen hundred years ago, though the fulfilment fall to us in another sphere than this, and to our fellow men in another generation than our own:

"He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Professor Atwater will accordingly perceive that in saying what we did in the paper on Modern Skepticism concerning the incapacity of the traditional theologians to meet the crucial emergency through which the Christian Church to-day is passing, we did not intend to give any very cheering outlook for that "cause itself" of which those theologians are "the recognized trained and official defenders." We expressly intended, on the other hand, to do precisely what we did do; that is, in the most explicit language, to predict "the hopeless doom of much of the so-called Christian theology;" meaning by this, as he suggests, the hopeless doom of "some of the leading articles of our accepted Christianity;" *i. e.*, evangelical theology, or, more fundamentally still, Biblical religion.

At the same time we were not only extremely careful not to confound "Christianity itself" with either that theology, or even with that religion, but also extremely careful to augur the brightest future for the former, whereas we augured the darkest future for the latter.

Not that there is absolutely no future, and no great future, for the traditional church theology, much more for the traditional theological conceptions of Biblical religion, both Catholic and Protestant. Catholicism not only survived the crucial testing of the sixteenth century; Catholicism still lives in this nineteenth century among the most powerful and the most thoroughly organized and compacted moral and religious forces of the world. In the same way, both traditional Protestantism and traditional Catholicism will alike survive the crucial testing of this nineteenth century, and for many a century to come continue between them to divide the most implicit religious faith, and to draw out the most devout and consecrated religious life of countless myriads of souls. Considered with relation both to the present and the future, there is not only too much in these great religious communions responding to the religious need and culture and development of multitudes of men, there is also in these great communions too much of Christianity for them to perish very soon; perhaps for them to perish while lives this human race.

But while all this is true, it is likewise true that, as in the sixteenth century, millions of men and women came out of the traditional Catholic communion by an in-

itable law of moral and religious outgrowth to constitute the Protestant communion, so now in the nineteenth century millions have for the very same reason begun to come out of both the traditional Catholic and the traditional Protestant communions combined to constitute that communion which we have above endeavored to show, by way of a preliminary suggestion or two, will be pre-eminently the Christian communion of the future.

Nor do we at all mistake in thus assuming that this great Christian Church of the future, thus dimly, but only dimly outlined, thus faintly, but only faintly adumbrated, in the present paper, shall as surely as the earth stands arise, develop, organize and enter upon her grand career and mission. Arise? She has already arisen in every essential element. Jesus Christ personally deposited her seed-thoughts and principles here among men more than eighteen centuries ago.

Nor is this all; for Christendom is to-day everywhere fairly travailing in birth with souls who are weary alike of the obscuring and corrupting dogmas of the traditional church theology, and, to say nothing further for the present, weary also of at least the anti-Christian Judaistic features of the religion of the Bible. Weary likewise are those souls of gazing into the depths which are unfathomable, and into the darkness which is dreary and desolate and unutterable of modern unbelief. What they long for, what they grope after more and more daily, doubtless is the pure religious thought of Jesus. Let that thought only once be fully and distinctively announced, and it will attract to itself and rally around itself all over the Christian world, adherents by the millions, adherents otherwise forever lost to all Christian faith and life and hope.

And then, too, but not until then, will "Christianity itself" have for the first time actually and fully entered upon its own peculiar and distinctive pathway of beneficence and glory among the nations of the earth.

Now, in connection with the inception, development and entire history of this great Christian communion of the future let there never be known anything whatever which savors, no matter how remotely, of the traditional theological Vaticanism, Catholic or Protestant. Let her councils—for she shall yet have her councils—be ever open alike to friend and to foe; let her pulpits—for she shall yet have her great pulpits—be forever

and absolutely free from every trammel and fetter, saving only from those imposed by the individual Christian conviction of the truth as it is in Jesus; let her press—for she already is beginning to have her press,

most brave and powerful—ever be as independent of a purely partisan religious patronage, as it is, when the emergency arises, defiant of a purely partisan religious terrorism.

CALIFORNIA HOUSEKEEPERS AND CHINESE SERVANTS.

A GENTLEMAN from Illinois, dining with us a few days since, said suddenly:

"I see that you employ Chinese. My wife writes me, 'Oh! how I wish you could bring me back a Chinaman!'"

So it struck us that a little of our experience might not be uninteresting to some yearning housekeeper. Wherefore, this paper.

Yes, we employ Chinese. And so do many of our friends and acquaintances. But, if any housekeeper east of the Rocky Mountains, groaning under the dispensation of "Biddie," looks for the millennium to be ushered in by "John," let us hasten to spread some facts on record, and let her read and ponder. John has his good points to be sure, but John, after all, is not a saint, and to change from Irish to Chinese is *not* to pass from purgatory to paradise. It is simply to refresh the chafed housewifely spirit, by exchanging a set of Christian faults for a set of heathen faults. No more. Some California housekeepers thus systematically rest themselves, by taking doses of Erin and the Flowery Land in alternation. Others never for a moment look at a Chinaman in the character of house-servant, but employ "girls" exclusively; others employ Chinese exclusively; and still others commingle the two, and thus endeavor to solve the hitherto insoluble servant problem.

Never shall we forget the first Chinaman whom we employed as a house-servant. The excellent and trusted Bridget who had lived with us so long was to be married, and, after her, we felt indeed, that "no Irish need apply." She remained beyond her time that we might fill her place, but each aspirant to the culinary domain seemed worse than the preceding, and finally we asked our Chinese laundry-man if he could send us "a China-boy," as they are called. Biddie protested.

"Och! I can't bear to think of ye's having a Chinaman! They will stale all there is in the house, and ye's won't know where it goes."

But we made due allowance for Biddie's prejudices, engaged "a boy," and he came at the time appointed.

A neat, rather handsome fellow, he was, and as he disappeared into his room, bundle in hand, we were conscious of a great drawing of the spirit toward him. In five minutes he emerged, clad in the daintiest of white blouses and aprons, his pigtail girded around his head as meaning business, and with the quietest step and mien he sought us out in the parlor, and "came and stood before us," his head slightly bowed, his hands folded, perfectly silent, awaiting orders. There was a submissiveness in his attitude, his expression, his whole aspect, which suggested the Old Testament and the "Arabian Nights" in turn. Our heart leaped up, as Wordsworth's to a rainbow. Here was a new régime, indeed! How promising! How delightful!

He went to work in a way which showed perfect acquaintance with his duties, and we mentally planned to teach him (was he not a heathen?), to make much of him, and to keep him a long time. It was nice to have such a *distingué*-looking creature around, and how deftly he waited on door and table! About the middle of the afternoon, another Chinaman appeared on the scene, and the two had much cackle together. No. 1 showed No. 2 his kitchen, laundry, and closet; and we concluded that he was pleased with his conveniences, and was receiving congratulations thereupon. By five o'clock he again "came and stood before us."

"My fiend heap-good boy; he stay you; I catch-um place, San Francisco."

And China-boy No. 1 summarily departed, leaving behind him quite an inferior substitute. And with him went, as we learned that evening, all the cracked-wheat which we chanced to have in the flour-closet.

So we found that Biddie's generous concern was not all prejudice. Wonderfully keen, observant, and bright, in an hour the "China-boy" will take in the situation of everything

about the house, and will learn what it requires a week or two of drill to get through the head of an Irish girl, as to what, and when, and where, and how. Nor do they *seem* to notice anything, which is the wonderful part of it. Those narrow little eyes, cut bias, seem always either cast down or looking at vacancy, and yet, nothing escapes their observation. Owing to this quickness, one does not dread changing them on the score of stupidity. But one does dread it on the score of obstinacy, for it is next to impossible to make them do anything otherwise than as they learned from the first person who taught them. For instance, one of them *would* always wet his pastry before baking it, and bring it out shiny, like a German pretzel. Remonstrances were in vain; "all right," was always the answer, but the pastry was always all wrong. We inferred that he had been first taught how to make pie-crust in a German restaurant.

No one understands so well as they, the aggregate value of small quantities, and how to levy constant minute taxes on the family stores. According to the ideas of Western nations, such a propensity forfeits claim to respect, but to them, as to the ancient Spartans, the disgrace lies, not in thieving, but in being found out. Therefore, they resent nothing more than being *accused* of lying and stealing, and there is nothing, apparently, which they think smarter than to lie and to steal. No matter how kind you may have been, no matter what obligations they may be under: they seem to lack the moral sense which recognizes ingratitude. The Chinaman who takes care of our garden, a great gambler, and, therefore, often reduced to straits, will come to us when hungry to be warmed and filled, and if he gets opportunity will carry off on leaving the premises, a loaf of bread, a roll of butter, or all the eggs in the hen-house. One soon learns to feel neither surprise nor indignation at these little occurrences, but simply to guard against them as well as may be.

But to return. Another of our experiments was Chee. Chee was a capital fellow, efficient, neat, and a good cook; but possessing a temper which flared up on all occasions, with or without reason. Then he would bang, scold, and mutter in Chinese, and, immediately thereupon, came the announcement:

"You get 'nother boy; I go."

And go he would, house full of company, family sick, or what not. He was such a good servant, otherwise, that we took him

back three times, after which we concluded that the next time he left he might stay away. The occasion soon came, for the cunning fellow had learned that our threats of non-payment of wages were as empty air; and, after this, we had no hold on him. He hung about for some weeks, dropping in occasionally or sending a representative spy to see what his chances were, but Chee's day was over. A long-suffering family had rebelled at last, and, in process of time, he became convinced of the fact, and went into the laundry business.

It was comical to see his preparations for leaving. He always got himself up in his best suit, flowing sleeves, pigtail ungirt and swinging about his heels, and hat on his head; for the Chinese don the hat, instead of doffing it, as a token of respect. Thus gorgeously arrayed, he sought us out in whatever part of the house, and bade us a ceremonious farewell. And this seems to be their rule in leaving a place, no matter what the offense. There is none of the hard feeling which so often makes it a matter of dread to discharge an Irish girl. "You no likee me, I go;" and there is the whole of it. And they generally leave everything in order behind them.

So far as we remember, we never parted with but one China-boy who omitted a ceremonious and amiable leave-taking. And he was quite excusable from the Chinese-Spartan stand-point. His feelings were injured, and it happened on this wise. We had occasion to go one day to his caboose, and rushed in upon a swarthy and unknown Chinaman with plate and knife before him, deep in the enjoyment of some "Melican grub." We called upon the Celestial to stand forth—he was a Chinese peddler—and told our incumbent in mild but positive terms, to take his "cousin" to the kitchen for something wherewith to refresh the inner (China) man, and always to ask us and we would do our endeavors to indorse his hospitality. But, at the same time, we straitly charged him never again to hide any one away in his room, or to take any one to board, without consulting us as mistress of the premises. Mild though we were, the mortification of being detected was too much for Sam. He was a favorite in the family, and had been treated with confidence and made a pet of. In five minutes he came to the parlor door and announced: "Madam, I go," and was gone before we could reach the kitchen, where we found dishes standing and everything in disorder.

But, as we said before, such a style of leaving is quite exceptional; and, besides, we happened to have paid his wages to the full, only the day before.

No one need expect permanency who employs Chinese servants. They are always anxious to go to a place, and apparently always ready to leave it. Twenty-five cents is a sufficient inducement either way, and perhaps it is not strange. For, having dared so much in coming to a foreign land for the sole purpose of money-getting, a spirit of unrest and of greed takes possession of them. There is always the hope of doing better, and, therefore, they are always ready to make a change.

Of course there are exceptions to the rule; of course there are Chinamen who have lived in the same family for a length of time. But it will generally be found that these have been paid extraordinarily high wages, or in some other way have had the inducement to roam removed. As a rule, they change often. "He lived with me fifteen months; quite a long time for a China-boy," said a lady to us.

When they desire to leave, there is absolutely nothing which can be appealed to to prevent it, no matter what the embarrassment, inconvenience, or trouble of the family, except money. Therefore, it has come to pass, that most housekeepers make it a rule never to pay them quite all their wages until ready to part with them. For, only thus can anything like justice be extorted from our Celestial servitors. All are eager for money, all are grasping and venal; and this unblushingly, as a matter of course, as the recognized law of their life. And for skill in a bargain, they out-Yankee us all. No one understands so well how to ask a high price, to recede step by step, to chaffer, and argue, and feel the pulse of the market, and to drop just in time to secure the prize.

To digress a little for an illustration. Say the family wash is to be consigned to a laundry for a while. On inquiry, finding that a neighbor whose wash is larger employs Hop Fong at six dollars per month, you think to send for Hop Fong. But your China-boy by no means lets such an opportunity go by for bringing custom to his "fiend," and proposes to go for Ah Sing, to which you good-naturedly consent.

So Ah Sing makes his appearance, very polite and smiling.

"You catchee wash?"

"Yes; how much you ask, one month?"

"I catchee him, then I sabe."

But you are too wise for such an arrangement.

"No; my wash no very big; one man, one child, me; how much you ask?"

"Ah," watching your face very attentively. "I think all same flee dollars one week."

"Three dollars one week! Too much!" and you look resolute. "That is twelve dollars one month! No, indeed!"

"A-h. I think nine dollars one mon'."

"No; I no pay nine dollars one month. Too muchee."

"A-h. Seven dollars hap."

"No; I no pay seven dollars and a half. Hop Fong will do it for six dollars one month. I give you six dollars, no more. You no like it, I send for Hop Fong."

Without a moment's hesitation, smiling, and with the utmost suavity, having perceived that you mean what you say, he at once accepts and clinches the arrangement.

"All light. I do all same Hop Fong. Six dollar one mon'."

Chinese servants bear but very little fault-finding, and are very unwilling to be told how to do anything. "Too much talkee," is something which they cannot abide, even of the sort which is necessary. We sent a message to the kitchen. "What did Ching say?" we asked. He said: "All right; shut up; go 'way," replied the child, laughing, "he always says that."

This does not come from a dislike of talking in itself, for, when together, they have no end of chatter.

And they have no end of "cousins" (sounding the *i* as it sounds in *pin*), in this respect out-Biddying Biddie a hundred fold. From one to half a dozen Chinamen will loiter round a kitchen if they dare, and one may feel certain that every Chinese of them is hungry. To be hungry seems, indeed, their normal condition, for they live by scores in their wash-houses and other haunts, subsisting on the smallest modicum of food, in order to save money. When they drop into our kitchens to call on a comrade, therefore, one may be certain that those bright little sloping eyes are on the alert for forage. We have happened suddenly downstairs and found such a visitor in the closet, his hand in the sugar-bowl. A neighbor met another emerging from her pantry, eating pie. When thus confronted, they laugh and leave immediately. Not a word is said in self-defense, and the housekeeper's consolation is, that they do not dare to take any but small quantities. But it makes

housekeeping with them not a state of entire confidence. It is quite a question whether or not to put things under lock and key. If trusted, they seem to put themselves somewhat upon honor, not to allow, at all events, any *large* amounts to be abstracted. This, and the fact that no drudgery of locking can really prevent theft, determines most housekeepers, we think, in favor of open closets. Whether this ingrained habit of pilfering is at once eradicated in those who accept Christianity, we do not know; but we have been told by returned missionaries that they have to settle the same question, with about the same solution.

We are often reminded of the old geography which used to tell us that the Chinese are a very vain people. They come here with a secret sense of superiority to us all as barbarians, and a secret contempt for women in particular as inferior beings, which makes it hard for them to submit to the control of the mistress of a family. Therefore they become "uppish" quite as readily as other servants. Company came unexpectedly to lunch, and Doo slammed and banged forth his vexations in the most approved Irish fashion.

"Why you no tell me they come?"

Reflecting with extreme satisfaction that we owed him a little money, we said:

"Doo! you too much talkee! Be good boy; get lunch, heap good!"

Doo subsided; his lunch was "heap-good," and his manner heap-sulky, likewise.

They readily learn to cook, and some of them excel in the art. In the laundry and as waiters they are also good. Chamber-work they do not take to, and they are as ready to slight it as other servants. As we have before intimated, much of their value depends on the way they were taught, by whoever taught them first.

There is one thing which probably would never enter the mind of Eastern people, in connection with Chinese servants, but which is true everywhere in California among those who employ them. No matter how good a Chinaman may be, ladies never leave their children with them, especially little girls. On first coming here, we frequently met a very lovely lady who always was accompanied by two little girls, eight and four years of age. If she were out, riding or walking, making a call or spending the day, the little girls were always with her. We asked why she was always so encumbered?

"Oh! she has only a Chinaman, and

she could not leave her children with him."

"But, why not? Is he not a converted Chinaman?" for we happened to have heard that he had joined the church.

"Yes; but she does not like to leave them; she always takes them with her."

A lady was here from the country.

"Why so short a visit?"

"Oh, we have only a Chinaman, and my husband cannot leave the children, you know, and I must go home and relieve him."

"Has that excellent Chinaman left you?"

"Oh no; we have him yet; but we never leave the children (three girls and a boy) one single minute alone. If my husband goes out to take a walk while I am gone, he has to take them all with him, so you can see what bondage he is in during my absence."

And this is the general feeling. In dealing with them we are dealing with an unknown quantity, and no one thinks of trusting them as we trust our own, or the negro race.

It is a curious chapter of history to hear housekeepers who employ Chinese, compare experiences. We met a lady not long since who has a Chinaman of the superior kind,—one who is partner in a wash-house, and of the sort known among themselves as a "Boss." Another has one who is part owner of a Chinese drug-store. We ourselves have at present a capitalist who is a money-lender, and exacts three per cent. a month from his impecunious countrymen. For they are keenly alive to all methods of money-making, and are, oh! such hard masters!

The "Boss" Chinaman gradually extended his prerogatives, until he went to bed in the day-time (an indulgence they highly prize), and was often absent for hours together, looking after his wash-house. He was discharged several times, but always continued to stay, for he was a good cook; but at last patience was exhausted and he was once more discharged, with the information that this time he *must* go. So he left. No good Chinaman could be found to fill his place; there was a plenty of them, as there is always, but our friend tried one incompetent, untrained, destructive being after another, until she had tried twenty, and was, as she herself expressed it, "nearly dead." Good cooking was a special necessity in the family, and for certain reasons only Chinese servants were wanted. At last

she discharged the twentieth, and was faint and despairing, at which crisis Chong reappeared, and she thankfully took him back. After a while she learned that Chong's power as a "Boss" was such, that no Chinaman dared to come to her without his sanction, and that he himself had sent her those twenty Chinese, not one of whom, as he well knew and intended, could do anything. And, to crown all, each one had paid Chong one dollar for the privilege of trying the place, so that the astute creature had actually made twenty dollars by the operation! And what is more, their rules among themselves are such, that as long as Chong wants the place no other can apply, so that unless she changes to Irish, our friend is shut up to Chong, and no other until he has a mind to leave. And Chong was there at the last showing.

Calling on our friend whose China-boy is part owner of a drug-store, and who has been a warm advocate of Chinese servants, we noticed that she looked tired, and spoke of it.

"Yes, I *am* tired! tired out with Chinese; I have just engaged two Irish girls. When I am worn out with Irish, I suppose I shall go back to China-boys, but at present I must have a rest!"

"Why, what has become of your perfect heathen?" we inquired, rallying her.

"Well, I suppose I was too kind to him. He grew too lazy to do his work, and I was feeding half a dozen Chinamen whom he had hanging round helping him. When I finally told him I could not allow it, he flew into such a rage that I was afraid of him. He was ironing, and every iron went down with a bang which made the house tremble. I did not dare to leave my daughters in the house with him while I went for another, so we all staid together until my husband came home from the city, and he discharged him. The truth is," she added, "we advanced some of his wages—he wanted money for his drug-store to send to China for medicines, and he has never been good for anything since."

It is probable that, having thus anticipated his pay, it seemed to him that he was working without wages, and this inflamed and angered him.

While the Chinese work cheaply in almost every other industry, as household servants they ask the highest prices. We have often wondered that the heads of the Six Companies do not perceive how wise it would be

to instruct their clients to ask low wages, and thus make allies of the housekeepers. But with all their astuteness they have failed to perceive this advantage. Chinese lie around in their wash-houses and other haunts by scores and hundreds, living on almost nothing, and apply by the dozen for a vacant place as house-servant, but always demand five, six, seven and eight dollars per week, while little raw China-boys, "knee high," and totally untrained, ask three and four dollars per week. And all will go back to their dens and consign themselves to two grains of rice a day, rather than take less. Of course they act under instructions, for all these things are settled for them by the companies. And they have learned to ask "How many in a family?" with as much unction as Bridget herself.

Give them money enough and they will do anything. We lately heard a California lady discussing the Chinese question. Her husband being a millionaire, she has never had opportunity to know more than one kind of servant, the well-trained and highly-paid; and some families whom I know pay a Chinese French-taught cook as high as fifteen dollars per week.

"What a shame to make all this fuss about the Chinese! I would not give my Foy for all the Irish and German servants that ever were made. The Chinese are a perfect blessing to California. I would not have them kept away for anything."

"Well," we remonstrated, "while it might not be best to keep them away altogether, do you not think it a pity to have them pour in upon us at the rate of a thousand a week?"

"No; I do not! The more the better, I say!"

"But there is no end to them. And suppose that by and by they should take it into their wise heads to tamper with what 'The Nation' calls 'the average politician' of our country. They could capture us by mere force of numbers if they set about it."

"I would as soon be ruled by the Chinese as the Irish!"

Which reminded us of that other ardent Californian, who so frequently avers that she would as soon die by an earthquake as by a stroke of lightning.

The burden laid upon the religious portion of Californian people by this immigration is something fearful. How nobly they bear it, how patiently they stagger under it, no one can know without living here. We have never yet heard one of them complain,

but we are drawn to tell the story for them. Sunday schools twice a Sunday and evening schools two or three evenings in the week are sustained by the churches, where the church members teach Sunday after Sunday, evening after evening, with heroic patience. The work is not an inspiring one at best, for these heathens are not hungering and thirsting after Christianity, but they are hungering and thirsting after English enough to enable them to get on. At first, all, and some, always, endure the religion in order to obtain the English. This is perfectly understood; and our religious people teach them the dreary lessons in A, B, C, hoping to awaken their minds to an interest in Christianity during the process.

But there is more. They come from places where opium is always smoked by somebody, if not by themselves, and their clothes and persons are saturated with its fumes. These fumes are so nauseating to those unaccustomed to them that sensitive organizations suffer much in the atmosphere, and ladies sometimes lose their health in consequence. How? Why thus, for instance. We had a young lady in our Bible Class, who was very irregular in attendance. She was a lovely girl, daughter of one of our wealthiest families, seemed much interested, yet was frequently absent. On inquiring the cause, we found that her health had been broken down by teaching in a Chinese Sunday School in San Francisco. The school convened immediately after morning service. The odor spoken of so nauseated her that she could not eat on returning home to dinner, and she often went without food for the most of the day in consequence. The irregularity brought on dyspepsia, and, after teaching thus a year, she was obliged to give it up and to call in a physician.

We joined a party of ladies last Christmas, who proposed an expedition through the Chinese shops in San Francisco, with the view of purchasing for the holidays.

After going in and out of several, one of the ladies said:

"I do not believe I can go any further. It always makes me sick to visit these shops."

We had been conscious of the same difficulty, and it increased to such a degree that the expedition was given up. For the same reason people who are very sensitive often cannot wear clothing done up in Chinese laundries.

There is but one general opinion, we think, on the Chinese question among the better

class of Californians, which is that those already here are probably not too many; that they should be well treated, and should be instructed in Christianity; but that any further Chinese immigration should be placed under restrictions. The Chinese have been invaluable in building the Pacific Railroad, and are useful on the great wheat and wine ranches, and in all those industries which require patient and persistent labor. When employed by gangs in these ways, they work under their own "bosses," and exhibit a trained submissiveness, refreshing to the capitalist, in contrast with the turbulence of "strikes," and of "guilds," and of "unions." As house-servants, likewise, they are useful to the extent, and in the manner described, and their competition has been salutary and useful. But let our countrymen beware! Their business men are as keen, as astute as ours; they watch the situation with the utmost intelligence, ready to seize every opportunity, to leap into every opening, with the advantage of a peasantry at their back whom they can hire at the smallest wages, and control absolutely.

Nothing so disheartens Californians as the flippant tone of certain eastern journals on this subject. "If the Chinese can drive our people to the wall, let them!" exclaims such an one. When we read such remarks, we recall the look of reproach and menace with which Frederick Douglas exclaimed on the rostrum: "This proud Anglo-Saxon race! they think themselves superior to all the world!" Such a spirit of defiance is to be dreaded in approaching the Chinese question. It comes of ignorance and of vanity. The English in Australia have not felt above taking precautions in reference to this wonderful people—why should we? The Chinese are indefinitely endowed with what we are accustomed to call "the elements of success," and, judging by the judgment we apply to ourselves, they are sure to succeed. In economy, we cannot compare with them. In industry, they excel us all. In keenness, and sharpness, and "smartness," we are scarcely a match for them. In endurance, and patience, and perseverance, the palm is theirs. We are no brighter than they, and scarcely so quick to learn. Would that our brothers in the east might look at these things, and consider!

And if such editors would then lift up their eyes and look abroad, they would see that wherever the Chinese have been allowed free immigration,—in South America, in the islands of the Pacific, in portions of the

eastern continent,—they have been a blight and not a blessing. Do our brethren realize that it is only *men* who come from China? Not women, not children, not families—that would mean citizenship; *that* would give hope that they might become interested in the welfare of this country; *that* would imply that even if they were to overwhelm us with numbers, and undermine our Anglo-Saxon civilization, their own, though inferior, might take its place. No; only men; at the rate of a thousand a week;—a thousand a week, with all their tails behind them; intent, like an army of grasshoppers, on gleanings all they can from the face of the country, ready and willing to leave it a desert, so they may only strip the land and get home, that other, and still other thousands, and tens of thousands, may repeat the process, and so on *ad infinitum*.

"Drive our people to the wall?" Of course

they can! Can't they live on two grains of rice a day and the entrails of animals? Can't they sleep in a bunk under a sidewalk and enjoy it? Can't they make a home of a deserted coal-hole, and lodge sumptuously? Nor let our tender-hearted eastern countrymen and countrywomen pity them, and fancy that they do this only because they cannot do otherwise. They prefer it. Their choice dish is pig entrails. Give them several vacant houses, and they will fit one up with bunks, tier above tier, and, deserting the others, sleep by hundreds in that.

May wisdom be ours! The Chinese have endured for ages. Compared with them, we are of yesterday. They still possess the same wonderful elements of perpetuity which they have had for thousands of years. They have seen the rise and fall of many nations. We should not defy possibilities.

IN AND ABOUT THE FAIR.

FIRST LOOK: PICTURESQUE ASPECTS.

To understand the magnitude of the work which has been accomplished in Philadelphia, and by Philadelphians mainly, it must be borne in mind, that within only a very few years, the whole area where now lies the Centennial Park with its adjoining Centennial suburb, was literally open country. The Belmont and Lansdowne estates showed rolling reaches of grass-land, seamed with wooded ravines, and dotted over with groups of forest-trees. The western thoroughfare of rail stretched athwart open fields, and the Fairmount Park, which had taken on a measure of comely rural graces, was still in the suburbs, far below. A mile and more of indifferent road lay between the Centennial buildings and the settled portions of the suburbs west of the Schuylkill. Now, lines of well-built houses reach over to the Centennial grounds; broad avenues, threaded by lines of tramway, extend to the entrance gates, and a new city of all manner of structures—counting among them hotels of metropolitan proportions—has grown up, three miles and more from the old center of business. Excellent pavements, and bridges, and sewerage, and gas-lights have accompanied this sudden emergence of the city to the north-west; all these being in no sense temporary, but showing as much of pains-

taking care in design and execution, as if the growth were normal, and its permanence assured.

In the immediate neighborhood of the grounds there are indeed a large number of temporary structures of mushroom aspect, which it is understood—and should be profoundly hoped—will go down when the Exhibition ends; but whatever work the city has done in bridging the gap between the old center of circulation and this new ganglion of activity has been done in the best way, and as if the demand for it were never to cease. Private builders in the new suburb have for the most part given to their houses a permanent character; and side-streets at every hand show long lines of those neat, substantial tenements for which Philadelphia has long since become famous, and which offer to those of moderate means the possibilities of a home. The most of them are of the orthodox Quaker pattern, in bright red brick, with white marble trimmings; but a far more inviting aspect is given to many by the adoption of the yellowish-green stone so well known about Germantown, for exterior walls. Nothing can be more refreshing to the eye than the cool tone of the surfaces which show this material; and nothing for suburban purposes can be more

charming than its harmony with the foliage of vines, and embowering shrubbery.

Altogether, it is questionable if this new and sudden projection of the activities of Philadelphia toward the Centennial grounds does not result in a determinate growth there, which shall alter in a large degree the business aspects of the city. The elevated ground, the roomy avenues, the ease of access, the proximity of the Park—with its permanent Art Palace and Horticultural Building within easy reach—all these must be strong incentives to the growth of a stately and charming suburb.

Whatever advantages of this sort may accrue to the Quaker City will have been most fairly and loyally won; for, of a surety, never was there a great business scheme of national importance carried through with so clean hands, or such absence of all peculation as this Centennial Exhibition. And Philadelphians may well boast, that, at a period when the business of the country was showing unparalleled prostration, and political and private jobbery were rampant, they have initiated and pushed to a successful issue a grand scheme of international industrial exhibit, involving millions of cost, without any wavering of faith, or a thievish blot upon its direction. Indeed, in the whole show there is not to our mind anything better worth showing than the steadfast, strong, straightforward purpose with which Philadelphians have pushed this matter, through thick and thin, to its final issue, and the superb disdain which they have shown for all sorts of scoffers and doubters. Pluck of this sort deserves its reward, and will have it, whether it comes by admission tickets, or in other ways.

And other ways will open whatever may be the exhibit of temporary pecuniary result. There is the positive city growth already alluded to—some of which must be healthy and real; there are the permanent buildings within the Exhibition inclosure which inure to the city; there is the newly established "School of Art," whose administrators, with wise forecast, are making large purchases of such material as could be secured under no other conditions, to such advantage, as here and now; there is the immense educating influence of the Exhibition in its entirety upon the population of the city; and there is the further material gain of winning and holding a reputation for executing a gigantic scheme with steadfast purpose, and for entertaining a world of strangers without giving reasonable cause for complaint.

By way of the central wicket of the Exhibition grounds, we enter upon an open square of, say, eight or ten acres of area. This square is traversed by a broad asphalt avenue leading across to the Judges' Hall; another at right angles unites the two terminal façades of the Main Building and of Machinery Hall. Other avenues traverse the square diagonally, and the triangular spaces left by this intersection of avenues are turfed and dressed with shrubbery, while an imposing fountain throws up its jets, and makes show of its griffins and nymphs in the center, where all the avenues meet. The avenue which traverses this square diagonally in a north-west direction merges in Belmont avenue—a permanent feature of the Park,—and the only straight thoroughfare which fairly bisects the inclosure. Westward of it are Machinery Hall, the United States Building, the sprawling inclosure of the *Trois Frères* restaurant, most of the State and foreign structures, and a beautiful little lakelet with grassy shores. Conspicuous in the view across this lovely sheet of water, are the red roofs and cumbrous chimneys of the "English House," which, with its timber-and-mortar finish, and wholly hospitable look, is like a veritable bit of historic and homely England, plucked away from a dell of Surrey, or a nook of Warwickshire, and dropped upon the Park.

To the eastward of Belmont avenue—which, as we have stated, is the great bisecting road of the inclosure—lies first, the great hulk of the Main Building, reaching so far away to the eastward that its farther towers and streamers seem to belong to another park and another show. Flanking this on the north, stretches a parallel array of buildings,—the Department of Public Comfort (including lunch-room, writing-room, press-room, barbers'-room, and telegraph office), the Annex for Carriages, Memorial Hall, and Hall of Photography. Still farther north, and flanking these last at intermittent intervals, are restaurants, and various structures, including the adroitly planned Annex to Memorial Hall.

Beyond these, northerly, the land dips for a quiet runlet of water, and a good show of gnarled old forestry. From this there is a lift of the ground into a beautiful plateau, charmingly treated by the gardeners, and giving a site to the rich orientalism of Horticultural Hall. Beyond this again, there is a second dip of the surface into a wild forest glen, which separates the Horticultural plateau from the farther plateau in the north-

eastern angle of the inclosure,—where, out from the trees, peer up the ecclesiastic towers of Agricultural Hall, the gaunt Brewery, and a group of windmills scurrying under the breezes that sweep down the valley of the Schuylkill.

The entire inclosure contains some two or three hundred acres; and surely no more advantageous site for a great exhibition could anywhere be found. The inequalities of surface, with their accompanying tangles of forest growth, offer charming contrast to the more artificial aspects of the ground, and give relief and distraction to the tired strollers; at the same time there is quite enough of plain surface to afford easy means of transit. In happy aid of this latter, is the narrow gauge railway, which by a series of double loops around the grounds gives easy approach to the more important objects of interest. It is a novel element in the machinery of a great exhibition, and there were sturdy protestants against its introduction. But, while not without very objectionable features, its immense popularity has proved its convenience. Its open and breezy seats give a charming rest, and enable the overtired sight-seer to take in, within the compass of one easy whirl of ride, all the more important features of the grounds. With his map as a companion to the ride, the visitor may post himself in the topography of the place and determine his bearings without the fatigue of tedious exploration on foot. He can also satisfy himself with a passing glimpse of many objects,—notably some of the State buildings,—which would gain nothing by a more leisurely observation.

On the other hand, this line of rail is a constantly recurring pest, by reason of its half-hourly blockade of one of the most important thoroughfares of the grounds; we refer to that connecting the west entrance of the Main Building with the Department of Public Comfort. The hundreds who stand waiting every day upon the broiling asphalt, under the Philadelphia sun, waiting for long trains to receive their freight and pass, will understand the force of our objection. To make the matter still worse, this is the point seized upon by the officials of the road to make their boisterous reclamations for "fares," and to set forth the merits of their enterprise in the way of the Donnybrook fair. It offers a hard, and every way noxious and noisome exception to the generally civil and courteous conduct of all the servants of the Exhibition who wear uniform. It is as if a strident seller of

peanuts were to shout his wares in the middle of the Main Building!

Another strong and valid exception must be taken to the indifference which governs the controllers of this railroad enterprise to any considerations of neatness, or such tasteful disposition of their "plant" as should harmonize with the painstaking keeping of the grounds. Their waiting platforms are ungainly and unsheltered, and their protecting barriers of wire rope are flimsy; their track is, wholly and everywhere, ill-kept, and the general receptacle of waste material. In short, this means of transit—which is understood to be one of the most profitable "concessions" of the Executive Board—presents one of the most striking examples within the inclosure of utter indifference to those æsthetic considerations which have governed the general equipment, and which have put the beauties of the Park grounds, and the business of the Fair in charming leash.

A very fair general view of the grounds and buildings may be had from the top of one of the central towers of the Main Building. The ascent is made by a mammoth elevator, carrying twenty with great ease and comfort, and forty or more at its usual stage of "jam." Open, interior galleries, at an elevation of some hundred and fifty feet, give dizzying glimpses of the floor below, and of its moving multitudes. From this altitude, plank steps upon the exterior of the tower lead up to the extreme summit. The wooden planking, baking in the fierce glare of an almost tropical sun, suggests uneasy apprehensions of what mischief a chance-dropped match might work. Considering the free-and-easy manner of a good many who take this aerial trip, it would seem—even to an impartial observer—a good post for the establishment of a careful watchman with a Babcock extinguisher at his back.

The view from the top, though disappointing in a picturesque way, is yet a capital supplement to the map and the railroad tour, in perfecting one's topographical knowledge of the grounds. There is a wilderness of roofs, not specially interesting, save to the practical builder. Machinery Hall shows graces of perspective in its long lines stretching westward. The lakelet which flanks it is a bright bit of silver-like sheen, with a dash of spray in the middle. The quaint little pavilion of "The Tribune" asserts itself dogmatically on the hither shore; and beyond, the array of State buildings lose nothing in losing their finery in the distance. The elevated grounds of the Park proper—

without the Exhibition inclosure—show rich green slopes by George's Hill, and by the Belmont mansion; and such copses of giant trees as the Central Park must wait for these fifty years to come.

The fair proportions of the United States Building, with its out-posted cannon, are clearly discernible; so, also, is the open throat of that fearful fog-horn, whose blatant notes are the terror of all delicate-eared people for five miles around. What the United States, or the officials in charge, can gain by its horrible utterance, repeated at all manner of hours, it is hard to conceive. If General Grant has ordered it, in resentment of late attacks upon his administration, he is taking a fearful and most unchristian revenge.

The Woman's Pavilion is distinctly noticeable, without being pretentious. It hides partially the striking New Jersey House, whose tall turret lifts above a maze of irregular roof slopes. It is understood that the latter building was intended to illustrate the adaptability of the red tile manufactured in New Jersey to purposes of domestic construction. Had the illustration been limited to the roof only, the effect would have been far better. As it is, there is a pervading monotone of red, on roof and wall alike, which impairs greatly the effect of its very picturesque and tasteful design. A similar lack of effective contrast is observable upon the English House. The roof, covered with imported tile (far more carefully laid than in the case of New Jersey), is of a happy red tint, while the gigantic chimneys break through in the brightest of Philadelphia brick. Had these latter structures shown the dark tawny hue of the ordinary London house-fronts, the effect would have been tenfold better.

The Horticultural plateau shows beautiful flecks of color strewn over its parterres as one looks down upon it from the Tower; and the Moorish Hall of the Ferns and Palms takes up the central and dominant position, which is its due. East of it, and on the borders of the inclosure, the flags and awnings of the Lauber restaurant—which has won so good a reputation for its cookery, its music, and its fair charges—peep out coquettishly from their environment of trees. Other trees of heavier growth nearer by conceal the little side station of the Reading Road, and through the interstices of their tops give glimpses of the bridge which spans the glen, and which is ajar throughout every pleasant afternoon with the roll of equipages

making the Park "round" of drives. In the same line of vision can be seen the long, old-fashioned lines of Columbia Bridge, a great stretch of the Schuylkill, and the far off white monuments of Laurel Hill.

The Vienna Bakery, abreast of the eastern end of the Main Building, by its name, its bent-wood chairs, and, most of all, by its extortionate charges, keeps vividly in mind some of the worst aspects of the Vienna Fair.

In the distance, Girard College shoulders up stubbornly its marble roof, and gives sight of those classic ranks of columns which, it would seem, have had more to do with sustaining the reputation of the institution than any educational grip it has yet put upon the growing minds of the country.

All round the circuit eastward and southward from the Tower, lies Philadelphia, declaring its presence with an infinity of towers and spires, and league-long avenues, pouring their freighted cars into the Centennial Fair. In the immediate neighborhood is that circlet of mushroom growth—hotels, saloons, tents, temples, extemporized street blocks—all displaying infinitude of flags, and making vulgar blazon of the great show. You pay a dime to go up and down the Tower. It is one of the cheapest episodes of Centennial travel.

Another bird's-eye glance of the Exhibition and its surroundings may be had from a point beyond the inclosure, and in the immediate neighborhood of the old Belmont mansion. It is a locality which shares with George's Hill the reputation of affording the best outlook upon the Exhibition grounds and Philadelphia.

The old Belmont mansion itself is worthy of more than a passing mention, as being one of the best existing types of those ancient Pennsylvania houses which once welcomed the beautiful Bingham belles. It is, indeed, overlapped, and almost hidden, by the addenda of a great restaurant; but the stanch walls of stone remain, and the stairway, and the broad-sashed windows, and hospitable chimney-places, and rich dentilated cornices.

The view from the lawn, or the verandas in front, would richly repay a stroll thither, even if the larder of the German host were not of the best, and his *cuisine* not well appointed. George's Hill, with its tall skeleton tower, lies due south; south-easterly, the lawn rolls down in easy billows of green to the edge of the Centennial grounds. There, it is possible from this pleasant look-out to scan

the buildings at one's leisure. Nearest are the green roofs and miter-shaped towers of Agricultural Hall, and, close by, such an array of skeleton sheds as would seem sufficient to put on show all that is best worth seeing of the vegetable product of America.

The pavilion-like tops of the Government and Women's Buildings are clearly conspicuous. So also are the great lines of roofs and turrets and streaming pennants which designate unmistakably the Main Building and Machinery Hall. Better than all, one sees from this height clearly the avenues and walks which branch throughout the inclosure, and which have been laid out with taste and discretion. The deep shadows in the glens, the glare upon the open surfaces, the glitter of the fountains, the pretty *entourage* of the lake, are all clearly discernible: so also are the crowds of sight-seers dappling the avenues and walks on any week-day you may name.

Beyond the inclosure, in the south-east, is the great new suburb we have spoken of, with its hem of flamboyant joinery. But for all that may be seen—looking eastward or westward, or northward—one might be in the center of the most magnificent of parks, in which the gleam of a great reach of the Schuylkill is but an incident, and the far-away towers and steeples of the city only a pleasing accessory.

Those who think of Philadelphia as a dead Quaker plain, filled with brick houses, must revise their thoughts in presence of that view from the Belmont terrace.

The pride of three out of five American visitors, we fear, is more enlisted by the enormous extent of the display than by any reckoning of its completeness and special excellencies: the Americans admire so much a big thing! When Sir Charles Reed, in an early speech made before the assembled Commissioners and Judges, declared that the Exhibition surpassed in extent any similar display he had ever seen, he showed an adaptation of his words to the American ear that was fairly brilliant. It would be hard to say into what provincial or metropolitan journal his utterance has not gone, and in what after-dinner assemblage it has not been repeated with unction. As a tall Indiana man put the matter to a sweltering crowd in the railway station: "It's an almighty big thing! It's the greatest thing out!" And the evident regalement of the crowd at the speech was of a most lively kind. Now, in face of the evident disposition to be boastful over the mere magnitude of the affair, we

are inclined to think that curtailment in many directions would have worked benefit, and given a larger dignity to the enterprise. We question very much, for instance, if an exclusion of one-fourth of all the paintings and sculpture now on exhibition would not have resulted in a display that would have kindled a far livelier respect for art, and added more to the reputation of the competing nationalities.

Again, had one-half of the superfluous, subordinate structures which cumber the ground—whether of State or private erection—been severely excluded, not only would the general effect of the grounds have been far better, but we should have been spared a great deal of distracting inquiry as to uses which were always indeterminate, and which are only discoverable by reference to the crazy zeal of "making a big thing of it."

In relation to the houses erected by the various States and bearing their escutcheons, —in more or less aggressive manner,—it may be said that they are of small practical utility as offering a convenience to their respective citizens. They are, for the most part, out of the ordinary lines of transit between the great points of interest; and many of them would appear—as to their interiors—to be governed by a regimen not inviting to a bewildered stranger, albeit he might claim Stateship. As a social rendezvous for people of the States, their office is *nil*; the rendezvous is in the restaurant, or by such or such an exhibit in the Main Building, or at the Department of Public Comfort. The most pertinent office of a State building would seem to be, then, either to show something in its contour and fittings typical or suggestive of its early history; to give, in way of museum, a judicious synoptical array of its resources; or, last, to exhibit, by its structural character, its advanced tendencies in the way of architecture.

On the last count we do not think the citizens of any of the States represented would be inclined to much boastfulness. The New Jersey State Building is of exceedingly picturesque design, and its surface material is illustrative—in fact, too illustrative—of a growing manufacture of the State. Its happy locality also invites visitors; and it is among the most thronged of the State buildings.

The house of Ohio challenges attention by its ponderous and carefully chiseled stone-work (from Ohio quarries). It has also architectural pretensions of no unworthy character; but these are greatly

harmd by a wooden annex in the rear, in no agreement with the façade; and by the advertising cards, which, in gilt letters, score the stones upon its front.

Michigan shows very dexterous, and well-executed timber joinery (as becomes a great lumber State), and its general effect is very fair. (We write this before the color is declared, which may be made to emphasize its best points, or spoil them.)

In making an effective museum of State resources, under state roofs, West Virginia, Colorado and Kansas easily take the lead; and their show is so interesting as to decoy many who would have little relish for a mere file of State journals.

Canada has a whimsey in lumber, which is in no sense a house, but which is very piquantly illustrative of her Dominion in all ranges of forestry.

As regards typical representations of the old colonial styles of building, there is less to say than we would like to say. Both historically and artistically it would have been a good thing if New York, for instance, had repeated in some quaint way the old crow-foot gables of the early Dutch houses of New Manhattan; if Virginia had received her guests in a lesser Mount Vernon house; if Massachusetts had kindled the recollections of colonial ways of living, by a new "Hancock" mansion; if Louisiana had revived one of the old Spanish constructions of mingled timber and adobe; and if Pennsylvania had entertained us with the plainness, and neatness, and generous largeness of an old-time Quaker dwelling.

Mississippi has indeed a log house, coquettishly veiled in Southern moss; but it has too much of the modern and the daintily rustic to be very impressive. Another log structure with more realism about it, has been erected by private parties of Massachusetts, to receive the paraphernalia (true relics) of an old colonial homestead. The building is indeed more suggestive of an early home on the Ohio banks, than of one in Massachusetts. But the very interesting array of old furniture within is relished by all visitors in the highest degree; and this display, with the added attraction of two or three buxom girls in old-time costume, to loll in the rocking-chairs, and twirl the spinning-wheel, keeps the New England cottage full of visitors from morning until night.

Connecticut has a modest cottage, which, by its long slope of rear roof, its stone chimney, its old well-reach, and general homeliness, is strongly suggestive of the colonial

farm homesteads along the valley of the Connecticut. But the minor details are not happily carried out, and show little "feeling" for things of the past. Its large central room—the only one which has special significance—has a quaint gallery upon three sides, and a wainscot agreeably toned to express age; but a large portion of this latter is hidden by a garish banner emblazoned with a complete roll of the names of the State Governors. There is a firelock of Putnam's over the mantel, and above it a new portrait of the hero, in the newest of gilt frames. There is a relic of the Charter Oak, and beside it a smart photograph of the present accomplished chief magistrate. There is a generous width of fire-place, but it is environed with such stunning contrast of red brick and brown stone, as quite destroys any sense of the old fireside soberness. There is a charming antique sideboard and a hall clock; but these are in juxtaposition with new seraphines or melodeons, showing the most aggressive of machine-carved legs, fresh varnished. In short, you cannot for a moment indulge in pensive and poetic contemplation of the old, without being floored by a sight of what is disastrously and shiningly new.

Perhaps the most significant contrast to be seen among the subordinate structures in the grounds, is that between the English Building and the house erected by the Commissioners for the State of New York. They are both conspicuous by position, and adjoin each other, with some three hundred feet of space intervening. The English grounds are inclosed by a well-worked rustic fence, and over the principal gate-way is the announcement—"No admittance except on business." To make the Briton's horror of intrusion more emphatic there should have been the additional placard—"Beware of Spring-guns." The New York house is open to all the world.

The English house is apparently of timber and mortar; but really, this effect is secured by spiking strips of plank upon a uniform mortar surface—this latter being laid upon laths tacked to an ordinary frame-work of scantling. Doors and windows break up its surface with picturesque irregularity, and the lights of the windows are of such miniature proportions as would confound those who measure elegance by the size of their French plate glass. Altogether, with its apparent solidity, its massive chimneys, its indestructible roof, its home-like expression,

it seems capable of giving shelter and all home comforts to two or three generations of tenants. Quietude is written all over it.

The New York house, on the other hand, has superb window-openings all evenly spaced. The windows too are arched and over-arched; and wherever it is possible to apply it, there is a gorgeous efflorescence of carpentry.

The contrast within is even more strongly marked. While the decoration of the important rooms of the New York house is in the best of, what we may call, the North-river boat style, the English house is modest to a degree—modest, but nevertheless rich. The colors are all subdued,—whether of Axminster carpets or of paper-hangings, with which latter all the wall decoration is made; but it is done in tints so sober and quiet as to give rather the sense of a charming completeness and fitness, than of any decoration at all. The square entrance hall has its great chimney-piece, and brazen fire-dogs, and its high-balustered stair-way. The dining-room, breakfast-room, reception-room, office, parlor,—all have their open-mouthed fire-places; not the best perhaps in point of contour, but ample; wide-mouthed, and decorated with Stoke tiling, and with tasteful mantels. All these rooms are connected by a corridor which traverses the hall, and connects with a private door at its end. Exception might possibly be made to the narrowness of the corridor, and to the narrowness of the stair-way; and more specially to the narrowness of the corridor above; but altogether it is a charming representative of a quiet, and sufficient old English country house, in which convenience and the comfort of the occupants are rated of more worth than any outside show. As such it is richly worth the study of our architects, and of those who are meditating homes in the country. We by no means aver that it can safely be taken as a model in its entirety. There is a lack of generous porches, and of outside umbrage, which dwellers under our sun would rightly rebel against; and there is a sacrifice of space for the enormous chimneys, which a reasonable economy could not commend; but the home expression, the simplicity of detail, the severe yet picturesque lines of its mass—all tell well as against the loudness, and petty ornamentation, and ambitious carpentry of our current practice.

The little Swedish school-house, of a half Swiss type, and of unpainted timber, deserves and receives very much interested

attention; not only for its airy session-rooms, but for the downright honesty of its construction, and admirable adaptation to its uses. It is very likely of a better type than most Swedish school-houses, and is hardly to be counted an average representation of what Swedish scholars enjoy; but it is a good example of that sturdy and tasteful simplicity which good constructive ability can work out with very humble materials.

The Japanese houses are entitled to even more careful regard, and show charming novelties in their joinery, and expressive carved work, as well as an almost perfect system of tile roofing. In this latter respect, no structures on the grounds, and no houses in the country, will compare with them. It is not so much that the tiles are sound and firm in themselves, as that they are laid with such precision, and so solidly bedded,—so sharply trimmed in the valleys and so thoroughly dressed, and capped, on the ridges and hips of the building,—that they would seem to defy alike winds, snow, rains or the wear of time. Add to this the graceful jutting rooflets of their porches with the characteristic droop of rafter,—the valleys and ridge upon porch being treated with the same rigorous precision and care as the longer valleys,—and the result is a roof that seems almost perfect in its office, and is picturesque in the extreme. The side walls sheathed up after their own fashion with covering-boards which are uncolored and relieved with no architectural decoration, are only noticeable for the extreme nicety of the joinery. The same is also observable wherever timbers meet; but we question much if our Japanese friends have taken sufficient provision against the merciless intensity of our American sun; unoiled and unpainted wood will have serious work in resisting the fiery glare without opening its seams, or showing rank cleavage of its joints.

Neither Turkey, Tunis nor Morocco—all of whom are architecturally represented—shows anything particularly suggestive, or from which any very pregnant hints can be taken. The Saracenic element would seem to be more popularly represented in the mazy roofs and colors of Horticultural Hall. Indeed, if we might form an opinion from the chance expressions of visitors, and the not unusual groups studying the exterior, we should judge it to be the most generally admired building of the Centennial grounds. It certainly has the most imposing and desirable of sites; and the flashing colors of its wide-reaching parterres that lie grouped

along the plateau, lead up gracefully to the maze of soberer, and yet as various color which flaunts itself on minaret and spandrel.

The gardeners, we have been given to understand, are a little querulous respecting the ventilation of the building; and it is quite certain that the ferns, the palms, the bananas, the coffee-trees, and other tropical subjects which now people the great *salon*, do not show that lusty vigor and that promise of wild entanglement which we are accustomed to associate with tropical growth. It would seem as if the plants, though many of them fine specimens, had not yet acclimated themselves (which is doubtless true), and must have a half year's dalliance with the new conditions of soil and atmosphere before they can express their content in abounding verdure.

The anterooms of this palace of the plants are encumbered with an array of flimsy, rustic decorative objects, and a kind of seed-store miscellany, which do not contribute to august impressions. And, if we may haz-

ard a criticism upon the interior aspects of the structure, we should say it was unwise to carry vivid polychromatic decoration into the interior of a great Plant Hall. The colors in columns and arches—due to the many-tinted bricks and to blazing tiles—are rich and bewildering, and mate fairly enough with the Oriental forms of the structure. But, before all, and above all, it is a Palace of the Flowers. Their coloring is to be considered; and not to be put awry, or cheapened, or subdued, or consumed by the vitreous glare of brick and tiles. Flowers declare their royalty by delicacy of tint, and should have as good neutral ground for its exhibition as a painting. The barbaric splendor of this interior may be a joy to the visitor who goes to see the building; but it will starve all chances for a rich floral triumph. The amazing show of rhododendrons, which an enterprising British florist sent over, would have never won such success in contact with columns of blue, and black, and gold, and crimson, and white, as they won under the cool gray monotone of a canvas tent.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Harvard Examinations for Women.

FOR a considerable period, the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, in England, have held every year what are called "Local Examinations" for Women, in the advanced departments of education and culture. Their object has been to furnish a standard of education—to show teachers and pupils alike just how much they know, just how well they know what they know, just how systematic or unsystematic their knowledge lies in their minds, just how valuable and available it is. The examinations have not been made, of course, with any reference to admission to these institutions. It is an attempt of the institutions, which represent the highest grade of culture and education, to help the public, and to raise the universal standard. So remarkable have been the results of these examinations that, in one instance, at least, an American teacher has availed himself of their aid. Bishop Doane, who has a girls' school in Albany, last year prepared four of his pupils to pass the Oxford local examination. Question-papers were sent out from Oxford, were answered in strict accordance with the University rules, were returned to England, and were accepted,—all the candidates receiving certificates. One of these candidates was the Bishop's daughter. This year, seven junior and five senior candidates have sent their papers to England.

In December, 1875, the Cambridge Junior and

Senior local examinations (also independently held for boys) were held at fifty-six centers for girls, and, in all, 1,552 girls presented themselves. At the Oxford examinations recently, 583 girls entered. The Universities of Edinburgh and Durham also hold local examinations for both sexes. These facts show how strongly the enterprise has taken hold of the British mind. The results are declared to be most encouraging. It stimulates teachers to seek for higher and more valuable and permanent results; it places before girls a goal for their ambition; it secures a certificate which cannot fail to be regarded as more valuable than any diploma of inferior institutions.

And now Harvard has undertaken to do for this country what Oxford and Cambridge are doing for England. Its faculty held examinations for women at Cambridge in 1874, 1875, and 1876. President Eliot has not met with the encouragement which he expected, but he is thoroughly interested in the experiment, and will not relinquish it until it has been persistently tried. It seems strange that a system of examinations which promise so much should fail to excite immediate interest in America; but we suspect that they are little known and less understood. We doubt whether one American woman in five hundred has ever heard of them. In 1874, Harvard gave only four certificates; in 1875, only ten candidates entered, and this year

only six. Last winter, Miss E. T. Minturn, of this city, suggested that if the examinations could be held at a new center, and the matter be brought more vigorously before the public, the movement would be greatly assisted. The result was that she was invited to form a local committee in New York, to procure candidates for an examination to be held in the spring of 1877. The committee was very readily formed, with Miss Minturn as Secretary, and went to work at once in the manner pursued in England, on the establishment of a new center. They wrote to and called upon the principals of schools in the city, and succeeded, at once, in interesting many of them—among others, Miss Haines, Miss Ballou, and Mrs. Benedict. In most of the private circles of New York, something is now known of the matter, and letters of inquiry are coming in quite plentifully.

It seems desirable to give as much information as possible, because so little is popularly known of the matter, and so, without giving the space we have at command to discussion, we will state that the examinations are to be held in a private house, or in some room to be hired by the local committee. These examinations are almost entirely effected by writing, and have nothing of the character of a show. No one is permitted to be present but ladies of the local committee and a representative officer from the university, who brings the question-papers, takes the answers as soon as the time allowed for each paper expires, and carries these answers at the close of the examinations back to the university, where they are inspected by the examiners, and reported upon to the candidates through the local committee. At least, this is the English mode of procedure, and it will not be varied from materially, we presume, by Harvard.

We have before us from the Boston "Women's Education Association," which serves as the Boston local Committee, the announcement of the Harvard Examinations for 1877. They are to be held in Cambridge and New York, in May or June of that year, and will be of two grades. The first will be a general or preliminary examination for young women, who are not less than seventeen years old; the second will be an advanced examination for young women who have passed the preliminary examination, and are not less than eighteen years old. The preliminary examination will embrace English, French, Physical Geography, with Elementary Botany or Elementary Physics, Arithmetic, Algebra through quadratic equations, Plane Geometry, History, and any one of the three languages, German, Latin or Greek. The advanced examination will be divided into five sections, in one or more of which the candidate may present herself.

1. *Languages*.—Candidates may offer any two of the following languages: English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek.

2. *Natural Science*.—Candidates may offer any two of the following subjects: Chemistry, Physics, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology.

3. *Mathematics*.—Candidates must present Solid Geometry, Algebra, Logarithms, and Plane Trigonometry, and any one of the three following subjects: Analytic Geometry, Mechanics, Spherical Trigonometry, and Astronomy.

4. *History*.—In 1876, candidates may offer either of the two following subjects: The History of Continental Europe during the period of the Reformation, 1517-1648; English and American History from 1688 to the end of the eighteenth century.

5. *Philosophy*.—Candidates may offer any three of the following subjects: Mental Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Political Economy.

Notice of intention to be candidates must be sent to the secretaries on or before April 1, 1877. The fee for the preliminary examination is \$15; for the advanced examination, \$10. The address of the New York local committee will be 60 Fifth avenue; that of the Women's Education Association is 94 Chestnut street, Boston.

We believe we have given the women of the country pretty nearly all the information they need, in order to avail themselves of the privileges of these local examinations; and now, if any woman doubts their necessity, or their great desirableness, we invite her attention to the following "specimen examination paper," belonging to the preliminary examination in English literature as published by Harvard University in 1874. The questions are very simple, and most people know something about them; but the ordinary reader will recognize the fact that even these demand an exactness of memory, an amount of reading, and a systematic arrangement of periods which few girls achieve, and, without which, they can hardly be said to hold much valuable knowledge of the treasures of their native tongue.

1. What are the principal writings in the English language before Chaucer?

2. Divide the history of English Literature from 1350 to 1850 into any convenient periods.

3. Within what period will all the old Dramatists come? Who are the so-called Comic Dramatists of the Restoration? Who are the chief English Satirists? The chief writers of Essays?

4. What are the most popular allegorical compositions in English? What is the difference between an Allegory and a Fable? Have we any popular Fabulist?

5. When do English Novels begin? Give the names of the chief novels written before the present century. Give the names of the principal female novel-writers in this century.

6. Give some account of the life and of the writings of Milton (verse): Walter Scott (prose and verse).

7. Give some account of the writings of any three of the following: Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth.

8. Place all the authors mentioned in 6 and 7 in the half century within which their active life falls.

9. Who wrote the *Fairy Queen*? the *Tragedy of Macbeth*? the *Canterbury Tales*? the *Essay on Man*? *Abraham and Achitophel*? *Comus*? *Rasselas*? *Hudibras*? *Robinson Crusoe*? *Gulliver's Travels*? the *Comedy of the Rivals*? *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*? the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*? the *Novel Pride and Prejudice*? the *Novel Helen*? the *Vicar of Wakefield*?

10. What is a ballad? Say anything you know about our ballads.

11. Put down any works you have read of the authors mentioned in 6 and 7. If you feel able to give *your own* impressions of any such books that you have read, do so (but recollected criticisms of others need not be given).

Village Improvement Societies.

THERE are just about four months in the year in which an ordinary country village is a pleasant place to dwell in, viz.: from May to September.

The muddy streets and sidewalks of autumn and spring, and the icy and snowy ways of winter, render it uncomfortable for walking or driving. The foliage and herbage of summer cover up the ugly spots, and the greenery of the growing months transforms the homeliest details into the pleasant and picturesque. The moment the greenery disappears, dilapidated fences, broken-down sheds, unkept commons, neglected trees, and all the tolerated uglinesses of the village assert themselves. The village is beautiful no longer. There are thousands of villages scattered over the country in which there has never been a public spirited attempt made to reduce their disorder to order, their ugliness to beauty, their discomforts to comfort. Every man takes care, or does not take care, of his own. There is no organic or sympathetic unity, and the villages, instead of being beautiful wholes, are inharmonious aggregations. Some paint and some do not paint. Some keep their grounds well, and others do not keep their grounds at all. Unsightly wrecks of vehicles, offensive piles of rubbish, are exposed here and there, and every man apparently feels at liberty to make his belongings as unpleasant to his neighbor as it pleases him. No public sentiment of order is developed; no local pride is fostered; there is apparently no desire for beauty or convenience that goes one step beyond one's home in any case.

It is, therefore, with great gratification that we notice here and there the organization of Village Improvement Societies, and the beautiful work which they are accomplishing. Wherever they have been in existence long enough to accomplish anything, shade trees are planted by the side of the highways; old, neglected commons are fenced in, graded and planted; sidewalks are laid in all the streets, and a public interest in order and beauty is developed, which makes every man more careful of his own. Two villages, of which we happened to know, have been quite transformed within two or three years by the operations of these organizations; and their beneficent and beautiful work, already done, will insure to their localities a certain amount of beauty and convenience for the next hundred years. They have not been met by the public apathy that they anticipated, and they have been enabled by subscriptions, fairs and festivals, to raise sufficient money for the work they have instituted, while individual citizens have co-operated with them in their schemes.

There is no good reason why every considerable village of the country should not be made convenient, healthful, and beautiful, by the operations of such societies as these. There is no good reason why a public feeling of pride should not be engendered by them, and an earnest purpose developed to make each village more attractive than its neigh-

bor. Selfish interest is all on the side of the societies; for improvement in beauty and comfort means improvement in value. Emulation between neighbors and between villages is excited, and niggardly property-holders are shamed into efforts to contribute to the popular desire for harmony. This is not a theory; it is experience; for, wherever they have been tried, these societies have done the work and exercised the influence we have stated.

Again, these societies are agencies of culture. Developing a public spirit and a feeling of local pride, they cannot fail to bear fruit in other and higher directions. Public and domestic architecture will be the first to feel the effect of the new sentiment. Men will build pretty houses, in tone with the new order of things. New ambition will be developed with relation to public buildings and their surroundings. The new town-hall will be better than the old. The new church will be an ornament and a glory, which the old one was not. Lyceums, reading clubs, and libraries, are just as natural an outgrowth of a public spirit engendered by these societies, and a public culture nourished by them, as they are, themselves, the outgrowth of a public necessity.

There is really nothing more sadly wanted in the village life of America, than the organization of its best materials for purposes relating to the common good. So many people must always spend their lives in villages; and those lives, in countless instances, are so barren and meaningless, so devoid of interest, so little sympathetic, that any means which promises to improve that life, should secure the most earnest attention. There is no reason why every village should not be alive with interest in its own culture and its own affairs, or why village life should not be crowded with attractions that have the power to hold every villager to his home. There are multitudes who never dream that their village can be anything more to them than a place of shelter and labor. They never dream that a village can be the center of a culture as sweet and delightful as any city possesses, or, that they have any duty or office in making it so.

We trust that the work of making the villages beautiful, which has been so auspiciously begun by the societies for improvement, will be extended until every village in the land will have its Association, and experience the natural results. It is a work in which men and women can unite and in which, indeed, women may lead if they will; for none are more interested in it, and what comes of it, than women. This Centennial year is a good time to begin everywhere. Our villages are built. The formative stage is passed, and another Centennial ought to find every American village the home of order and comfort, and of a life very far advanced beyond the present in social culture and happiness.

THE OLD CABINET.

Nobody likes to be ridiculous. We doubt if even one of them literary fellers likes to appear ridiculous, even in the eyes of a regular politician. The literary feller is not a great deal comforted by the fact that the regular politician is intrinsically a much more ridiculous person than himself. The trouble is, that the regular politician is not conscious of his ridiculousness, while the other man is. The literary feller in politics feels that he is an amusing object to his temporary associates; but these associates have little idea that they themselves ever afford amusement to the man of letters. The irony of "The Nation" does not touch the *amour propre* of the strongest man in the 401st Ward.

The fact is, that while the literary feller is in actual contact with the politician, he does not feel the politician to be so extremely ridiculous. He sees him dealing vulgarly but effectively with people of his own stamp; he sees that he is shrewd, prompt, practical. The gentleman politician feels himself at a disadvantage in a primary, or a caucus. He may be quick to criticise, but he may not be quick to suggest. He comes home from the primary and writes an ironical "article" for some magazine; but the bitterness of the irony is intensified by a grain of chagrin.

It is when the literary feller goes off on his mid-summer holiday, that he gets quite straight with the politician—in his own mind. It is then that the politician is seen to be, with all his shrewdness, an exceedingly short-sighted, not to say woolly-brained person. It is then that he sees the politician proclaiming upon the house-tops the thing that the literary feller had spoken in the ear in closets,—and had been pityingly smiled upon for speaking. In the mid-summer holiday of 1876, for instance, he sees the two great political parties pledged and re-pledged before the country to perform the literary, sentimental, ideal, and unpractical deed of tying each its own hands so tightly, that it can never again carry out its projects by the old time-honored and familiar methods. He sees, moreover, that the shrewdest politician on each side knows that there is no hope for his own party, unless the country, by hook or by crook, can be made to believe that *his* party is the one most willing, and most able to perform what, in moments of contemplation, must appear to him in the ghastly light of hari-kari.

There are so many crumbs of comfort to be picked up by the youthful poet, who has been "bitterly assailed by the reviewers," that he is perhaps in more danger from the crumbs than from the cudgels. One of the favorite "rounders" of the newspaper corner is a paragraph giving a list of first books, by men and women of genius, which have been despised and rejected of publishers. Another paragraph gives the original despicable prices paid for famous poems. Another tells of the

public's slow appreciation of many of the masterpieces. To the young author no reading is so consolatory as this. Just now the newspapers are telling how "The London Times" was caught,—it having called "nonsense" two lines of poetry accompanying a picture on exhibition in that city; which lines, of course, proved to be from Shakspeare.

"Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know."
(Song in "Twelfth Night" II. 3.)

Was it not "The Times" that could see no meaning in "In Memoriam," when that considerable poem was first given to the world. (It was published anonymously, by the way.) MacDonald mentioned this, his hearers will remember, in his lecture on Tennyson's lyrics;—"while to me," said MacDonald, "it was radiant with meaning!" Lowell's last book brings this subject up again in the case of Keats and his reviewers of "Blackwood's Magazine" and "The Quarterly."

Which brings us to a sweetly comforting morsel, albeit somewhat stale, which we at this moment are enabled to offer (with due deprecation and warning) to those who are hungry.

Behold, our dear young man, the veritable yellow pages of "The Quarterly's" article reviewing—not the youthful Keats, to be sure,—but the youthful Tennyson. The Tennyson review is, indeed, more to the purpose than the Keats, for it is written in full view and contemplation of the lamentable failure with regard to the former poet. The reviewer recalls that disastrous occasion in these words, curiously mixed of mortification, satire, defiance and feebleness. For thus began the notice of "Poems by Alfred Tennyson, pp. 163. London. 12mo. 1833:"

"This is, as some of his marginal notes intimate, Mr. Tennyson's second appearance. By some strange chance we have never seen his first publication, which, if it at all resembles its younger brother, must be by this time so popular that any notice of it on our part would seem idle and presumptuous; but we gladly seize this opportunity of repairing an unintentional neglect, and of introducing to the admiration of our more sequestered readers a new prodigy of genius—another and a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger; and let us take this occasion to sing our palinode on the subject of 'Endymion.' We certainly did not discover in that poem the same degree of merit that its more clear-sighted and prophetic admirers did. We did not foresee the unbounded popularity which has carried it through we know not how many editions; which has placed it on every table; and, what is still more unequivocal, familiarized it in every mouth. All this splendor of fame, however, though we had not the sagacity to anticipate, we have the candor to acknowledge; and we re-

quest that the publishers of the new and beautiful edition of Keats's works now in the press, with graphic illustrations by Calcott and Turner, will do us the favor and the justice to notice our conversion in his prolegomena."

The conversion, it will be seen, is not even feigned. As for the review of this new star of the "milky way" of poetry, there is not a word of dispraise in the whole fifteen pages. It is all adulation—after this fashion:

"Miller's daughters, poor things, have been so generally betrayed by their sweethearts, that it is refreshing to find that Mr. Tennyson has united himself to *his* miller's daughter in lawful wedlock, and the poem is a history of his courtship and wedding. He begins with a sketch of his own birth, parentage, and personal appearance—

'My father's mansion, mounted high,
Looked down upon the village spire;
I was a long and listless boy,
And son and heir unto the Squire.'

But the son and heir of Squire Tennyson often descended from the 'mansion mounted high;' and

'I met in all the close green ways,
While walking with my line and rod,'

A metonymy for 'rod and line'—

'The wealthy miller's mealy face,
Like the moon in an ivy-rod.'

'He looked so jolly and so good—
While fishing in the mill-dam water,
I laughed to see him as he stood,
And dreamt not of the miller's daughter.'—p. 33.

He, however, soon saw, and, need we add, loved the miller's daughter, whose countenance, we presume, bore no great resemblance either to the 'mealy face' of the miller, or 'the moon in an ivy-rod;' and we think our readers will be delighted at the way in which the impassioned husband relates to his wife how his fancy mingled enthusiasm for rural sights and sounds, with a prospect of the less romantic scene of her father's occupation.

'How dear to me in youth, my love,
Was everything about the mill;
The black, the silent pool above,
The pool beneath that ne'er stood still;

'The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door,
Made misty with the floating meal!'—p. 36.

The accumulation of tender images in the following lines appears not less wonderful:—

'Remember you that pleasant day,
When, after roving in the woods,
(Twas April then) I came and lay
Beneath those gummy chestnut buds?

'A water-rat from off the bank
Plunged in the stream. With idle care,
Downlooking through the sedges rank,
I saw your troubled image there.

'If you remember, you had set,
Upon the narrow casement edge,
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning on the ledge.'

The poet's truth to Nature in his 'gummy' chestnut-buds, and to Art in the 'long green box' of mignonette—and that masterly touch of likening the first intrusion of love into the virgin bosom of the miller's daughter to the plunging of a water-rat into the mill-dam—these are beauties which we do not fear to say, equal anything even in Keats."

Let it be borne in mind that the volume under notice contained such poems as "The Lady of Shalott," "The Miller's Daughter," "Oenone," "The Palace of Art," "The May Queen," "The Lotos-Eaters," "A Dream of Fair Women." We have little doubt that the critic was, in the main, honest; he saw neither excellence nor the promise of excellence anywhere in the book. He certainly never suspected that the poems which he so easily pulled to pieces would before long be among the most familiar in the language. What he did see was—the defects. There were plenty of them, as the poet himself has shown by his subsequent careful revision. But in this revision it is interesting to notice that Tennyson did not accept "The Quarterly" as a guide. Some of the passages to which the critic objected were changed; but others have been retained to this day. The poet obeyed in his corrections his own more mature taste. "The Quarterly" may have helped him somewhat on the way to a maturer taste; but we imagine that he is under no very great obligations there. In the Laureate's very latest editions it will be observed that he has reinstated the sonnet beginning

"Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free."

Upon which the critic expended an entire page of ridicule, and which disappeared from the collected edition of 1842.

It is simply the old story of the opposition of the critical and the creative moods. The critic to whom Shelley addressed his "Lines" may have been astonished that the poet should impute hatred to him. But that is what it is. There is a sense in which the critic and the creator always hate each other.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Practical Hints about the Exhibition.

IT is probable that the majority of visitors to the Exhibition from the eastern sea-board will defer their going until September or October. The great crowd from the agricultural districts of the country,

VOL. XII.—48.

and the professional classes with fixed vacations, were expected to arrive during July and August. The nearer neighbors of Philadelphia have, therefore, as a rule, decided to wait for cooler weather and the entire completion of the Exhibition. We offer a few

practical suggestions to such of our readers as have kept this great pleasure for the present month.

First, because it is a pleasure to be enjoyed probably only once in a life-time, no minor considerations should be allowed to interfere with the comfort of visitors. Costly or showy dresses are wholly out of place and unnoticed. Even the flimsiest-minded woman finds here something better to look at than the fashions; and the dust of the outside walks and the incessant watering of the floors of the buildings speedily reduce elegant trained skirts to so many private exhibits of rags and mud. A neat linen or water-proof walking dress, closely belted, and cut clear of the ground, will be found the most suitable dress. We insist also on old and easy shoes. The temptation to stand and walk all day is irresistible, and the charmed explorer is unconscious of fatigue until night comes and weak ankles assert themselves with vindictive revenge. The custom of providing one's self with note-book and pencil has become almost universal among visitors. A word or two, jotted down, is enough to fasten a whole department in the memory, and to make the description for the home-folks accurate. At every turn, too, subjects for future inquiry or research are suggested, which, if not noted down, will probably be forgotten.

Next, as to the expense of a visit. The tourist, for once in his life, should put out of his mind the consideration of what people will say of him if he dares to economize. Nobody in the tens of thousands who daily crowd through the turnstiles will care a jot whether he is boarding at the same hotel with foreign princes, or at a wagon inn. The consciousness of personal insignificance forced on the American citizen in this great international concourse, is as wholesome a lesson as any which he will learn there. The fact is, that accommodations in Philadelphia rate now no higher than before the Exhibition opened. The principal hotels charge \$4.50 or \$5 per day; from that, the rates run down to \$2, the rooms being comfortable and board excellent. In private boarding-houses, the charges are from \$5 per week up. Single men or women sharing the same room may find boarding in respectable houses at even less than that, if due care be exercised. The usual plan for visitors who wish to remain for a week or more at as small expense as possible, is to take a furnished room and obtain their meals elsewhere. Comfortable rooms for two persons may be had in hotels and houses adjoining the grounds as low as \$1, or even 50 cents per day. The meals may cost in the grounds what you please, and range from the most luxurious *menu* of Parisian cafés, to sandwiches and coffee at ten cents each. Indeed, the variety and cheapness of the different kinds of food offered, make one of the features of the Exhibition. For fifty cents, you may revel in unknown German pudding *käse*, or taste Viennese *kipfeln*, and a cup of coffee and whipped cream which shall cause you to abhor the familiar home coffee-pot for ever after; or sip black Mocha from Tunis, looking on bewildering dancing girls the while; or eat the identical enchanted sherbets and

rose-conserves and magic cheese-cakes of which we have read, as in a dream, in the "Arabian Nights." Several women that we know with full brains but empty pockets have brought in their satchels enough food to last them during their stay. Crackers and cold ham are a feast when the wonders of the world are served as *sauce piquante*.

We have dwelt in detail on the cheapness with which the Exhibition can be seen, because we wish earnestly to urge upon all our readers, even those most straitened in means, that they should make great sacrifice if necessary in order to see it. No such opportunity for an education of the widest limits, combined with keen intellectual and physical enjoyment, was ever offered to the American people, or is likely to be again offered within the life-time of this generation. No matter what a man's taste, business, or profession may be, he will find it made clearer to him in this epitome of the world and the world's work.

Rural Topics.

BUDDING.—The beginner who plants fruit-trees seldom selects or starts with the varieties that are suitable to his soil and climate. This mistake, if such it may be called, does not become apparent for five or six years, when the trees cease to make wood and the stage of fruit-bearing begins. Then, perhaps, he discovers that among his sorts are those that shed their leaves early in the summer, bearing unripened specimens hanging on the branches. In other cases the fruit rots before ripening, or else becomes blotched over with woolly spots on the surface, and cracks, destroying the appearance as well as the value of the fruit. When these things begin to show themselves, as they will from time to time, both in the garden and the orchard, the amateur looks around for some remedy by which he can save his trees already grown, and raise fruit that shall be valuable for table use or market purposes. "Working over" such trees as bear indifferent fruit, either by grafting or budding, is the remedy, and the only practical way to make the change. For young trees, budding is much the easier plan, for when the buds are set with ordinary care, they are almost sure to grow, and so rapidly that in the third year from the time of setting the buds, the top of the tree is bearing a new kind of fruit. This method is simple, rapid, and sure. The only tool needed is an ordinary budding knife, with a single blade, of good steel, with a small piece of ivory on the end of the handle. Such a knife can be bought at any hardware store. With fruit-bearing trees, the best time to set the buds is when the sap is running freely after the scorching heat of summer. The first and second week in September will be found safe for changing trees by budding. A knife and some strips of bass matting, such as come on the inside of coffee bags, for the purpose of fastening the bud in place, are all that are necessary to prosecute the art of budding successfully. The buds should be taken from healthy young trees, and of the present year's growth. When the twigs are cut from the parent trees, the leaves may be trimmed off, leaving

half an inch of the leaf stalk. Then, with a keen, sharp-edged knife, cut out the bud, leaving directly under the eye a thin slice of the young wood. When the buds are cut out, they should be kept moist and protected from the air and sun until they are set. A practical operator places six or eight between the lips, giving himself free use of both hands with the knife. A smooth spot is selected for the incision in the stock, which is made in the form of the capital letter T; the bark is raised from the wood on either side of the upright incision by the ivory on the handle of the knife; the bud is then pressed in place, and the part coming above the cross incision cut off. The bud is fastened by winding a piece of bass matting around, above and below the eye, and the operation is done. If the bud "takes," the original branch may be cut off the following spring.

SPINACH.—For late winter and early spring use, the seed for a crop of spinach should be sown before the middle of September. With rich ground and fresh seed, the culture of spinach becomes very easy. Like many other rank feeders, it amounts to nothing on poor ground. Fork the ground over two or three times until the whole is loose and mellow, and if not already rich, add liberal doses of well rotted yard manure—the more the better. There need be no fear of injuring the crop by too much manure. To insure success, market gardeners who grow spinach for profit apply, in addition to the yard manure, from 500 to 800 lbs. to the acre of Peruvian guano or superphosphate of lime. When the ground is made mellow by forking, the surface should be raked smooth, and all the hard lumps and stones removed. Then drills an inch deep and a foot apart should be opened, in which the seed of the "Smooth Round-leaved" variety may be sown thickly and covered by drawing the soil over the drill from either side by the feet, or raking the bed with wooden rakes, drawing the rake in the direction of the drills. A half pound of seed will produce an abundance for a large family. There is no further trouble or expense in raising spinach beyond, perhaps, hoeing the ground between the rows once in the latter part of October.

GATHERING PEARS.—During the months of September and October the bulk of the pear crop is taken from the trees, and should at once be placed in the fruit-room to ripen. Pears are improved in quality at least twenty per cent. if ripened in the house under favorable conditions, to wit: darkness, and a cool, dry, and pure atmosphere. Pears are very sensitive to surrounding odors, and if placed in a cellar with vegetables showing signs of decay, the quality of the pear is seriously injured.

When the seed of the pear has changed from a light straw color to a dark brown, the fruit may then be gathered, and will ripen without shriveling or rot. Again, when, on raising the pear gently by hand, it separates easily from its holding at the end of the stem, it may be gathered with confidence. To pluck pears rapidly that are advanced toward ripening on the trees needs a practiced eye and some experience. There are unmistakable outward marks denoting this condition which the eye detects with

very little practice. It is often found advisable to go over the same tree three different times in picking, and it will pay for the extra expense. Pears should always be taken from the tree by hand, and not shaken off, as too often is the case with careless cultivators. They should then be carefully placed in baskets, and taken at once to the fruit-house or closet, to be laid away where the light can be excluded, with the same care, to prevent injury from bruising. There they may remain until ready for table use, with an occasional examination to remove decaying specimens. Compared with those ripened on the trees, their superior excellence will at once be evident. Some assert that the "Seckel" is one of the exceptions to this rule; but with my own experience this has not been the case. There is quite as much superiority in house-ripened "Seckels" as there is with those of any other variety.

SEEDLING TREES.—A correspondent from the West, who lives sixty miles from an express office, makes some inquiries about getting seed, and raising seedling trees for home planting. Tree seeds are kept in stock by all agricultural seed dealers, and may be sent by mail in packages of four pounds and under at a trifling cost. In raising seedling deciduous trees, it is always safe to imitate nature as near as possible. Take, for instance, the acorn and hickory-nut. They fall from the trees late in the season, and lie exposed to the weather all winter. In the spring, with heat and moisture, the roots strike in the soil, and growth commences, and goes on under favorable surroundings. When the seeds are sent by mail in the fall, they may be left exposed, say in a box of fine sand, all winter, and in the spring planted in shallow drills in mellow soil, and while the plants are young and tender, they should be shaded with evergreen boughs, or some other material, to prevent the sun from scorching the tender leaves. With maples that ripen their seeds early in the summer, if the seeds are sown at once, they make a nice growth before cold weather sets in. These should be mulched early in the winter to prevent "heaving" by alternate freezing and thawing. When one and two years old, the seedlings may be transplanted into rows three or four feet apart, and twelve or fourteen inches in the row. For seedlings, the ground should be mellow and in good heart, and entirely free from weeds.

PLANTING STRAWBERRIES IN SEPTEMBER.—A reader of SCRIBNER living in New Jersey writes to know if strawberries planted in the early part of September will bear a crop of fruit next year. To this inquiry I would say, Yes, under the following conditions: 1st, the soil must be rich, deep, and mellow; 2d, the plants must be of this year's growth, with healthy roots, and plenty of them, and must be transplanted in moist or damp weather, and if the weather continues dry, must be watered freely a few times, always in the evening when the sun has gone down; 3d, the strawberry-bed must be mulched before cold weather sets in, with yard manure, to be left on until spring. With such treatment, a bed of strawberries may be set out in September that will yield, not quite as much fruit

as if put out in the spring, but enough for family use; and the berries will be, on the average, of larger size than those of the spring planting.

—P. T. Q.

Girls' Names.

THE tender, but thoughtless habit, which has at length crystallized into general custom, of keeping up the nursery or pet names of little girls until they have passed through all the eras of young womanhood, has lately received some forcible criticism from one or two sources. It is a habit which has chiefly arisen within the past generation; but it has noticeably grown within a decade or two, until there is now scarcely a feminine name to which a *diminuendo* will stick that is not speedily replaced by that fashionable substitute or adornment. In olden times, Elizabeth was sometimes called Betsey, for ease or brevity; but, now, Betsey itself glides away into the feeble Betty, or Bessie. In fact, the stately and vigorous old nomenclature is now nearly all gone into a vapid and tasteless liquidity that seems utterly bereft of force. There are no Catherine's any more; they are all Katies. The Harriets have become Hatties; the Margarets (one of the strongest of names) are reduced to Maggies, or Margies; Mary, if common, yet the tenderest of all, gets transformed into Matie, or Mamie; Charlotte, into Lottie; and so on through the whole diversified chapter.

In any modern school catalogue or newspaper list of ladies' names which you may chance to meet, you find an endless iteration of the favorite inflection *ie*; as if the beauty or attractiveness, if not the respectability, of the young ladies, in some way depended on this liquid and endearing termination. In the short space of one page of the catalogue of a prominent young ladies' college,—a school of much higher pretensions than the average seminary, and whose students are of a more advanced and thoughtful age than mere seminary students,—one may find (as we have satisfied ourselves by trying) at least the following varieties, viz.: Jennie, Nannie, Hattie, Minnie, Margie, Nettie, Nellie, Allie, Addie, Lizzie.

Lord Dufferin, the present dignified Governor-General of Canada, has lately chosen to bring this tendency into notice (and so we suppose it prevails in Canada, too) by making it a special topic in his address at the late commencement of a young ladies' school in Quebec. But he credits the habit, or its exaggeration, to the United States; and thinks the practice, when it becomes a "national characteristic," is "not without significance." Some future philologist, perhaps, may pick it up as a remnant of that period when the young women of our most cultivated circles bore the badge of belittlement and patronage, and infer therefrom that the Oriental type of infantile helplessness had certainly survived to this era even in western lands. He will most likely conclude (and does not the evidence tend in that direction?) that, in our Centennial time, the true idea of

"A perfect Woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,"

was not so much as suspected or sought after. We do not remember that any journal of "Woman's Rights" and enfranchisement has ever thought it pertinent to speak of this subject; but surely it bears a direct relation to the mental growth and capacity of the sex. The literary *nom de plume* of a feminine author indicates to some extent the force of her mind; and, we know just as well what to expect from the Lillie Linwoods and Mattie Myrdes, as we do from the George Eliots. You can scarcely pen a more suggestive satire against the helplessness and independence of woman than to wrap her up in such terms of daily coddling and childish endearment as the pet names against which Lord Dufferin protests. For instance, persistently to call the two great chieftains of woman's advanced status, Lizzie Cady Stanton, and Susie B. Anthony, would crush, at one stroke, the revolution they have so much at heart. Under such sweet persiflage it would sink into languid imbecility, and furnish fresh food for laughter.

Lord Dufferin, in the address to which we have made reference, said that "the daughter of the occupant of the most august position in the world was, before her marriage, commonly referred to as 'Nellie,' as though the paragraphists had been her playmates in infancy;" and he even stated that his own wife, Lady Dufferin, had been spoken of as "Kate" by the journals of the United States. These things were no doubt done with good feeling, and without so much as a thought of disparaging intent. The writers may have had the kindest regard; but the familiarity their usage implies is none the less offensive, and is a curious symptom of that lack of reverence which, in the reaction from the early Puritan extreme of formality, has become very nearly a distinctive, and, to the older civilizations, a disagreeable trait of our Republicanism.

The habit, however, is not a question of taste merely; there lies under it a whole scheme of social philosophy. Many sober and sensible people who do not favor the bestowal upon woman of the franchise, are still hopeful for a better day for the sex in the way of enlarged privilege of labor and station. They cannot expect this, though, until they cultivate in the public nomenclature of girls something that shall hint of substance rather than silliness. What may be well enough, perhaps, at home, if it abide in the family circle, will not bear the ordeal of the open air, or the speech of the street. The stern business of the world shrinks away from this flimsy sentimentality. As a recent writer has well said, "John and Jane may start on even terms, but, between John and Jennie, there are odds in favor of John."

Paris Fashions.

THERE has been introduced this year the "coat and waistcoat" for ladies. "We have already had that!" you say? You have had coats and waistcoats,

I know, and very ugly they have mostly been; but you have never had this coat and waistcoat. I recommend it to all American ladies, and for this reason: If American girls have a defect, it is that they are perhaps a trifle *too* slender. Our present sheath-dresses show this. Now, the coat and waistcoat, especially *this* coat and *this* waistcoat, obviate this little defect. They give amplitude to the figure. Stout ladies, consequently, must not dream of wearing them. But listen to the description of one of them. It is called the "Richelieu," just as another is called the "Lauzun," another "Mazarin," etc. The waistcoat is of rich white satin, and embroidered with roses and foliage in natural colors. This waistcoat is very long (but study a picture of Richelieu when young). In front it is trimmed down with a cascade of old lace, forming the *jabot* of that period, and it is provided with large square pockets to contain a purse (of gold or silver chain, studded with precious stones), a pocket-book, a scent-bottle, a *bonbonnière* and a handkerchief, which must be edged with lace like the lace of the *jabot*. The coat is of velvet, satin, silk poplin, or "fish-scales." It is trimmed with large and splendid buttons. It may also be embroidered round the edges, or be trimmed around with gold braid, or any of the numerous braids which are now so much the fashion. The sleeves have deep ruffs around the wrists to match the lace on the *jabot*. The skirt to be worn with one of these coats is of the same color, though of a different material. Thus, if the coat be of velvet, the skirt should be of satin; if the coat be of Irish poplin, the skirt should be of silk. In winter many of these coats will be of cloth for ordinary wear, and the waistcoat of gray satin instead of white satin. Gray, blue, and red-brown are the colors now used for these coats. Madame de Metternich wore one at the Grand Prix. It was of *caroubier* satin over a waistcoat and skirt

to match. The whole was trimmed with gold braid and gold buttons.

Flat trimmings are the order of the day, and there are braids of every color, every width, and every material to meet the demand for them. Thick braid is for heavy materials, while transparent braids, delicate as a spider's web, are for gauze and *barége* dresses. But of all braids, the gold, silver, and steel braids are the most in vogue. Beaded braids are also very much employed on elegant dresses, and jet, with its accompaniments of black and white bugles, are again dancing into favor with fashionable ladies.

Scarlet is a terrible color for summer, but it has been all the fashion this season in Paris. Ladies have been robed from head to foot in it. Even parasols, fans, gloves, and shoes have been red. Horror!

I ought to say a few words on bonnets before concluding my letter. I have just space enough for one. It is Thérèse and Mantle's last invention. It is called the "Kisber" in honor of the winner of the Paris Grand Prix. The crown is high and demipointed, and is covered with white feathers, about a foot and a half long. In front is a large bow of white ribbon. The brim is wide and flat; it is lined entirely with a band of white feathers, falling like a fringe over the short front curls. This band of feathers concludes in two ends at the back, where they droop over the hair. It is to many an exceedingly becoming bonnet.

Scarfs are worn with every dress; some are tied in front, some fall straight in front. They must all match the dress. Perfect harmony and unity, indeed, in dress are *de rigueur*. Everything must match, you understand—*everything*, the visible and invisible alike.

—CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

American Social Science.

PHILADELPHIA BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS, ETC.

AT the close of May, a conference of experts in Social Science, few in number, but discussing important questions, was held for two days in Philadelphia; the principle to be debated being that treated in SCRIBNER by Mr. Charles Barnard last winter—the Philadelphia "Homes for the People." A paper full of information in regard to the co-operative banks of that city, commonly known as "Building Associations," was read by Mr. Joseph I. Doran, a young lawyer, who had the court records and the mortgage registers searched to see how extensive and how safe such associations are in Philadelphia. He estimated their number in active operation at 450; the number of their members at more than 60,000; the monthly payments by share-

holders at more than \$650,000, and the amount of real estate on which they hold mortgages at from \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000 in the city of Philadelphia alone. The average number of members in each association, Mr. Doran thinks, is 150; the average time in which the shares reach their par value is ten years. They now hold nearly one-third of all the mortgages yearly made in Philadelphia, and the proportion of foreclosures upon property of this sort is but little more than half as great as upon other mortgaged property.

In short, Mr. Doran demonstrated by figures that these co-operative banks have flourished, multiplied, and greatly benefited their share-holders, who have thus become the owners of over 30,000 homes during the twenty-six or seven years that these associations have been growing up to their present magnitude. This was done concisely, and in such a way as to make a much deeper impression than argument or panegyric could have effected;

* See SCRIBNER for February, 1876.

and the debate which followed the reading of Mr. Doran's and Mr. Wrigley's papers was equally conclusive as to the firm hold obtained by these peculiar associations in Philadelphia. One of the most eminent judges of the city said that in his ten years' experience on the bench, he had heard of only two cases of peculation by the officers of these banks, one of which came before him as judge. This is a better record than even the savings banks of New England have to show. Mr. Henry C. Carey remarked to one of the speakers that his native city had one distinction not enjoyed, so far as he knew, by any other great city in the world,—that it contained at least 50,000 dwelling houses, each with a private bath-room.

The Saratoga Social Science Meeting, from the 5th to the 8th of September, will draw together a great number of those persons in the United States who are interested in economical, philanthropic, and social subjects. Mr. David A. Wells will preside on one day, Governor Tilden on another, ex-Governor Seymour on another; and there will be addresses and papers on "Chinese Immigration," the "Silver and Gold Standards of Value," "Law Schools and Legal Education," "The Prevention of Crime," "The Civil Service Question," and a dozen or twenty other topics of general or special interest. Each of the principal topics will be debated by persons familiar with it, and the occasion bids fair to be truly memorable in the record of the Centennial year. Among those who have promised to be present are Dr. Anderson of Rochester, Professors Sumner and F. A. Walker of New Haven, Judge Theodore W. Dwight, George Walker, and Mr. Dorman B. Eaton of New York, Parke Godwin, Messrs. Bradford, J. M. Barnard, B. F. Nourse and others of Boston, Horace White, General Garfield, Professor Hammond of Iowa, Dr. J. W. Hoyt of Wisconsin, and many more whose names give a guarantee that the debates will be every way worth hearing. The centennial anniversary of Adam Smith's publication of "The Wealth of Nations" will be duly commemorated at Saratoga, as well as more formally in New York afterward.

Gosse's Poems.*

MR. GOSSE is a young poet whose sonnet in admiration of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and dedication to William B. Scott, are not necessary to his classification with a certain school of poets and painters now flourishing in England. His poetry belongs to that school just as evidently as certain pictures of tall women with small heads, dressed in brilliant robes and standing on lawns of vivid green, dotted with the yellowest of dandelions, belong to what are called with more or less accuracy the pre-Raphaelite painters. Like Swinburne, he has taken from the neighboring art of music; but while the other strives for music in the verse, Mr. Gosse has introduced the arrangement of a symphony into the order of his poems. Thus they are divided into Allegro,

Andante and Adagio, as into camps expressive of different general states of emotion. It speaks well for the author's youth, health and fine spirits, that the Allegro poems are much the best, although good work is not lacking among the others. But, in the first group, the Allegro feeling is carried out, the verses are in good accord with their collective title, and the symphony opens most prosperously. On the other hand, the poems under "Andante" and "Adagio" do not sustain equally their respective headings; a noticeable falling-off occurs with them, not perhaps so much in excellence, as in perfect relationship to the titles; wherefore the whole symphony does not quite fulfill the expectations of the commencement. This is not surprising when one considers the difficulty in retaining moods of mind, and that the poet's youth has given him little chance for varied emotion. We have seen that Mr. Gosse puts music under contribution for his plan; we also find that painting has not escaped, and painting, too, of the resurrected feudal variety, with which the British public has become familiar. America has so far seen but little of it. Those who have not, may read an exact description of such a picture in a sonnet called "The Exchange," page 36. Not that there has necessarily existed a painting from which this poem arose, but a painter of that school might readily make an identical picture:

"Last night, while I was sitting by her side,
And listening to her boddice' silken stir,
And stroking her soft sleeves of yellow fur,
I gave the sweet who is to be my bride
A little silver vinaigrette, star-eyed,
And chased with cupids; and received from her
The gold-embossed pomander-box of myrrh
She pounced her white hands with at eventide.
My sleep till dawn was all consumed with thirst
And passionate longing; then the great sun's light
Burst through my flimsy dreams, and nothing tells
Of all the joy that gladdened me last night,
Except this little golden box that smells
As her sweet hands did when I kissed them first."

Here we have two pictures in which the long slim figures of love and lover intertwine gracefully, not exactly in Punch's "Anglo-Saxon attitudes," but in "Anglo-Norman poses," and present each other with the correct implements of their century. Here is another, called very appropriately a "Garden-piece," *i.e.* of painting,—a poem of a form Mr. Gosse evidently affects:

"Among the flowers of summer-time she stood,
And underneath the films and blossoms shone
Her face, like some pomegranate strangely grown
To ripe magnificence in solitude;
The wanton winds, deft whisperers, had strewed
Her shoulders with her shining hair outblown,
And dyed her breast with many a changing tone
Of silvery green, and all the hues that brood
Among the flowers;
She raised her arm up for her dove to know
That he might preen him on her lovely head;
Then I, unseen, and rising on tip-toe,
Bowed over the rose-barrier, and lo!
Touched not her arm, but kissed her lips instead,
Among the flowers!"

For young men these are not disagreeable subjects, and far from bad verses; but they are by no means the best. If the Allegro poems adhere more closely to their symphonic title, there are others in the Andante, like the first of "Old and New," and the sonnet called "Perfume," and that in the Ada-

*ON VIOL AND FLUTE. By Edmund W. Gosse. London: H. S. King & Co. 1873.
KING ERIK. By the same. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

gio entitled "1870-71," which begins "The year that Henri Regnault died"—that are stronger than the joyous verses of the first part. Yet of these perhaps "Sunshine before Sunrise" is as good as any other in the book, whether from the newness of the scene in the extreme north of Scandinavia, or the freshness and sweetness of the human interest of love,—a bright, dewy kind of love well in keeping with the twilight night of those regions. Mr. Gosse is a very charming young poet, who assures you that he is not pretentious, and seeks to please by a peculiar sensuousness of diction, something like that of Swinburne, or rather Rossetti, with the morbidness a good deal left out. He shows a knowledge of Scandinavian poets, and appears to have a natural affinity for the cleanly love literature which is Scandinavia's boast. His position, as set forth in italicized prologue and apologue to the reader, is very much the same as Morris when he calls himself the "idle singer of an empty day." If he has nothing very novel to present, he sings with great pleasantness and purity of diction.

Mr. Gosse has lately appeared again in a publication of larger scope and greater ambition. "King Erik" is a Scandinavian drama, hinging on a murder and a blood feud, in which the murdered man's brother-at-arms or sworn-brother avenges his death on the King of Denmark. For Grimur, "the gray-eyed scald," who has imbibed, in more southerly lands, the fatal habit of falling in love with and making songs to queens, very imprudently does the same by Botilda, Erik's spouse, whereupon Erik stabs him. But the King, having made a law that no Christian shall be slain in Denmark, is himself the first assassin, and going on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to expiate his offense, is killed by Gisli, adopted sword-brother of Grimur.

Like the poems, this drama is by no means poor. But it is like the faces of people every one has met. Is So-and-so a beauty? Yes—no. Something is wanting. So to this little play, something is wanting to make it really fine. It is certainly smooth and clever. The scene where Erik tells Botilda of his mother's death, and Botilda realizes that the latter has died without assuring Erik that his wife is blameless, is natural and fine. She despairs now to prove her innocence of any fault with the dead Grimur; and this despair, as well as the words in which she clears herself, are the best and strongest in the book. Other parts are not so happy. Botilda would not be likely to describe a usual and unimportant act on her part to her maids, as when she tells them how the messenger looked who brought tidings of the King's return from war. (Act I. Scene I.)

"I broke off
Some inches of the gold around my arm—
The serpent, see, is shorter—gave it him,
And bade him have a care of Roeskild mead!"

This is a kind of posturing. Again, Adalbjörg, the wicked old mother, is too open in her desire to find the young queen in a crime. On page 18, she says to the waiting maids of the queen:

"But if she loves her husband, all is lost!"

When Botilda gives Grimur a last interview, and explains her position as a loving wife who did not suspect his love for her, Grimur's despair and raving is violent, but cold. The same difficulty occurs where the Archbishop arouses remorse in Erik for having stabbed Grimur; his cries and laments are not moving at all.

But the whole is very cleverly managed, and is decidedly readable without being at all great. As in his earlier book of poems, Mr. Gosse makes a pleasing impression, and leaves one with the desire to see something further from his pen. Another work may answer the question which naturally arises, as to whether his smoothness and evenness mean that the limit of his powers is already reached, or that there is a possibility of even better work in the future. There is a dedication to Robert Browning, prefixed to "King Erik," which seems rather out of place. It might be called pretentious in its humility. "King Erik" cannot fail to recall Swinburne's "Chastelard," although we find nothing but an influence of the stronger creation.

"Mummies and Moslems."*

THIS is the somewhat incidental title of Charles Dudley Warner's latest book of travels. Mr. Warner very well knows that the reader does not much care for mummies, and he does not bother us with them, though, of course, there must needs be some mention made of these mortuary relics in any record of Nile journey. As for the Moslems, we need not too curiously inquire into the religion and antecedents of the people whom the voyager meets as he is slowly carried from Cairo to the Second Cataract. Let no reader, bored with dry details of mummies, and filled with the statistical returns of Islamism, heretofore gathered by painstaking travelers, look twice at the title of this charming book. It is only "incidental to the piece," as the theatrical manager would say.

Mr. Warner is one of the most agreeable of traveling companions. He is never in a hurry. He is never imperative with his sight-seeing. To people who stay at home and think about it occasionally, a journey up the Nile seems to be the most leisurely and time-consuming undertaking in life. We think that when we can tear ourselves away from the daily newspapers, the monthly magazines, the steam-conveyances, the telegraphs, and the toil and moil of a feverish existence; when our accounts with this world are settled, and we have nothing to do but sit down and dream until the gates of the next world are opened to us—then, and not until then, we will take a half year and drift up the Nile. One who travels that charmed stream must be supposed to have given up the rest of the world and all its petty cares and griefs. He has abandoned himself to indolent luxury with something like that wicked disregard of this life and the life to come, which Dr. Johnson said he should like to improve by driving

*Mummies and Moslems. By Charles Dudley Warner. Hartford, Connecticut: American Publishing Co. Sold only by Subscription.

through an existence rapidly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman by his side. And on such an excursion one chiefly wants to be let alone. It would mar one's enjoyment of the enchanted land and its dreamy atmosphere if his companion were perpetually demanding that this, that, and the other be duly admired and observed "before it is forever too late." Mr. Warner is too wise for any such wearisome impertinence. We may look at the scenery, the Nile banks, the Ghawazees, the mummies, and the Moslems, if we choose. Our guide silently points them out to us; he makes a shrewd or a humorous remark, but we may look or not look, just as we please. He does not insist upon anything. A few touches describe the moving panorama and its figures. Beyond this, an imaginative reader may go as far as he has inclination. Here is at least one dragoman who does not lug you out and compel you against your languid choice. Therefore, you cannot help enjoying your Nile journey in this easily-read book.

Indeed, we may say that the power of the author is always reserved, rather than latent. He never dwells upon anything in a way to make the reader sure that this is a very important matter. He does not fall into a fit of indignation, or a spasm of delirious admiration, and exhaust language in bringing the subject home to the reader. Rather, he contents himself with "stating the case." The audience are expected to furnish their own appropriate emotions.

There have been many books written about Egyptian travel. From the days of Joseph's brethren until now, those who have gone down to Egypt, and have come back alive, have "told all these things" to the rest of the world. Mr. Warner, whose preface actually seems to have been written before his book, declares that he intended to give us a new view of things. He says he "tried to look at Egypt in its own atmosphere, and not through ours; hoping thereby to be able to represent it, not photographically, but in something like its true colors and proper perspective." We have plenty of color in the book—local color it is, too. But, for all that, the author, who is not only human but American, sees everything with the eyes of home, precisely as his readers would if they had been there with him. If he had sponged off his memory at the gates of the East, and had gone up the Nile with a blank veil of fog, shutting out the atmosphere of Hartford and New York, we should have missed some of the most pleasant touches in the book. It may not be Egyptian "atmosphere;" but it is diverting to be reminded in the capital of Nubia of the Stuyvesant pear-tree of New York; or to think of the Congregational church on Asylum Hill, Hartford, and the Rev. Mr. Twichell, while in the ruins of Certassee. But, although Mr. Warner does not stand under the shadow of the Pyramid of Cheops and prattle about "N' Yock," after the vulgar fashion of many American travelers, he has constant reminiscences of his own land. The influence of the Egyptian lotus never so far overcomes him that he forgets to contrast sharply the Old and the New.

So, we who read the book at home, and not in some dream of hasheesh, are greatly helped to share

in the author's tranquil enjoyment. We are amused, as he is, by the eager curiosity with which the children on the Nile banks pick up an American apple, thrown them by the travelers, and wonder as they bite. A touch like this makes us realize how foreign is the land through which we are passing. The poor black, standing in a field and throwing up his lean arms, and crying, "Baksheesh, oh, Howadji!" is a very real person to us; and he is the more real because he is such a stranger and foreigner. Mr. Warner's people are not puppets, by any means, and we are always glad to meet them in his pages. They help us in our passive enjoyment of the journey. There is Abd-el-Atti, the Moslem philosopher, guide, and friend of the tourists. One gets a swift glance into the Moslem character, as well as a peep at the quaint rascal himself, in the following theological exposition: "Not so? A friend of mine in Cairo was never in his life ill, never any pain, toothache, headache,—nothing. Always well. He begin to have fear that something should happen; mebbe God forgot him. One day I meet him in the Mooskee very much pleased; all right now; he been broke in the arm; God 'member him."

The book is one of many merits—not the least of which is that play of delicate humor and fancy with which Mr. Warner always invests everything he touches. The quality of his style is somewhat elusive. The reader is always impressed with the notion that something very startling or extremely funny is about to happen. It never does. And the subtle charm of the writer moves on and on, beguiling and fascinating—one cannot tell why. Now and then one has a suspicion of the thinness of this method; it seems as if it would not hold out. Nevertheless it is undeniable that it is very pleasant reading. Incredible as it may appear, one who "dips into" this thick volume of nearly five hundred pages will be enticed to read it from preface to colophon. The work is very nicely printed in clear type on toned paper, and is a notable addition to the literature of the day. We say "of the day," for the author never intended that his book should stand on the library shelf with Rawlinson and Champollion. But he has given us a volume of travels, composed in a faultless literary style, admirable in tone, and sure to make friends for him wherever it goes.

MacDonald's "Thomas Wingfold, Curate,"*

GEORGE MACDONALD cannot write anything that is not valuable, but this seems to us one of the least important of his stories. The purpose of the story is to show the fallacy of the prevailing materialism. In other words, it is a controversial novel, and, if it is not so good as other stories of the author's, the friends of MacDonald can take refuge in the general principle that no controversial novel can be very good. Novels "with a purpose" are well enough, provided the purpose is not an argumentative one. But you cannot prove the truth of Christianity, the immortality of the soul, the mission of Jesus Christ,

* Thomas Wingfold, Curate. By George MacDonald, LL.D. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

and the fallacy of positivism in a novel. For thus the novel becomes no novel, the art becomes a mere pack-horse. The tracing of the liberation of a human soul from bigotry, as in "Robert Falconer," is something different from a controversy of the kind treated in the present story. Disappointed as we are in this book as a whole, there is a fine center-piece in the curate, the history of whose spiritual struggles with skepticism is nobly told. This character is in MacDonald's best style. There are everywhere fine passages, and the plot, while not intricate, is interesting. But the long digressions, the arguments and sermons, the stupid brilliancy of the materialist Bascombe, and the ineffectual attempt to render objective a class of arguments in favor of Christianity which must ever remain subjective, will be pronounced by most readers to be serious defects. The story will not live alongside the author's masterpieces, "David Elginbrod," "Robert Falconer," "Alec Forbes," "The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," and those wonderful Fairy Stories, "The Princess and the Goblin," and "At the Back of the North-Wind;" nor can it be compared with its immediate predecessor, "St. George and St. Michael."

French and German Books.

Ollanta. Ein Altperuanisches Drama aus der Kechuasprache. Übersetzt und commentirt von J. J. von Tschudi. New York: L. W. Schmidt.

Tschudi is an Austrian subject widely known for his travels in South America, and is an authority on matters relating to that continent. The drama which he now edits in the Kechua language, with translation into German, is of great antiquity and interest; it has been translated into Spanish more than once, and an English traveler, Markham by name, has given an English version of it. Tschudi himself had previously published an imperfect text in his grammar of the Kechua language; but he resents with spirit the remark made by Markham, that his was a very corrupt text. He then proceeds to intimate that Markham shows a great want of knowledge of the Kechua language, and asserts that he follows the Spanish of Dr. Barranca of Peru, (who published his translation at Lima in 1868,) into mistakes which could not occur to one perfectly cognizant of the tongue. As to the antiquity of the drama, (not necessarily a question of the existing text) Tschudi does not hesitate to assign it to a date previous to the arrival of the Spaniards. He points out the thoroughly Indian character and wording of it. It is well known by verbal tradition that the Incas delighted in dramas, which were generally played by high officials and their children. *Ollanta* is a warrior who falls in love with the daughter of the Inca Pachacutec in spite of the crime of approaching a vestal virgin. He flees, and raises a revolt. The princess bears a female child, and is cast into prison. When the child reaches the age of twelve, she demands the attention of the Inca to the condition of her mother, and a reconciliation takes place. *Ollanta* is pardoned, and the happy end comes. This is one

of the most important relics, if not the most important relic, of the literature of the Indian race, and speaks loudly in favor of the genius and advanced stage of civilization of the Peruvians before they were destroyed by Spanish rapacity and brutality. Tschudi avers that the speakers of the Kechua tongue, or at any rate the builders of the vast unfinished buildings south-east of Lake Titicaca, marched southward from Mexico along the Cordilleras and settled in Peru. Indeed he identifies them with a branch of the Toltecs, who are known to have disappeared from Mexico. His book is an invaluable acquisition to the study of ancient American ethnology and civilization.

Le Monténégro Contemporain, par S. Frilley et Jovan Wlahovitch. New York: Christern.

The war waging in the Orient about the couch of the sick man makes this a "timely" volume, and is in all probability the reason for its appearance. M. Frilley styles himself officer of the legion of honor and M. Wlahovitch, a captain in the service of Servia. The first 178 pages are devoted to a very interesting historical memoir on Montenegro, and the remaining 500 to a description of the country, the state of affairs political and otherwise, and a very thorough discussion of the rights of Montenegro to independence. One, at least, of the two writers describes the country from long acquaintance with its people. The chief argument for independence consists in the fact that for four centuries the Black Mountain has been ruled by its own Bishops or Princes, and has never failed to throw off again the Mussulman yoke. It is maintained that the Turks have only overrun the country at various times, with varying success, but without permanent effect. A very strong point is made of the numerous instances up to recent days in which Montenegro has been named and considered, in treaties and conferences of war, as a land possessed of autonomy, and inhabited by a separate and individual nation.

Der Besuch im Carcer. Aus Secunda und Prima. Humoresken von Ernst Eckstein. New York: L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.

People with memories will be amused by these little pamphlets, for they will recall their own school-days. The pranks of Rumpf, who turns Master Heinzerling into the school prison made ready for himself, are neither brilliant nor new; yet, for all that, are thoroughly enjoyable. Heinzerling has a peculiarly broad and drawing pronunciation, which is faithfully copied by the wicked Rumpf; hence his punishment and triumph. *Der Besuch im Carcer* has been translated into English by Miss Sophie Vietsch, but the singular sounds uttered by worthy Master Heinzerling will hardly do in English dress. Otherwise, the translation appears to be excellent. *Aus Secunda und Prima* is further news from the German gymnasium, giving the relations between various teachers and pupils without much exaggeration, and with some quiet humor. At least, it will appear humorous to those who remember like scenes in school or college.

"Is there a Subterranean Outlet to the Upper Lake Region?"

A DENIAL.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

Dear Sir: In your April number there is a short essay on the old theory of a subterranean passage between Lakes Huron and Ontario. I thought that this, together with other antiquated notions, such as the seven years' rise and fall, had passed away with the old *voyageurs* and *habitans*; but it seems to come up again as lively as ever. In 1867-8-9, while connected with the Lake Survey, I was engaged in ascertaining the outflow of the lakes, and the results of my observations are condensed in the following table:

Sections.	Area of lake surface in square miles.	Area of water-shed and lake surface in square miles.	Discharge from outlet of each section in millions of gallons per second.	Rain-fall on the water-shed and lake surface of each section in millions of gallons per second.	Rain-fall of each section added to preceding one in millions of gallons per second.	Ratio of rain-fall to discharge.	Evaporation from lake surface in each section in millions of gallons per second.	Rain-fall less evaporation for each section added to preceding one in millions of gallons per second.	Ratio of rain-fall less evaporation to discharge.
Lake Superior	36,875	96,505	0.6	2.4	2.4	0.43	0.3	2.1	0.33
Mich. & Huron	51,721	121,941	1.6	2.0	3.4	0.46	0.5	2.6	0.66
Erie & St. Clair	10,114	40,296	1.8	0.7	4.1	0.43	0.1	3.2	0.93
Ontario	8,086	34,558	2.0	0.6	4.7	0.44	0.1	3.7	0.53

This does not seem to show any abnormal flow from Lake Ontario, the ratio of rain-fall to discharge being about the same in all the sections.

The author seems to carry this subterranean theory still further, intimating that the lower strata are filled with rivers, having their origin in the upper lakes. He states, in confirmation, that the small lakes in Wisconsin rise and fall synchronously with Lake Superior. That their times of high and low water are about the same there is no doubt, as that depends upon the humidity of the seasons; but the assertion that the smaller fluctuations take place at the same time needs a series of very careful observations to prove, which will probably never be made, as most of these small lakes are considerably above the large ones. Again, in the flowing artesian wells, the water must rise considerably above its source if it comes from the upper lakes. At Chicago it rises about thirty feet above the level of Lake Superior. So far from the water being the same, these wells are impregnated with iron, lime, sulphur, sodium, and many other salts, while the water of Lake Superior is the purest potable water known.

In Chicago there are two wells about 60 feet apart; one, 1,100 feet deep, is sulphur water, and the other, 1,200 feet deep, is chalybeate.

The ancient beaches spoken of are common on all the lakes; two well-defined ones—one about 30, and the other 70 feet above the present level—can be traced for miles on both Lakes Michigan and Superior; and several indistinct ones can also be found on the hill-sides near the latter lake from 100 to 300 feet higher. Of course this whole country was once covered with water, and the land rose in unequal stages until the present conformation of the lakes was reached, and these beaches show the different levels at which it was stationary for certain unknown periods.

Yours truly,

D. FARRAND HENRY,
Chief Engineer Water-Works.

Detroit, Michigan, April 24, 1876.

ANOTHER DENIAL.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

Dear Sir: My attention has been called to an article in your issue for April, entitled, "Is there a Subterranean Outlet to the Upper Lake Region?" The conclusions of the writer seem to me so erroneous, that I am impelled to ask space for the following reply:

The waters of Lake Superior lie in a deep rock basin, inclosed on all sides, except at the eastern end, by a solid rocky rim, so closely that the whole area of its drainage does not probably exceed 75 or 80,000 square miles, including the extent of its own surface. On or near the summit of the inclosing highlands, which are from 1,200 to 1,300 feet above the lake, its numerous tributaries take their rise, and throughout their short length, all fall rapidly, and over cascades, into the great reservoir; sometimes leaping from the mountain wall, almost directly into its deep waters. These streams, originating along a high plateau which receives in summer an abundant rain-fall, and in winter the deepest snows of the continent, and which abounds in small lakes and cedar swamps, do not dry up. Their waters are delivered with comparative regularity throughout the season, being always lowest in winter; and with their variations the small fluctuations of the lake correspond; the melting snows keeping it at a constant but perceptible rise until after midsummer. The outflow of Superior is conducted into Huron by the St. Mary's, a broad river which makes a descent of about 30 feet in its course to the Huron, and is navigable from lake to lake by vessels of more than 1,000 tons burden. To this immense volume is added the drainage of Huron and Michigan, and the accumulated waters, through the St. Clair and Detroit, flow onward, a mighty stream, a mile wide, with a strong, steady current, and a depth of channel sufficient to bear the largest lake steamers. Lakes Erie and Ontario may be considered a continuation of the same river, whose tributaries must materially augment its volume as it flows onward to its junction with the mighty Ottawa, which rises a thousand miles or more to the north-west, in the region of rocks and water, and becomes a river of the first magnitude.

These sources account for the volume of the St. Lawrence, without resorting to an imaginary supply, through some subterranean channel, of which not the slightest trace exists. Now let us pass to the south end of Lake Michigan, and see what evidence there may be in that direction, of any important channel of drainage from that lake—a drainage, however, which, whatever it may be, does not pass into the St. Lawrence, whose vast volume, the writer in question seems to think, requires some such supply.

Lake Michigan is about thirty feet below Lake Superior, and doubtless, from good evidence, at no very distant day discharged at least a portion of its waters on and just below the surface of the country in that vicinity, into the Mississippi, through the channel of the Illinois River. But the sand dunes at the south-east corner of the lake furnish no evidence that the surface of the Michigan was ever much above its present level. Those elevations of sand, as well as those on the eastern shore, toward its north end, and also the still higher dunes on the south side of Lake Superior, a little east of the Pictured Rocks, are without doubt, as they have ever been regarded by geologists, the effect of fierce winds upon the sands of the lake shore. The action of winds upon the sand of the shore, in piling up and again sweeping away to some extent these sand hills, is well known to residents in the neighborhood; pine-trees are often nearly covered and again laid bare by that cause.

From the very margin of the southern end of Lake Michigan, the country to the southward is an inclined plane, which, in the length of the Illinois River must descend the amount of the difference between the level of Lake Michigan above the sea (575 feet), and the level of the Mississippi at the mouth of the Illinois, which difference, in the absence of exact data, I will place at 200 feet. Nothing else could be expected, but that Lake Michigan should, all along the valley of the Illinois and adjacent country, be leaking through every crevice of the rock. But that there is any voluminous discharge at any point in the Illinois valley, we have no evidence, nor is such a discharge to be inferred from the increased magnitude of that river; the aggregate leakages in this way, even though some of these springs may discharge considerable water, are utterly insignificant, and not to be considered in comparison with the great

volume finding its way toward the ocean through the Straits of Mackinaw. And why is it necessary to pass by the obvious source of the springs in that part of Illinois, and go 400 or 500 miles northward for it? Not surely on account of the clear, pure waters of those springs; for the waters of Michigan are essentially the same as those of Lake Superior.

The writer says: "There are abundant springs and subterranean water-courses far north in Wisconsin." So, there are numerous rivers and lakes far to the north of the latitude of Geneva, Ill., or Waukesha, Wis., or even far to the north of the north end of Lake Michigan. Lakes abound up to the very highest level of the plateau, dividing the waters of Lake Superior from those of Lake Michigan and the Mississippi. Lakes of very considerable area exist more than 1,500 feet above any part of southern Wisconsin or northern Illinois, or above Lake Superior. On the southern slope of this water-shed we find numerous lakes, and several considerable rivers, some of the rivers large enough to furnish steamboat navigation for 100 or 200 miles; all lying north of Lake Michigan and far south of Lake Superior. Such a country is surely capable of giving a water supply for all the springs and fountains about Waukesha and Geneva Lake, and

all other places along the imagined subterranean water-course.

Again, the writer of the article in *SCRIBNER* says that "a fish called the 'Cisco,' inhabiting only Lake Superior, comes and departs every year between that lake and Lake Geneva;" this, he says, "is a fact well known," and he would have us infer, settles conclusively all question as to a subterranean passage from one lake to the other. Geneva is in Illinois on the latitude of Chicago, and the nearest point of Lake Superior is at least 400 miles to the north. It seems hardly necessary to deny the correctness of such a fable as this: the writer has probably been assured of its truth by some dealer in the marvelous who would play upon the credulity of the advocate of this subterranean theory. There is in Lake Superior no fish of that name; the writer's informant may have confounded the name with that of the *Sinkowit*—a valuable fish of the salmon family, bearing a strong resemblance to the salmon of the ocean, and so far as I have known, making its abode exclusively in Lake Superior, from which it never departs; although the broad pure waters of the St. Mary's seem to invite its visits to Lake Huron. It lives almost solely in the coldest waters of the north side of Lake Superior.

Very respectfully yours, M.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Hydraulic Elevator for Canals.

THIS novel and important improvement in canal architecture is designed to take the place of the locks now used in raising or lowering boats from one level to another. By the usual method it is necessary to use a number of locks, placed one above the other, in order to lift the boats to any considerable height. This new elevator moves two boats at once (one up and the other down), a distance of 15 meters, 17 centimeters (about 50 feet) at a single lift, and in less time than is required to open and close a single lock for the passage of one boat. The plant consists of two wrought-iron troughs, each mounted on the ram of a hydraulic press, a suitable frame-work to serve as guides in lifting the troughs, and a series of gates to connect the troughs with the canals at top and bottom of the elevator. To supply power, a small steam-engine, with suitable pumping apparatus is added, and to control the movements of the elevator, gates and valves are fitted to the presses in such a manner as to bring all the work under one engineer, who, from a house mounted on top of all, governs the movements of the entire apparatus. Seen from the level of the lower canal, the elevator resembles an oblong framework of upright iron columns standing in the water of the lower canal, and secured together by massive lattice work. There are six columns employed, and each serves as a guide for the two troughs placed inside, while an extra column is set up at one end to assist in steadying the structure. The troughs are each 23 meters, 8 centimeters (about 75 feet) long, 4 meters, 76 centimeters (15½ feet) wide, and capable of holding water deep enough to float boats drawing 152 centimeters (5 feet). The sides of these troughs are formed of heavy wrought-iron girders, while the ends are left open to admit the water and the

boats floating in it. To close the troughs, lifting-gates, made water-tight with rubber, are set up at each end. Gates are also supplied at the level of the upper canal to prevent the escape of the water when the troughs are moving. Each trough is supported by a single ram working in a hydraulic press, sunk deep in the bed of the lower canal, and is raised and lowered by the water in the presses. These presses are also connected by a pipe at the bottom, so that the water may pass freely from one to the other when desired. To understand the operation of the elevator, it may be supposed that there are two canal boats (empty or loaded) to be moved. One is floating in the upper canal and the other in the lower,—the two canals, or basins, being directly opposite each other, or in a line with the longest diameter of the elevator. One trough is lifted on its ram to the level of the upper canal; but the load of water it carries is 15 centimeters (nearly 6 inches) lower than the water in the canal. The other trough is sunk in the lower canal, and the water inside and out is of the same level. As the pressure at the front and back of the gates is equal, the outer one is easily raised, and then the boat is readily pushed into the trough, the gate is closed, and the boat floats on a steady keel inside, and without touching the trough at any point. The next step is to open the gate of the upper trough and to admit 15 centimeters more water in depth from the upper canal and the boat. The gate of the trough is then closed, and after that the gate of the canal. During this operation the upper trough has been supported by its ram extended to its full height, but, on releasing the ram and opening the pipe connecting the two presses, the excess of weight (caused by the extra 15 centimeters of water) causes it to sink, and at the same time to raise the other trough. In this manner, the heavier load lifts the lower till the descending trough is submerged in the water of the

lower canal, when the troughs become balanced and stop, leaving one partially sunk at the lower level, and the other not quite raised to the upper level. The engineer then closes the pipe connecting the two presses and applies the power from the engine, and, by means of the press, lifts the upper trough to the full height, and allows the lower trough to sink deeper in the canal by releasing the pressure on the ram. The gates, both above and below, are then opened and the two boats move out into their proper levels and continue their voyages. It may be here mentioned, that for local reasons this elevator is not connected directly with the upper canal, but opens into an iron bridge or aqueduct thrown over a small river that forms part of the lower canal. This is a mere incident of this particular elevator. In ordinary cases such an elevator would open as described directly from one canal to another. The elevator has now been in operation more than a year, and has moved a very large number of boats at an average speed of eight minutes per trip, and at an expense of only \$50 (gold) per week. The advantages claimed for this lift over the ordinary locks are,—first, a saving of space and expense, as the elevator occupies a space 30 meters long, while a series of locks to raise boats to the same height would involve a space 600 meters long, and would require an hour and a half for the passage of a single boat; secondly, the boats are in no wise strained or injured, as they float freely in the water held in the trough; thirdly, a great saving of water is effected, as only 15 centimeters in depth are employed in making a trip, or about 1 per cent. of the water employed in a series of locks. This elevator conducts the traffic in both directions at once, and at the same time can take it in one direction only, as it works equally well, whether boats are floating in the troughs or not.

Balanced Cheese-Rack.

THE design of this apparatus is to furnish a set of shelves for storing and drying cheese, and to provide means for turning them over without touching the cheese with the hands. It is made by erecting in the store or drying-room two wooden or iron uprights about two meters ($6\frac{1}{2}$ feet) apart. A number of wooden shelves (four or five), each wide enough to hold a cheese, and about two decimeters (or the thickness of a cheese) apart, are inclosed in a framework, and the whole is hung on pins or journals between the uprights. The back of this shelf-work is closed by light slats, and the front is left open. The rack in this position will freely revolve either way; but, to keep it upright, locks or simple latches are placed on the uprights at each end of the frame. The frame is not balanced exactly; but, as the supports are slightly advanced from the center, the frame has a tendency to fall backward, and is prevented by the latches. This is designed both to keep the latches secure by the pressure and to turn the frame in the right direction the moment the latches are raised. When it is desired to turn over a quantity of cheese stored in such a rack, it is only necessary to lift the latches, and the rack falls back-

ward. The load slips against the slats at the back of the shelves, and, by a slight effort, the attendant turns the whole completely over, and the load, dropping from one shelf to the next, is quickly and easily turned over. The latches catch the frame, and it is maintained upright till the load must be turned again, when the process is simply reversed. Large wholesale houses have erected many of these racks, and have found them of advantage in keeping the cheese regularly turned, and in securing an even drying at a small expenditure of time or labor.

Steam Derrick.

THE design of this crane or derrick is to furnish lifting power for unloading vessels, and moving stone or other material used in construction. It consists of an upright mast, secured by two or more stays and a lifting crane or gib, arranged precisely as in the ordinary derrick. The special features of novelty and value are found in the application of steam-power, both to lift the load and to move the derrick round on its pivot, and in the peculiar form of steam-engine employed for this work. The chains used to lift the weights and to raise the gib are single lines of strong chain; the one used to lift the weight simply passes over blocks at the end or point of the gib and top of the mast; the other is fastened to the top of the gib, and passes through a block at the top of the mast, and thence to the winding gear at the base. The mast is set on a hollow step or pivot that allows it to turn round freely in every direction. Below this, and forming the base, is a solid piece of casting, having a milled or geared edge round the outside. Through the bottom is passed a steam-pipe, opening into the hollow step or foot supporting the mast, and designed to convey steam from a neighboring boiler into the engine fixed to the mast just above the base. This engine consists of two upright cylinders placed side by side, and secured directly to the crank shafts that move the winding gear. By an ingenious device, placed at the side of the winding apparatus, the power is turned aside to an upright shaft bearing a geared wheel that plays in the milled edge of the base-plate below. It is easy to see that by this arrangement of parts, the engineer, standing on a platform attached to the mast, may raise or lower the weight by means of one cylinder, and, at the same time, raise or lower the gib in the same, or in an opposite direction by means of the second cylinder, and also turn the entire derrick round in a circle by means of either, or both, cylinders. This arrangement of parts gives a universal motion to the load, and enables the engineer to place it in any desired position with perfect accuracy, or to move it along any line desired, and to handle very heavy loads at high speed and with entire safety.

Improved Hot Blast Stove.

THE employment of a stream of hot air to supply the fires in iron furnaces has been one of the marked features of iron manufacture for the past half century. The usual method employed to obtain this

hot blast is to draw a stream of air through some kind of brick or iron stove in which it becomes enormously heated, being then delivered to the blast-furnace by pipes passing through the walls of the structure. These stoves or ovens consist of huge masses of fire-brick, loosely piled together, and inclosed in walls of masonry, or of iron stoves formed by ranging groups of iron pipes in ovens placed over suitable fire-places. The objections to these two styles of stoves are, the expense in the case of the brick stoves, and the liability to disorder or rapid destruction frequently shown by the pipe stoves. The pipes often fail through an unequal distribution of the heat, and the masonry in which they are set is strained, or ruptured, through their unequal expansion and contraction. To obviate these defects, and to cheapen the cost of such stoves, a number of improvements have been recently announced that seem to present features of interest and value. Instead of placing the inlets for the gas employed as fuel at the ends of the combustion-chamber under the oven, they are scattered along its length at the sides. Each inlet has a valve, and by this means an evenly distributed flame, perfectly under control, is produced, and all parts of the stove are heated alike. The next change is more radical, and consists of a total reconstruction of the pipe-work. In place of pipes set up vertically in a large main resting on the bottom of the oven, a series of U-shaped pipes is suspended from the roof. The ends of the pipes are planed true, and they are then bolted together in lines across the furnace. To support each pipe, rods hanging from the roof take hold of "ears" or lugs cast in the pipes, and thus it hangs secure in the oven, and is quite free to expand or contract without harm to itself or the masonry. The roof, supported on iron bars, is made of loose fire-brick that may be easily removed, so that any pipe may be repaired, or taken out of its group, without trouble, and without disturbing the other pipes or the walls of the oven. The advantages claimed for this style of hot blast stove are, a more evenly distributed flame in the combustion-chamber, suspended pipes hanging clear from dangerous contact with the mason-work, a saving in construction by getting rid of doors, cheapness of ultimate cost, and a prolonged life for the pipes under the excessively hard usage such stoves must necessarily receive.

Memoranda.

IN small steam motors, the most noticeable improvement brought out within the last few years has been the placing the cylinder of the engine directly in the boiler, as in the well-known "Baxter Engine." A new style of small engine varies from this idea by inclosing the cylinder within a steam-jacket, or annular reservoir, placing this within another reservoir designed to hold the feed-water, and placing the whole on the top of the boiler. In this arrangement, the exhaust-steam is thrown into this annular space, thus serving to keep the cylinder warm, and at the same time to assist in heating the water for the boiler. The exhaust-steam escapes from this reservoir, either through a pipe leading to the open air, or through a pipe leading to the smoke-stack, where it may serve to improve the draft. At the same time, the cylinder, exhaust-steam jacket, and feed-water reservoir have the benefit of the radiant heat from the boiler. An automatic, variable cut-off of ingenious construction, and a self-acting pump, accompany this engine, and serve to make it one of the most interesting motors of its class that has been introduced.

To test the intrusion of sewage into wells and cisterns, it is proposed to place a quantity of the salt of lithium in the sewer, or other source of contamination, and then, after the lapse of some hours, to submit the nearest potable waters to spectral analysis. If the lines of lithium are discovered, it is fair to infer that the sewage finds its way into the wells or cisterns, and that the waters may be contaminated, however pure they appear to the eye.

Bruised lupine pods soaked in water are announced as useful in making a wash for removing grease and other impurities from wool and woollen fabrics. The wool is steeped in the liquid for some time, and is then drained and washed in pure water. The wash is said to have no injurious effect on colored fabrics.

Among recent alloys may be noticed "carbon bronze," reported as useful as an anti-friction metal. It is usually cast in fine sand, is of a compact fiber, has a high elastic limit, accepts a polish easily, and resembles gun-metal in appearance, and phosphor bronze in behavior.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Glimpse of Charles Lamb.—Mr. Stoddard has made a valuable little book, (the first of the "Sans Souci Series,"—successor to the "Bric-à-Brac") from the two large volumes on and by Haydon, recently published by the painter's son. This is in a letter from Haydon to Wordsworth: "In the words of our dear departed friend, Charles Lamb,

'You good-for-nothing old Lake Poet,' what has become of you? Do you remember his saying that at my table in 1819, with "Jerusalem" towering behind us in the painting-room, and Keats and your friend Monkhouse of the party? Do you remember Lamb voting me absent and their making a speech descanting on my excellent port, and pro-

posing a vote of thanks? Do you remember his then voting me present—I had never left my chair—and informing me of what had been done during my retirement, and hoping I was duly sensible of the honor? Do you remember the Commissioner (of Stamps and Taxes) who asked you if you did not think Milton a great genius, and Lamb getting up and asking leave with a candle to examine his phrenological development? Do you remember poor dear Lamb, whenever the Commissioner was equally profound, saying: 'My son John went to bed with his breeches on,' to the dismay of the learned man? Do you remember you and I and Monkhouse getting Lamb out of the room by force and putting on his great-coat, he reiterating his earnest desire to examine the Commissioner's skull? And don't you remember Keats's proposing 'Confusion to the memory of Newton,' and upon your insisting on an explanation before you drank it, his saying: 'Because he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism?'

A Famous Painting.—In his very interesting preface to this volume, Mr. Stoddard states that Haydon's painting of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," which found its way to Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire. But those in authority at the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Cincinnati certainly suppose that they possess the veritable picture which Wordsworth said was "a masterpiece of conception, color, character, and expression;" which Sir George Beaumont declared "the finest ever painted by an Englishman," and which, when first placed on exhibition, was seen by 30,000 of the artist's fellow-countrymen. How have the mighty fallen! A correspondent of ours was recently informed by some one at the Cathedral that the picture was a daub, the only good thing about it being the Ass,—and that that was touched up by Landseer. But, perhaps, the Cincinnati picture is a copy. Who will look the matter up?

Precepts at Parting.

By IRWIN RUSSELL.

WELL, son, so you's gwine for to leab us, your lubbin' ol' mammy an' me,
And set you'sef up as a waiter, aboa'd ob de Robbut E. Lee,
Along wid dem fancy young niggers, what's 'shamed for to look at a hoe,
And acts like a passel ob rich folks, when dey isn't got nuffin' to show.



A WATERING-PLACE SWELL.

BOY ON ROCK: "I say, mister, is it deep enough for me out there?"

You's had better trainin' dan dey has—I hopes 'at you'll 'zibit more sense;
Sech niggers is like a young rooster, a-settin' up top ob a fence:
He keeps on a-stretchin' and crowin', and while he's a-blowin' his horn
Dem chickens what aint arter fussin' is pickin' up all ob de corn.

Now listen, and min' what I tell you, and don't you forgit what I say;
Take advice ob a 'sperienced pusson, and you'll git up de ladder an' stay:
Who knows? You mought git to be Pres'dent, or Jestice, perhaps, of de Peace—
De man what keeps pullin' de grape-vine shakes down a few bunches at leas'.

Dem niggers what runs on the ribber is mos'ly a mighty sharp set;
Dey'd fin' out some way for to beat you, if you bet 'em de water wuz wet;
You's got to watch out for dem fellers—dey'd cheat off de horns ob a cow—
I knows 'em—I follered de ribber 'fore ebber I follered a plow.

You'll easy git 'long wid de white folks—de Cappen
and steward and clerks—

Dey won't say a word to a nigger, as long as dey
notice he works;

And work is de onlies' ingine we's any 'casion to tote
To keep us gwine on t'roo de currents dat pesters
de spirichul boat.

I heered dat idee from a preacher—he 'lowed 'at
dis life wuz a stream,
And everyone's soul wuz a packet dat run wid a full
head ob steam:

Dat some ob 'em's only stern-wheelers, while others
wuz mons'ously fine—

And de trip wuz made safes' an' quikes' by boats
ob de Mefodis' line.

I wants you, my son, to be 'ticlar, and 'sociate only
wid dey

Dat's 'titled to go in de cabin—don't nebber hab
nuffin' to say

To dem low-minded roustabout niggers what han'les
de cotton below—

Dem common brack rascals aint fittin' for no cabin-
waiter to know.

But nebber git airy—be 'spectful to all de white
people you see,

And nebber go back on de raisin' you's had from
your mammy an' me.

It's hard on your mudder, your leabin'—I don'
know whateber she'll do;

And shorely your fader 'll miss you—I'll alluz be
thinkin' ob you.

Well, now I's done tol' you my say-so—dar aint
nuffin' more as I knows—

'Cept dis: don't you nebber come back, sah, widout
you has money an' clo'es.

I's kep' you as long as I's gwine to, and now you
an' me we is done—

And calves is too skace in dis country to kill for a
Prodigal Son.

Suppose.

BY T. H. ROBERTSON.

He. Suppose,
Fadette, that I, instead of keeping tryst
With you to-night, had staid away to dore,
Or call upon Miss Brant, or play at whist—
Suppose?

She. Suppose
You had? Think you I should have cared?
Indeed,
Aint you a bit concei—don't take my rose—
A gift to me. From whom? Well—Joseph
Mead,
Suppose?

He. Suppose
It is? Then I'm to understand, Fadette—
If I must read your words as plainest prose—
My presence matters not to you—and—yet,
Suppose—

She. Suppose
You are to understand me so? You're free;
Do, if you wish! And—oh! the river's
froze;
What skating we shall have! To-morrow we—
That's Jose—

He. And Jose
Be hanged! It seems to me, Miss Lowe,
that you
Are acting rather lightly: rumor goes
That he—but since I seem to bore, adieu!—
She. Suppose—

He. Suppose
We say good-night.

She. Good-night, sir, and good-bye!

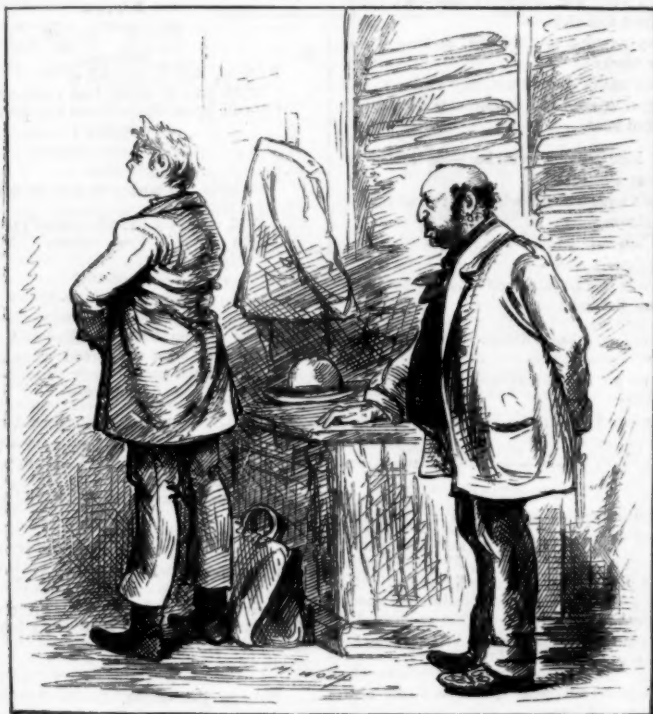
He. What does this mean, Fadette? Are you—

She. We'll close
This scene at once. My words are plain, sir, I
Suppose?

He. Compose
Yourself, Fadette.



A PICTURE WITH A MORAL.



CAMÉO.

"Vell, to dell you de troot, de goat fits you schplendid, but de pants is yust a drifte too long."

She. My name, sir, is Miss Lowe!
He. Come, come, Fadette, do look beyond your nose,
 And—
She. Here's your ring, sir!
He. I receive it, though
 Suppose—
She. Suppose
 You do, sir?—you—
He. Enough, Miss Lowe. Farewell!
 'Tis best. I've been deceived in you, God
 knows!
 Coquette! a heartless flirt! a haughty belle
 Who chose—
She. Suppose—
 Oh!—oh! let's part as friends! I *hate* you
 —there!!
He. Fadette! why, sweet, in tears! This surely
 shows
 You'll pardon me, a brute!
She. And—Frank—we'll ne'er
 Suppose.

How few of his American readers know the author of "Alice in Wonderland" as a writer on art! And yet he is the reputed author of an anonymous work on architecture, a copy of the second thousand of which has found its way, after several years' wan-

dering, to our desk. The special subject of the work is "The New Belfry of Christ Church, Oxford," of which the following picture is given.



§ 1. On the etymological significance of the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.

The word "Belfry" is derived from the French *bel*, "beautiful, becoming, meet;" and from the German *frei*, "free, unfettered, secure, safe." Thus the word is strictly equivalent to "meat-safe," to which the new Belfry bears a resemblance so perfect as almost to amount to coincidence.

§ 2. On the style of the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.
 The style is that which is usually known as "Early Debased;" very early, and remarkably debased.

§ 7. On the impetus given to art in England by the new Belfry, Ch. Ch.

The idea has spread far and wide, and is rapidly pervading all branches of manufacture. Already an enterprising maker of bonnet-boxes is advertising "the Belfry pattern;" two builders of bathing-machines at Ramsgate have followed his example; one of the great London houses is supplying "bar-soap" cut in the same striking and symmetrical form; and we are credibly informed that Borwick's Baking Powder and Thorley's Food for Cattle are now sold in no other shape.